







S.S. Dagood

C. Bier

ZULEIKA.

Printed by T.M. Butler

P O E M S

BY

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.



'Fair image of my fatter child!
There still I see the bossy hair,
That babies with light her glowing face,
Her dimpled hands, so round and fair,
Her fragile form—her childish grace.'

Page 152

PHILADELPHIA

CAREY AND HART.

P O E M S

BY

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

*I STRIVE WITH YEARNINGS VAIN
THE SPIRIT TO DETAIN
OF THE DEEP HARMONIES THAT ROUND ME ROLL.*

FELICIA HEMANS.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HUNTINGTON, DARLEY, ROSSITER, CUSHMAN, AND OSGOOD.



PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART.
1850.

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1850

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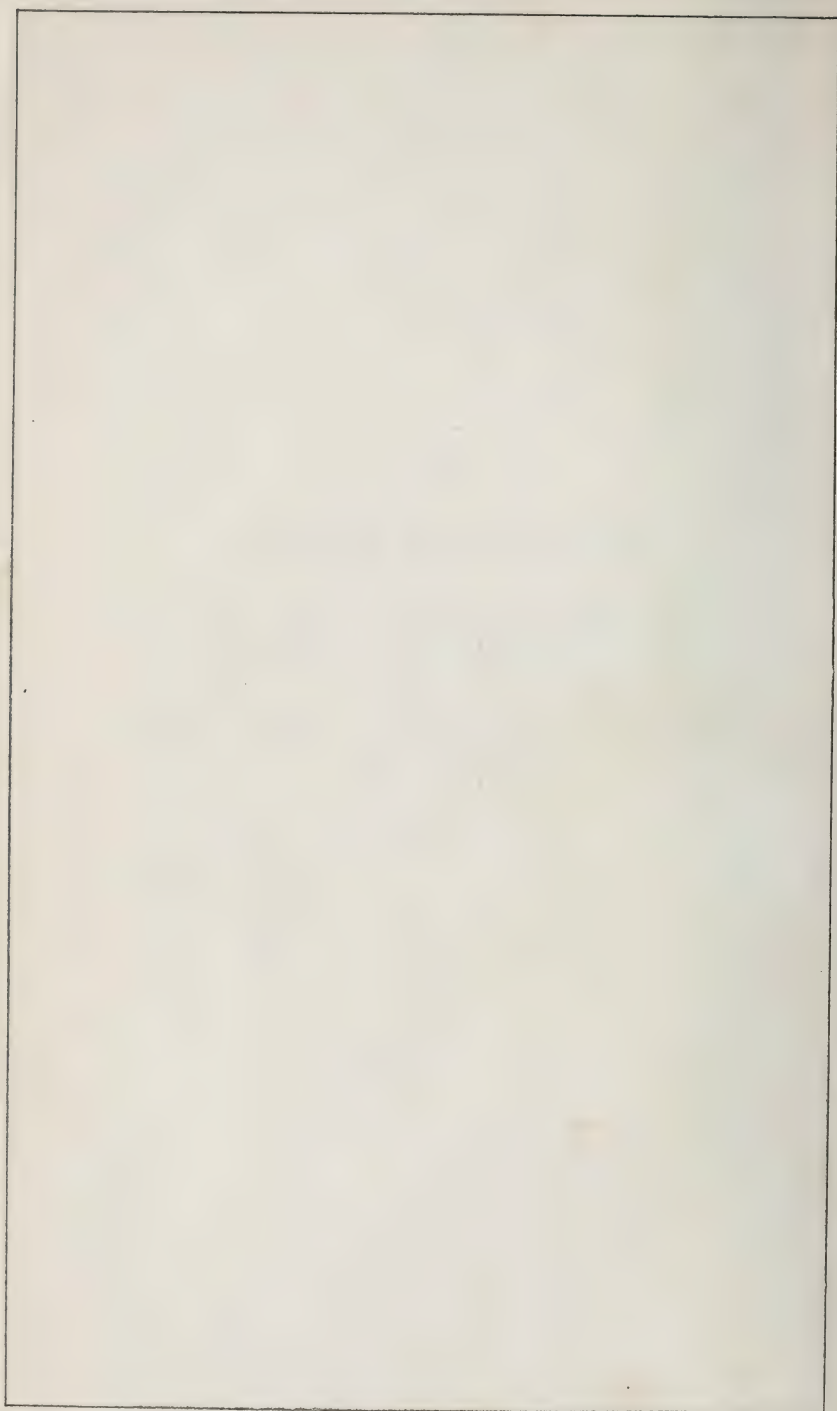
To

Rufus Wilmot Griswold,

As a Souvenir of Admiration for his Genius,
Of Regard for his Generous Character,
And of Gratitude for his valuable Literary Counsels,
This Book is Inscribed,

By his attached Friend,

The Author.

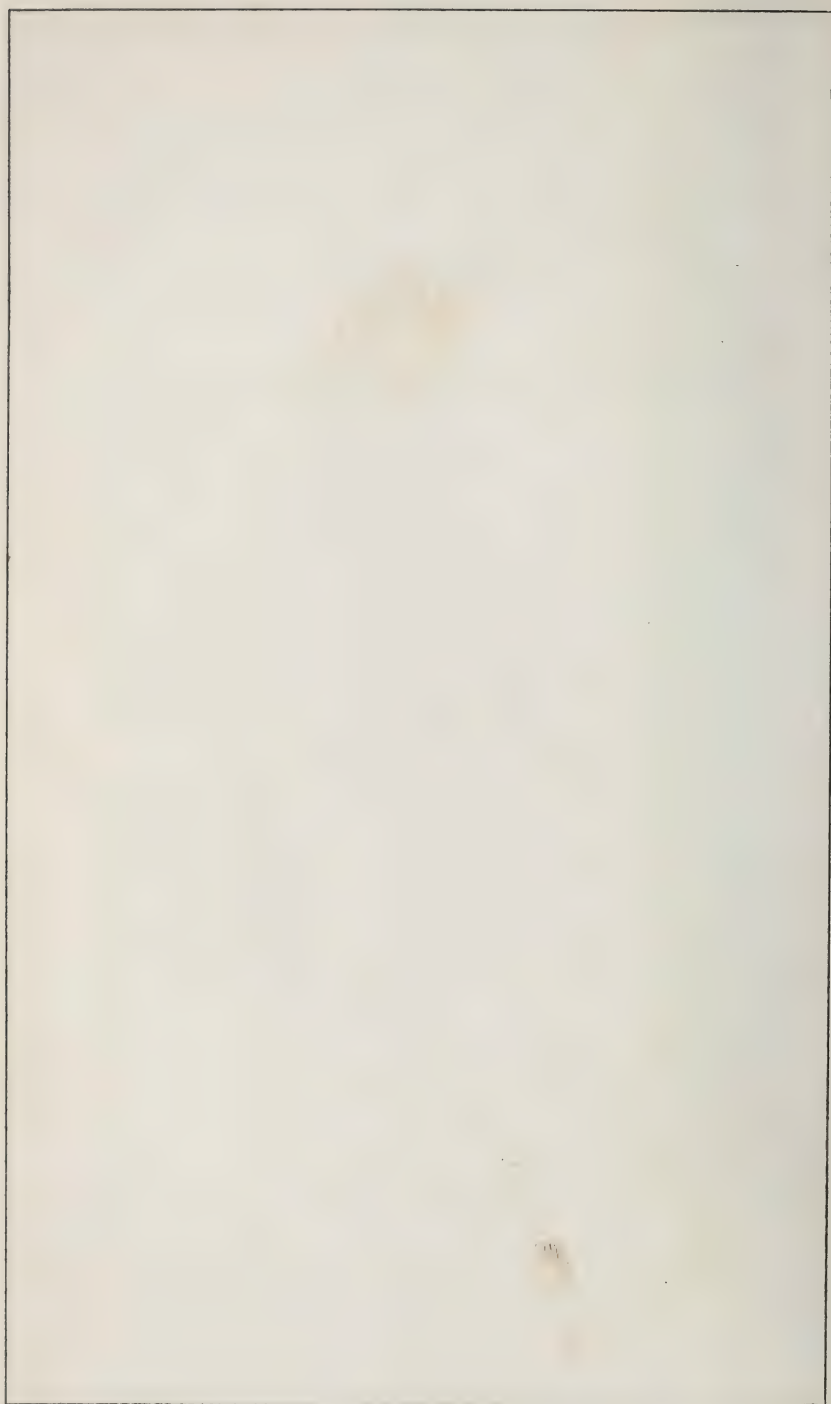


P R E F A C E.

THIS collection of my Poems has been made from my previous publications and MSS. by a literary friend, to whom I intrusted their selection and arrangement, and the supervision of the press. Upon looking it over, I observe that it embraces some pieces which my maturer taste would have rejected, as too trifling in character or unfinished in execution; while others are omitted which I would more willingly have had inserted.

It is proper to observe, in explanation of the character of some of the songs and other verses, that they were written to appear in prose sketches and stories, and are expressions of feeling suitable to the persons and incidents with which they were originally connected.

New York, 1849.



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LIST OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

ZULEIKA.

(To face Title.)

DESIGNED BY S. S. OSGOOD. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES BURT.

Blushing and smiling! Do ye so,
Delicious flowers, because ye know
To whose dear heart you soon shall go!

The Flower Love-Letter, p. 315.

THE CHILD'S PORTRAIT.

(Title-Page.)

PAINTED BY S. S. OSGOOD. ENGRAVED BY J. I. PEASE.

Fair image of my fairer child!
There still I see the flossy hair,
That bathes with light her glowing face;
Her dimpled hands, so round and fair,
Her fragile form,—her childish grace!

On Parting with an Infant's Portrait, p. 143.

3 PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHORESS.

ENGRAVED BY J. CHENEY, FROM A PORTRAIT BY S. S. OSGOOD.

4 THE REAPER.

DESIGNED BY F. O. C. DARLEY. ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

Labour is health! Lo! the husbandman reaping,
 How through his veins goes the life-current leaping!
 How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
 True as a sunbeam, the swift sickle glides.

Laborare est Orare, p. 43.

5 THE CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

DESIGNED BY S. S. OSGOOD. ENGRAVED BY J. I. PEASE.

That voice which to me
 Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;
 And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
 Thou hearest but the tick of the pretty gold toy.

To a Child playing with a Watch, p. 73.

6 IDA.

DESIGNED AND ENGRAVED BY G. H. CUSHMAN.

Not because I turn to you
 As the wild rose toward the light.

Ida to Ernest, p. 95.

OLD FRIENDS.

DESIGNED BY F. O. C. DARLEY. ENGRAVED BY R. HINSELWOOD.

Cold blows the bleak wind around the lone stranger,
Wild beats the snow in his thin waving hair,
One only true friend,—his old faithful Ranger,
Clings to his side in his wintry despair.

Old Friends, p. 185.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

DESIGNED BY S. S. OSGOOD. ENGRAVED BY R. HINSELWOOD.

The blinding rains now swiftly pour;
And the noble ship, a helpless thing,
Lies tossing toward the shore!

The Life-Boat, p. 237.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

DESIGNED BY F. O. C. DARLEY. ENGRAVED BY W. HUMPHRYS.

Dear little wanderer, dancing along,
Now with a silver laugh, now with a song,
Little that loving heart, guileless and gay,
Dream'd of the evils that darken'd thy way!

Little Red Riding-Hood, p. 231.

HOPE.

DESIGNED BY D. HUNTINGDON. ENGRAVED BY W. G. ARMSTRONG.

"Sweet Hope! dear Hope! dear beautiful Hope!"
 I heard a lovely lady say,
 "I have not seen your winsome face
 This many, many a day."

Hope, p. 352.

TWILIGHT.

DESIGNED BY T. P. ROSSITER. ENGRAVED BY J. T. ILLMAN.

Maiden Twilight, lovely and still,
 Hushes the billow, and lulls the air;
 Over the water we glide at will,
 Joyous beings, without a care!

Twilight Hours, p. 395.

THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.

DESIGNED BY F. O. C. DARLEY. ENGRAVED BY R. HINSELWOOD.

He rose in disdainful despair,
 His haughty smile lighten'd and fled—
 A pistol flash gleam'd in the air,
 And the fleet Arab courser fell dead.

The Arab and his Steed, p. 425.



Frances Gargent Osgood



POEMS

BY

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

LOVE! no more, with soul of fire,
Sweep the strings and sound the lyre!
All too wild the sad refrain,
When thy touch awakes the strain.
Thou henceforth must veil thy face
With its blush of childish grace,
Still thy sweet entrancing tone,
Fold thy wings and weep alone.

Mirth! oh! ne'er again come thou,
With thy careless, cloudless brow,
With thy frolic-fingers flying,
Lightly o'er the lyre replying,
Making music, like a smile,
Glisten through its strings the while.
Thou and I, gay sprite! must part,—
Go thou to some happier heart!

Lyre! amid whose cords my soul,
Lull'd, enchanted, proudly stole,
Folly, Vanity, and Mirth
Long have tuned thy tones to earth:
I will take thee, hush'd and holy,
Changed in heart, and sad and lowly,
Into Nature's mother-breast;
There I'll lay thee down to rest.

There her harmony shall blend
All its soul with thine, sweet friend!
Silent lie upon her shrine
Till some spirit more divine,
Mission'd from its home to thee,
Teach a holier melody;
Then, awaked by airs of heaven,
Be thy discord all forgiven!

Meekly let thy music low
With creation's chorus flow,
With the music of the spheres,
Into listening angels' ears!
Let, henceforth, thy sweetest lays
Be attuned to prayer and praise,
And naught earth-born e'er again
Thee, my pleading lyre, profane!

TO THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

LEAVE me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, though all the world depart!
Thou that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,
Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Through which naught mean or evil dare intrude,
Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!
Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,
Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest—the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,
Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare,

Peopling the smiling vale and shaded wildwood
 With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair ;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
 While it went whispering through the willing leaves,
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
 Its pleasant tune about the household eaves ;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
 Till its melodious murmur seem'd a song,
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
 A sweet, impassion'd plaint of love and wrong !
Leave me not yet ! Leave me not cold and lonely,
 Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path !
Leave not the life, that borrows from thee only
 All of delight and beauty that it hath !

Thou that, when others knew not how to love me,
 Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreath thy flowers of light around, above me,
 To woo and win me from my grief's control :—
By all my dreams, the passionate and holy,
 When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,
By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
 Which I have lavish'd upon thine and thee :—
By all the lays my simple lute was learning
 To echo from thy voice, stay with me still !
Once flown—alas ! for thee there's no returning !

The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.
Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,
Has wither'd spring's sweet bloom within my heart ;
Ah, no ! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Though hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wrong'd thine altar,
With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,
Leave me not, spirit ! deaf, and dumb, and blind !
Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers,
Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours !
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty
Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darken'd day :
To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel,
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain ;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain !
Leave me not yet !—leave me not cold and pining,
Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,
Where'er they rested, left a glory shining ;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight !

ERMENGARDE'S AWAKENING.

Dear God! and must we see

All blissful things depart from us or ere we go to Thee?—E. B. BARRETT.

IT was an altar worthy of a god!

All of pure gold, in furnace fire refined;
And never foot profane had near it trod,
And never image had been there enshrined;
But now a radiant idol claim'd the place,
And took it with a rare and royal grace.

And the proud woman thrill'd to its false glory,
And when the murmur of her own true soul
Told in low, lute-tones Love's impassion'd story,
She dream'd the music from that statue stole,
And knelt adoring at the silent shrine
Her own divinity had made divine.

And with a halo from her heart she crown'd it,
That shed a spirit-light upon its face,
And garlands hung of soul-flowers fondly round it,
Wreathing its beauty with immortal grace,

And so she felt not, as she gazed, how cold
And calm that Eidolon of marble mould.

Like Egypt's queen in her imperial play,
She, in abandonment more wildly sweet,
Melted the pearl of her pure *Life* away,
And pour'd the rich libation at its feet,
And in exulting rapture *dream'd* the smile
That should have answer'd in its eyes the while.

And all rare gifts she lavish'd on that altar,
Treasures the mines of India could not buy,
Nor did her foot-fall for a moment falter,
Though the world watch'd her with an evil eye,
And sad friends whisper'd, "Soon she'll wake to weep,
For lo! she walks in an enchanted sleep."

Oh! glorious dreamer! with dark eyes upturn'd
In wondering worship to that godlike brow,
How the rare beauty of thy spirit burn'd
In the rapt gaze and in the glowing vow;
How didst thou waste on one thy soul should scorn
The glory of a blush that mock'd the *morn!*

She turn'd from all—from friendship and the world—
Only *Love* knew the way to that dim glade,

And calm her sweet yet queenly lip had curl'd
Had the world's whisper reach'd her in that shade ;
But she was deaf and dumb and blind to all,
Save to the charm that held her heart in thrall.

And Love, who loved her, flew at her sweet will,
Bringing all gems that hoard the rainbow's splendour,
And singing-birds with magic in their trill,
And what wild-flowers fairy-land could lend her,
And flower and bird and jewel all were laid
To grace that golden altar in the shade.

Fair was that sylvan solitude, I ween—
The lady's charm'd and trancéd spirit lent
The starlight of its beauty to the scene,
And joy and music with the fountain went,
While in a still enchantment on its throne
The lucid statue cold and stately shone.

Love lent her, too, th' enchanted lute he play'd,
And she would let her light hand float at will
Across its chords of silver, half afraid,
Like a white lily on a murmuring rill,
Till Music's soul, waked by that touch, took wing,
And mingling with it hers would soar and sing :—

“Dost thou see—dost thou feel—oh, mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine?
Dost thou thrill to the tones of my melody sweet?
Does it glide to thy *heart* on its musical feet?
Dost thou love the light touch of my hand as I twine
My passion-flower wreath for thy beauty benign?”

“Dost thou know how I've gather'd all gifts that I own
To bless and to brighten the place of thy throne;
How my thoughts like young singing-birds flutter and fly
With a song for thine ear and a gleam for thine eye;
How Truth's precious gems, that drink sunbeams for wine,
Are wreathed into chaplets of light for thy shrine?”

“How Fancy has woven her fairy-land flowers
To garland with odour and beauty thine hours;
While Feeling's pure fountains play softly and free,
And chant in their falling, 'For thee! for thee!'
Dost thou feel—dost thou see—oh! mine idol divine,
How I've yielded the soul of my soul for thy shrine.”

Thus sang the lady, but her waking hour

Drew near; for when her passionate song was mute,
And no fond answer thrill'd through that hush'd bower
Into her listening heart, she laid the lute

Within her loved one's clasp, and pray'd him play
Some idyl sweet to while the hours away.

From his cold hand the lute dropp'd idly down
And broke in music at the false god's feet ;
Love's lute ! ah heaven ! how paled the peerless crown
Above that brow when, with a quick wild beat
Of fear and shame and sorrow at her heart,
The lady from her dazzling dream did start.

And the dream fell beside the broken lute,
And the flowers faded in their fairy grace,
And the fount stopp'd its glorious play, and mute
The birds their light wings shut in that sweet place,
While the deep night that veil'd the woman's soul
O'er shrine and idol cold and starless stole.

And in her desolate agony she cast
Her form beside Love's shiver'd treasure there,
And cried, " Oh, God ! my life of life is past !
And I am left alone with my despair."
Hark ! from the lute one low, melodious sigh
Thrill'd to her heart a sad yet sweet reply.

Then through the darkness rose a voice in prayer,
" My Father ! I have sinn'd 'gainst Thine and Thee."

The idol, whom I deem'd so grandly fair
That its proud presence hid thy heaven from me,
Shorn of his glory, shrunk to common clay,
Behold, for him and for my heart I pray.

Take *Thou* the lute—the shatter'd lute of love—
And teach my faltering hand to tune it right
To some dear, holy hymn—which, like a dove,
From silver fetters freed, may cleave the night,
And, fluttering upward to thy starlit throne,
Die at *Thy* heart with blissful music moan.

EURYDICE.

WITH heart that thrill'd to every earnest line,
I had been reading o'er that antique story,
Wherein the youth half human, half divine,
Of all love-lore the Eidolon and glory,
Child of the Sun, with music's pleading spell,
In Pluto's palace swept, for love, his golden shell!

And in the wild, sweet legend, dimly traced,
My own heart's history unfolded seem'd:—
Ah! lost one! by thy lover-minstrel graced
With homage pure as ever woman dream'd,
Too fondly worshipp'd, since such fate befell,
Was it not sweet to die—because beloved too well!

The scene is round me!—Throned amid the gloom,
As a flower smiles on Etna's fatal breast,
Young Proserpine beside her lord doth bloom;
And near—of Orpheus' soul, oh! idol blest!—
While low for thee he tunes his lyre of light,
I see *thy* meek, fair form dawn through that lurid night!

I see the glorious boy—his dark locks wreathing
Wildly the wan and spiritual brow ;
His sweet, curved lip the soul of music breathing ;
His blue Greek eyes, that speak Love's loyal vow ;
I see him bend on *thee* that eloquent glance,
The while those wondrous notes the realm of terror trance !

I see his face, with more than mortal beauty
Kindling, as, arm'd with that sweet lyre alone,
Pledged to a holy and heroic duty,
He stands serene before the awful throne,
And looks on Hades' horrors with clear eye,
Since thou, his own adored Eurydice, art nigh !

Now soft and low a prelude sweet uprings,
As if a prison'd angel—pleading there
For life and love—were fetter'd 'neath the strings,
And pour'd his passionate soul upon the air !
Anon, it clangs with wild, exultant swell,
Till the full pæan peals triumphantly through Hell !

And thou—thy pale hands meekly lock'd before thee—
Thy sad eyes drinking *life* from *his* dear gaze—
Thy lips apart—thy hair a halo o'er thee,
Trailing around thy throat its golden maze—

Thus—with all words in passionate silence dying—
Within thy *soul* I hear Love's eager voice replying:—

“Play on, mine Orpheus! Lo! while these are gazing,
Charm'd into statues by thy God-taught strain,
I—I alone, to thy dear face upraising
My tearful glance, the life of life regain!
For every tone that steals into my heart
Doth to its worn, weak pulse a mighty power impart.

“Play on, mine Orpheus! while thy music floats
Through the dread realm, divine with truth and grace,
See, dear one! how the chain of linkéd notes
Has fetter'd every spirit in its place!
Even Death, beside me, still and helpless lies;
And strives in vain to chill my frame with his cold eyes.

“Still, mine own Orpheus, sweep the golden lyre!
Ah! dost thou mark how gentle Proserpine,
With claspéd hands, and eyes whose azure fire
Gleams through quick tears, thrilled by thy lay, doth lean
Her graceful head upon her stern lord's breast,
Like an o'erwearied child, whom music lulls to rest?

“Play, my proud minstrel! strike the chords again!
Lo! Victory crowns at last thy heavenly skill!

For Pluto turns relenting to the strain—

He waves his hand—he speaks his awful will!—

My glorious Greek! lead on; but ah! *still* lend

Thy soul to thy sweet lyre, lest yet thou lose thy friend!

“Think not of me! Think rather of the time,

When, moved by thy resistless melody

To the strange magic of a song sublime,

Thy argo grandly glided to the sea!

And in the majesty Minerva gave,

The graceful galley swept, with joy, the sounding wave!

“Or see, in Fancy’s dream, thy Thracian trees,

Their proud heads bent submissive to the sound,

Sway’d by a tuneful and enchanted breeze,

March to slow music o’er th’ astonish’d ground—

Grove after grove descending from the hills,

While round thee weave their dance the glad, harmonious
rills.

“Think not of me! Ha! by thy mighty sire,

My lord, my king! recall the dread behest!

Turn not—ah! turn not back those eyes of fire!

Oh! lost, for ever lost! undone! unblest!

I faint, I die!—the serpent’s fang once more

Is here!—nay, grieve not thus! Life, but *not Love*, is o’er!”

UPBRAID ME NOT.

UPBRAID me not, that having taken thee kindly
 Into my earnest heart, and finding still
There, where I throned thy spirit somewhat blindly,
 A depth, a height, which thou hast fail'd to fill—
That finding this—my faith I disavow,
And seek a nobler, holier love than thou.

That my soul asks it, pleads for it for ever,
 Proves it a claim divine, and not a *wrong*.
Stay the wild rush of yon impetuous river,
 Not the upsoaring of a spirit strong;
For I were wronging *thee* to meanly tame
Each winged impulse unto thy light claim!

Thus would our natures both be chain'd, degraded—
 Be ours a larger, nobler, loftier care!
The flowers, with which yon summer bower is braided,
 Plead always wistfully for light and air;
So grow *thy soul*—from love to love ascending—
Not to its mortal clay ignobly bending!

VICTORIA,

ON HER WAY TO GUILDHALL.

THEY told me the diamond-tiar on her head
Gleam'd out like chain-lightning amid her soft hair ;
They told me the many-hued glory it shed
Seem'd a rainbow still playing resplendently there :
I mark'd not the gem's regal lustre the while,
I saw but her sunny, her soul-illumed smile.

They told me the plume floated over her face,
Like a snowy cloud shading the rose-light of morn :
I saw not the soft feather's tremulous grace,
I watch'd but the being by whom it was worn ;
I watch'd her white brow as benignly it bent,
While the million-voiced welcome the air around rent.

They told me the rich silken robe that she wore
Was of exquisite texture and loveliest dye,
Embroider'd with blossoms of silver all o'er,
And clasp'd with pure jewels that dazzled the eye :

I saw not, I thought not of clasp, robe, or wreath,
I thought of the timid heart beating beneath.

I was born in a land where they bend not the knee,
Save to One—unto whom even monarchs bow down :
But lo ! as I gazed, in my breast springing free,
Love knelt to her sweetness, forgetting her crown ;
And my heart might have challenged the myriads there,
For the warmth of its praise, and the truth of its prayer.

And to her—to that maiden, young, innocent, gay,
With the wild-rose of childhood yet warm on her cheek,
And a spirit, scarce calm'd from its infantine play
Into woman's deep feeling, devoted and meek ;
To her—in the bloom of her shadowless youth—
Proud millions are turning with chivalrous truth.

It is right,—the All-judging hath order'd it so ;
In the light of His favour the pure maiden stands :
And who, that has gazed on that cheek's modest glow,
Would not yield without murmur his fate to her hands ?
Trust on, noble Britons ! trust freely the while !
I would stake my soul's hope on the truth of that smile !

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.

At the bar of Judge Conscience stood Reason arraign'd,
The jury impannell'd—the prisoner chain'd.
The judge was facetious at times, though severe,
Now winking a smile, and now drawing a tear ;
An old-fashion'd, fidgety, queer-looking wight,
With a clerical air, and an eye quick as light.

“ Here, Reason, you vagabond ! look in my face ;
I'm told you're becoming an idle scapegrace.
They say that young Fancy, that airy coquette,
Has dared to fling round you her luminous net ;
That she ran away with you, in spite of yourself,
For pure love of frolic—the mischievous elf.

“ The scandal is whisper'd by friends and by foes,
And darkly they hint, too, that when they propose
Any question to *your* ear, so lightly you're led,
At once to gay Fancy you turn your wild head ;

And *she* leads you off in some dangerous dance,
As wild as the Polka that gallop'd from France.

“Now up to the stars with you, laughing, she springs,
With a whirl and a whisk of her changeable wings ;
Now dips in some fountain her sun-painted plume,
That gleams through the spray, like a rainbow in bloom ;
Now floats in a cloud, while her tresses of light
Shine through the frail boat and illumine its flight ;
Now glides through the woodland to gather its flowers ;
Now darts like a flash to the sea's coral bowers ;
In short—cuts such capers, that with her, I ween,
It's a wonder you are not ashamed to be seen !

“Then she talks such a language !—melodious enough,
To be sure, but a strange sort of outlandish stuff !
I'm told that it licenses many a whapper,
And when once she commences, no frowning can stop her ;
Since it's new, I've no doubt it is very improper !
They say that she cares not for order or law ;
That of you, you great dunce ! she but makes a cat's-paw.
I've no sort of objection to fun in its season,
But it's plain that this Fancy is *fooling* you, Reason !”

Just then into court flew a strange little sprite,
With wings of all colours and ringlets of light !

She frolick'd round Reason, till Reason grew wild,
Defying the court and caressing the child.
The judge and the jury, the clerk and recorder,
In vain call'd this exquisite creature to order :—
“Unheard of intrusion !”—They bustled about,
To seize her, but, wild with delight, at the rout,
She flew from their touch like a bird from a spray,
And went waltzing and whirling and singing away !

Now up to the ceiling, now down to the floor !
Were never such antics in courthouse before !
But a lawyer, well versed in the tricks of his trade,
A trap for the gay little innocent laid :
He held up a *mirror*, and Fancy was caught
By her image within it,—so lovely, she thought.
What could the fair creature be !—bending its eyes
On her own with so wistful a look of surprise !
She flew to embrace it. The lawyer was ready :
He closed round the spirit a grasp cool and steady,
And she sigh'd, while he tied her two luminous wings,
“Ah ! Fancy and Falsehood are different things !”

The witnesses—maidens of uncertain age,
With a critic, a publisher, lawyer, and sage—
All scandalized greatly at what they had heard
Of this poor little Fancy, (who flew like a bird !)

Were call'd to the stand, and their evidence gave.
 The judge charged the jury, with countenance grave:
 Their verdict was "Guilty," and Reason look'd down,
 As his honour exhorted her thus, with a frown:—

"This Fancy, this vagrant, for life shall be chain'd
 In your own little cell, where *you* should have remain'd;
 And you—for *your* punishment—jailer shall be:
 Don't let your accomplice come coaxing to me!
 I'll none of her nonsense—the little wild witch!
 Nor her bribes—although rumour does say she is rich.

"I've heard that all treasures and luxuries rare
 Gather round at her bidding, from earth, sea, and air;
 And some go so far as to hint, that the powers
 Of darkness attend her more sorrowful hours.
 But go!" and Judge Conscience, who never was bought,
 Just bow'd the pale prisoner out of the court.

'Tis said, that poor Reason next morning was found,
 At the door of her cell, fast asleep on the ground,
 And nothing within but one plume rich and rare,
 Just to show that young Fancy's wing once had been there.
 She had dropp'd it, no doubt, while she strove to get
 through
 The hole in the lock, which she could not undo.

THE COCOA-NUT TREE.

OH, the green and the graceful—the cocoa-nut tree !

The lone and the lofty—it loves like me

The flash, the foam of the heaving sea,

And the sound of the surging waves

In the shore's unfathom'd caves ;

With its stately shaft, and its verdant crown,

And its fruit in clusters drooping down ;

Some of a soft and tender green,

And some all ripe and brown between ;

And flowers, too, blending their lovelier grace

Like a blush through the tresses on Beauty's face.

Oh, the lovely, the free,

The cocoa-nut tree,

Is the tree of all trees for me !

The willow, it waves with a tenderer motion,

The oak and the elm with more majesty rise ;

But give me the cocoa, that loves the wild ocean,

And shadows the hut where the island-girl lies.

In the Nicobar islands, each cottage you see
 Is built of the trunk of the cocoa-nut tree,
 While its leaves matted thickly, and many times o'er,
 Make a thatch for its roof and a mat for its floor ;
 Its shells the dark islander's beverage hold—
 'Tis a goblet as pure as a goblet of gold.

Oh, the cocoa-nut tree,
 That blooms by the sea,
 Is the tree of all trees for me !

In the Nicobar isles, of the cocoa-nut tree
 They build the light shallop—the wild, the free ;
 They weave of its fibres so firm a sail,
 It will weather the rudest southern gale ;
 They fill it with oil, and with coarse jaggree,
 With arrack and coir, from the cocoa-nut tree.

The lone, the free,
 That dwells in the roar
 Of the echoing shore—
 Oh, the cocoa-nut tree for me !

Rich is the cocoa-nut's milk and meat,
 And its wine, the pure palm-wine, is sweet ;
 It is like the bright spirits we sometimes meet—

The wine of the cocoa-nut tree :

For they tie up the embryo bud's soft wing,
From which the blossoms and nuts would spring ;
And thus forbidden to bless with bloom
Its native air, and with soft perfume,
The subtle spirit that struggles there
Distils an essence more rich and rare,
And instead of a blossom and fruitage birth,
The delicate palm-wine oozes forth.

Ah, thus to the child of genius, too,
The rose of beauty is oft denied ;
But all the richer, that high heart, through
The torrent of feeling pours its tide,
And purer and fonder, and far more true,
Is that passionate soul in its lonely pride.
Oh, the fresh, the free,
The cocoa-nut tree,
Is the tree of all trees for me !

The glowing sky of the Indian isles,
Lovingly over the cocoa-nut smiles,
And the Indian maiden lies below, .
Where its leaves their graceful shadow throw :
She weaves a wreath of the rosy shells
That gem the beach where the cocoa dwells ;

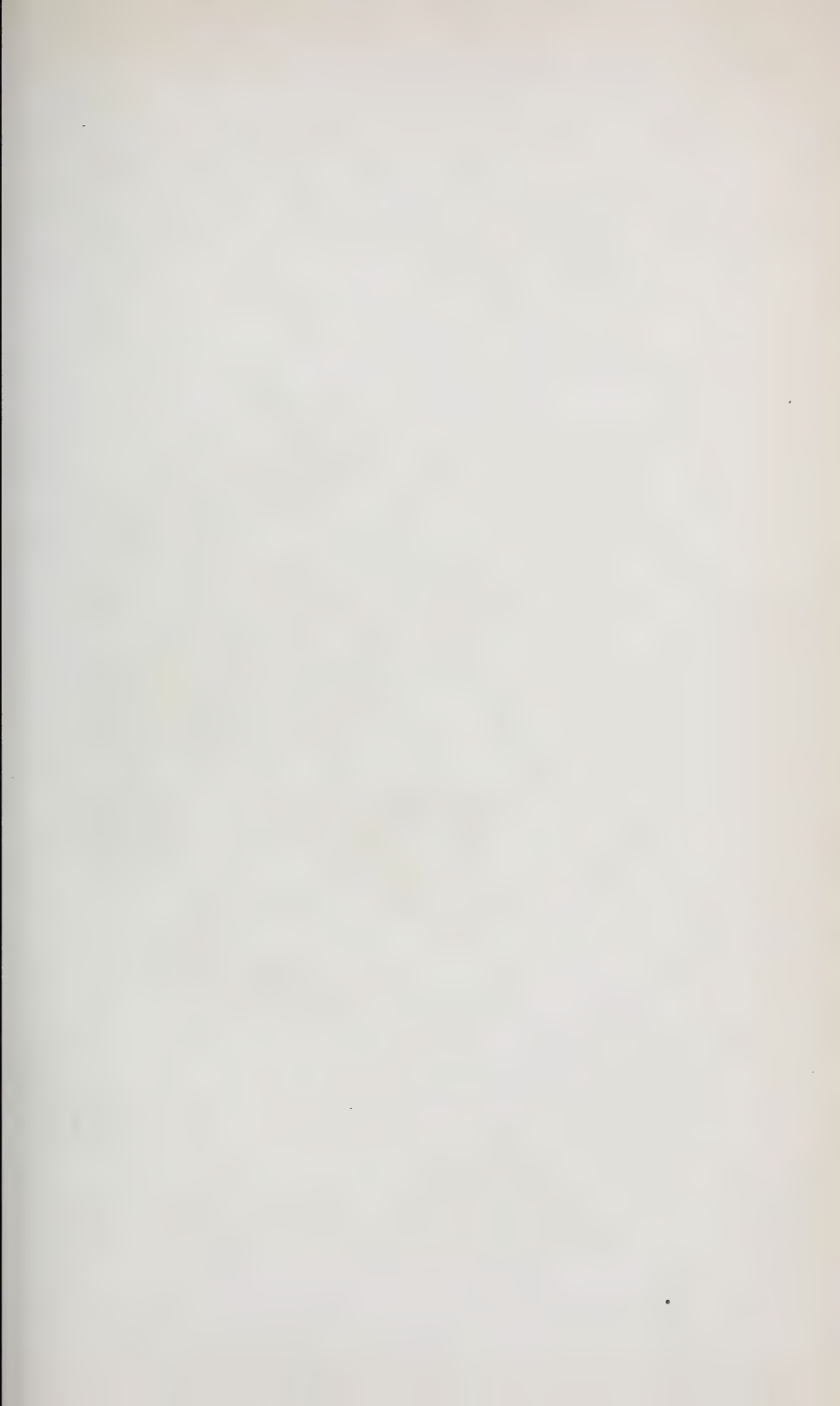
She winds them into her long black hair,
And they blush in the braids like rosebuds there ;
Her soft brown arm and her graceful neck,
With those ocean-blooms she joys to deck.

Oh, wherever you see
The cocoa-nut tree,
There will a picture of beauty be !

THE BABY AND THE BREEZE.

THE breeze was high, and blew her sun-brown tresses
About her snowy brow and violet eyes ;
And she—my Ellen—brave and sweetly wise,
In gay defiance of its rough caresses,
With rosy, pouting mouth, essay'd at length
To blow the rude airs back, that mock'd her baby-strength.

Ah ! thus when Fortune's storms assail thy soul,
Yield not, nor shrink ! but bear thee bravely still
Against their fury ! With thine own sweet will
And childlike faith, oppose their fierce control.
So shalt thou bloom at last, my treasured flower,
Unharm'd by tempest-shock, in heaven's calm summer bower !





LABORARE EST ORARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us ;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us ;
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
 Unintermitting, goes up into heaven !
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing ;
Never the little seed stops in its growing ;
More and more richly the Roseheart keeps glowing,
 Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

“Labour is worship!”—the robin is singing :
“Labour is worship!”—the wild bee is ringing :
Listen ! that eloquent whisper upspringing
 Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower ;
From the rough sod blows the soft breathing flower ;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower ;
 Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labour is life!—'Tis the still water faileth ;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth ;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth !

Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labour is glory!—the flying cloud lightens ;
Only the waving wing changes and brightens ;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens :
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune !

Labour is rest—from the sorrows that greet us ;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow ;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow ;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Wo's weeping willow !
Work with a stout heart and resolute will !

Labour is health!—Lo ! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping !
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labour is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth ;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth ;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth ;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not though shame, sin, and anguish are round thee !

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee !

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee :

Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod !

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly ;

Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly :

Labour !—all labour is noble and holy :

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

PURITY'S PEARL ;

OR, THE HISTORY OF A TEAR.

A MAIDEN, one summer's day, over Life's sea

In a pleasure-boat swiftly sailing,

Gazed back on the bowers of her childhood free,

That were dim in the distance failing.

She had clasp'd her zone with a brilliant stone,

In tint like the plume of a lory ;

Through its heart the blush of the dawn had shone,

And left in it all its glory.

“False, false the talisman !” cries the girl,

“From my bosom the gem I sever !

Oh ! give me back Purity's snow-white pearl,

And away with Love's ruby for ever !”

A tear, as she spoke, dimm'd her eye's blue fire,
And fell in the foaming water,
And hark! at the moment, an angel-lyre
Sounds the name of earth's sorrowing daughter.
'Tis the spirit of mercy floats from heaven,
Like light through the waves descending,
And the penitent feels her fault forgiven,
While smiles with her tears are blending.
And long ere that frail bark reach'd the shore,
Fair Mercy, her pledge redeeming,
Stole up through the moonlit sea once more,
With a pearl in her soft hand beaming.
"I bring thee back Purity's gem of Snow!
'Tis thy tear of remorse and devotion,
Transform'd to a pearl, in the wondrous flow
Of Time's mysterious ocean."
And the maiden has bound her zone again
With the treasure she prized so truly,
And safe is her bark on the fathomless main,
For her talisman keeps it holy!

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED STORY.

“A FRIEND!” Are you a friend? No, by my soul!
Since you dare breathe the shadow of a doubt
That I am true as Truth: since you give not,
Unto my briefest look—my gayest word—
My faintest change of cheek—my softest touch—
Most sportive, careless smile, or low-breathed sigh—
Nay, to my voice’s lightest modulation,
Though imperceptible to all but you:—
If you give not to these, unquestioning,
A limitless faith—the faith you give to Heaven—
I will not call you “friend.” I would disdain
A seraph’s heart, as yours I now renounce,
If such the terms on which ’twere proffer’d me.

Deny me Faith—that poor, yet priceless boon—
And you deny the very soul of love!
As well withhold the lamp, whose light reveals
The sculptured beauty latent in its urn,
As proffer Friendship’s diamond *in the dark*.

What though a thousand seeming proofs condemn me?

If my calm image smile not clear through all,
Sere and without shadow on your heart—
Nay! if the very vapours, that would veil it,
Part not illumined by its presence pure,
As round Night's tranquil queen the clouds divide,
Then rend it from that heart! I ask no place,
Though 'twere a throne, without the state becomes me—
Without the homage due to royal Truth!

And should a world beside pronounce me false,
You are to choose between the world and me.
If *I* be not more than *all* worlds to you,
I will not stoop to *less*! I will have *all*—
Your proudest, purest, noblest, loftiest love—
Your perfect trust—your soul of soul—or nothing!

Shall I *not* have them? Speak! on poorer spirits—
Who are content with less, because forsooth
The whole would blind or blight them, or because
They have but less to give—will you *divide*
The glory of your own? or concentrate
On mine its radiant life?—on mine! that holds
As yet, in calm reserve, the boundless wealth
Of tenderness its Maker taught to it.
Speak! shall we part, and go our separate ways,
Each with a half life in a burning soul,
Like two wild clouds, whose meeting would evoke
The electric flame pent up within their bosoms,

That, parted, weep their fiery hearts away,
Or waste afar—and darken into death?
Speak! do we part? or are we *one* for ever?

Since I must love thee—since a weird wild Fate
Impels me to thy heart against my will—
Do thou this justice to the soul I yield:
Be its ideal. Let it not blush to love.
Bid it not trail its light and glorious wings
Through the dull dust of earth, with downcast eyes
And drooping brow, where Shame and Grief usurp
Calm Honour's throne!—be noble, truthful, brave;
Love Honour more than Love, and more than me;
Be all thou wert ere the world came between
Thee and thy God.

Hear'st thou my spirit pleading
With suppliant, clasped hands to thine, dear love?
Degrade her not, but let thy stronger soul
Soar with her to the seraph's realm of light.
She yields to thee; do with her as thou wilt.
She shuts her wings in utter weariness,
For she has wander'd all night long astray,
And found no rest—no fountain of sweet love,
Save such as mock'd her with a maddening thirst.
She asks of thine, repose, protection, peace,
Implores thee with wild tears and passionate prayers

To give her shelter through the night of Time,
And lead her home at morn ; for long ago,
She lost her way.

Ah ! thou mayst give, instead
Of that sweet boon she asks, if so thou wilt,
Wild suffering, madness, shame, self-scorn, despair !
But thou wilt not !—thine eyes—thy glorious eyes
Are eloquent with generous love and faith,
And through thy voice a mighty heart intones
Its rich vibrations, while thou murmurest low
All lovely promises, and precious dreams
For the sweet Future ! So, I trust thee, love,
And place my hand in thine, for good or ill.

Do not my soul that wrong ! translate not thus
The spirit-words my eyes are saying to thee :
I would not fetter that rich heart of thine,
Save by the perfect liberty I give it,
For all God's worlds of glory ! Go thou forth—
Be free as air ! Love all the good and pure ;
Cherish all love that can ennoble thee ;
Unfold thy soul to all sweet ministries,
That it may grow toward heaven—as a flower
Drinks dew and light, and pays them back in beauty.
And if—ah Heaven ! these tears are love's, not grief's—
And if some higher ministry than mine,

Or some more genial nature, bless thee more,
Wrong not thyself, or me, or love, or truth,
By shrinking weakly from thy destiny.
I would not owe to pitying tenderness
The joy with which thy presence lights my life.
Thou shalt still love all that is thine, dear friend,
In my true soul—all that is right and great ;
And that I still love thee, so proudly, purely—
That shall be *my* best joy ! go calmly forth.

Would I were any thing that thou dost love !
A flower, a shell, a wavelet, or a cloud—
Aught that might win a moment's soul-look from thee.
To be "a joy for ever" in thy heart,
That were in truth divinest joy to mine :
A low, sweet, haunting Tune, that will not let
Thy memory go, but fondly twines around it,
Pleading and beautiful—for unto thee
Music is life—such life as I would be ;—
A Statue, wrought in marble, without stain,
Where one immortal truth embodied lives
Instinct with grace and loveliness ;—a Fane,
A fair Ionic temple, growing up,
Light as a lily into the blue air,
To the glad melody of a tuneful thought
In its creator's spirit, where thy gaze

Might never weary—dedicate to thee,
Thy image shrined within it, lone and loved!—
Make me the Flower thou lovest; let me drink
Thy rays, and give them back in bloom and beauty;—
Mould me to grace, to glory, like the Statue;—
Wake for my mind the Music of thine own,
And it shall grow, to that majestic tune,
A temple meet to shrine mine idol in!—
Hold the frail Shell, tinted by love's pure blush,
Unto thy *soul*, and thou shalt hear within
Tones from its spirit-home;—smile on the Wave,
And it shall flow, free, limpid, glad for ever;—
Shed on the Cloud the splendour of thy being,
And it shall float—a radiant wonder—by thee.

To love—*thy* love—so docile I would be,
So pliant, yet inspired, that it should make
A marvel of me, for thy sake, and show
Its proud *chef d'œuvre* in my harmonious life.

I would be judged by that great heart of thine,
Wherein a voice more genuine, more divine
Than world-taught Reason, fondly speaks for me,
And bids thee love and trust, through cloud and shine,
The frail and fragile creature who would be
Naught here—hereafter—if not *all* to thee!
Thou call'st me changeful as the summer cloud,

And wayward as a wave, and light as air.
And I am all thou sayst—all, and more ;
But the wild cloud can weep, as well as lighten,
And the wave mirrors heaven, as my soul thee ;
And the light air, that frolics without thought
O'er yonder harp, makes music as it goes.
Let *me* play on the soul-harp I love best,
And teach it all its dreaming melody—
That is my mission—I have nothing else,
In all the world, to do ; and I shall go
Musicless, aimless, idle, through all life,
Unless I play my part there—only there.
In the full anthem which the universe
Intones to heaven, my heart will have no share,
Unless I have that soul-harp to myself,
And wake it to what melody I please.

So wrote the Lady Imogen—the child
Of Poetry and Passion—all her frame
So lightly, exquisitely shaped, we dream'd
'Twas fashion'd to some melody of heaven,
The fairest, airiest creature ever made—
Flower-like in her fragility and grace,
Childlike in sweet impetuous tenderness,
Yet with a nature proud, profound, and pure,
As a rapt sybil's. O'er her soul had passed

The wild simoom of wo, but to awake
From that Eolian lyre the loveliest tones
Of mournful music, passionately sad.

Not thus her love the haughty Ida breathed :
Alone, apart, in her own soul world dreaming—
Of an ideal beauty calm and high,—
O'er the patrician paleness of her cheek
Came seldom, and how softly! the faint blush
Of irrepressible tenderness.

Your course has been a conqueror's through life ;
You have been follow'd, flatter'd, and caress'd ;
Soul after soul has laid upon your shrine
Its first, fresh, dewy bloom of love for incense :
The minstrel-girl has tuned for you her lute,
And set her life to music for your sake ;
The opera-belle, with blush unwonted, starts
At your name's casual mention, and forgets,
For one strange moment, Fashion's cold repose ;
The village maiden's conscious heart beats time
To your entrancing melody of verse ;
And, from that hour, of your beloved image
Makes a life-idol. And you know it all,
And smile, half-pleased, and half in scorn, to know.

But you have never known, nor shall you now,
Who, mid the throng you sometimes meet, receives

Your careless recognition with a thrill
At her adoring heart—worth all that homage!

You see not, 'neath her half-disdainful smile,
The passionate tears it is put on to hide ;
You dream not what a wild sigh dies away
In her laugh's joyous trill ; you cannot guess—
You, who see only with your outer sense,—
A warp'd, chill'd sense, that wrongs you every hour—
You cannot guess, when her cold hand you take
That *a soul* trembles in that light, calm clasp!

You speak to her with your world-tone ; ah, not
With the home-cadence of confiding love!
And she replies ; a few, low, formal words
Are all she dares, nay deigns, return ; and so
You part, for months, again. Yet in that brief,
Oasis-hour of her desert-life,
She has quaff'd eagerly the enchanted spring—
The sun-lit wave of thought in your rich mind ;
And passes on her weary pilgrimage
Refresh'd, and with a renovated strength.

And this has been for years. She was a child—
A school-girl—when the echo of your lyre
First came to her, with music on its wings,
And her soul drank from it the life of life!

Then, in a festive-scene, you claim'd her hand
For the gay dance, and, in its intervals,

Spake soothingly and gently—for you saw
Her timid blush, but did not dream its cause.
Even then her young heart worshipp'd you, and shrank,
With a vague sense of fear and shame, away.

She who, with others, was, and is, even now,
Light, fearless, joyous, buoyant as a bird,
That lets the air-swung spray beneath it bend,
Nor cares, so it may carol, what shall chance,
With *you*, forgets her song, foregoes her mirth,
And hushes all her music in her heart.

It is because your soul, that should know hers
With an intuitive tenderness, is blind!

But once again you met. Then years went by,
And in a throng'd, luxurious saloon,
You drew her fluttering hand within your arm—
A few blest moments next your heart it lay!
And still the lady mutely veil'd from yours,
Eyes where her glorious secret wildly shone.
And you, a-weary of her seeming dullness,
Grew colder day by day. But once you paused
Beside her seat, and murmur'd words of praise.
Praise from *your* lips! Ah, God! the ecstasy
Of that dear moment! Each bright word, embalm'd
In Memory's tears of amber, gleams there yet—
The costliest beads in her rich rosary.

But you were blind! And after that a cloud,

Colder and darker, hung between her heart
And yours. There were malicious, lovely lips,
That knew, too well, the poison of a hint,
And it work'd deep and sure. And years again
Stole by, and now once more we meet. We meet! ah, no!
We ne'er have met! Hand may touch hand, perchance,
And eye glance back to eye its idle smile;
But our *souls* meet not: for, from boyhood, you
Have been a mad idolater of beauty.
And *I!* ah, Heaven! had you return'd my love,
I had been beautiful in your dear eyes;
For Love and Joy and Hope within the spirit,
Make luminous the face. But let that pass:
I murmur not. In *my* soul Pride is crown'd
And throned—a queen; and at her feet lies Love,
Her *slave*—in chains—*that you shall ne'er unclasp.*

Yet, oh! if aspirations, ever rising
With an intense idolatry of love,
Toward all of grace and purity and truth
That we may dream—can shape the soul to beauty,
(As *I* believe,) then, in that better world,
You will not ask if I were fair on earth.

You have loved often—passionately, perchance—
Never with that wild, rapturous, poet-love
Which *I* might win—and *will*—not here on earth.
I would not have the ignoble, trivial cares

Of common life come o'er our glorious union
 To mar its spirit-beauty. In His home
 We shall meet calmly, gracefully, without
 Alloy of petty ills.

Meantime, I read you as no other reads ;
 I read your soul—its burning, baffled hopes ;
 Its proud, pure aims, whose wings are melted off
 In the warm sunshine of the world's applause ;
 Its yearning for an *angel's* tenderness :
 I read it all, and grieve, and sometimes blush,
 That you can desecrate so grand a shrine
 By the false gods you place there ! *you* who know
 The lore of love so perfectly—who trace
 The delicate labyrinth of a woman's heart,
 With a sure clue, so true, so fine, so rare—
 Some Angel-Ariadne gave it you !

If I knew how to stoop, I'd tell you more :
 I'd win your love, even now, by a slight word ;
 But that I'll say in heaven ! Till we meet there,
 Unto God's love I leave you.

You will glance round among the crowd hereafter,
 And dream my woman's heart must sure betray me.
 Not so : I have not school'd, for weary years,
 Eye, lip, and cheek, and voice, to be shamed now
 By your bold gaze. Ah ! were I *not* secure
 In my Pride's sanctuary—this revelation

Were an act, Heaven, nor you, could ever pardon ;
And still less *I*. Nor would I now forego—
Even for your love—the deep, divine delight
Of this most pure and unsuspected passion,
That none have guess'd, or will, while I have life.
You smile, perchance. Beware ! I shall shame *you*,
If with suspicion's plummet you dare sound
The unfathom'd deeps of feeling in this heart.
It shall bring up, 'stead of that love it seeks,
A scorn you look not for. Ay, I would die
A martyr's death, sir, rather than betray
To you by faintest flutter of a pulse—
By lightest change of cheek or eyelid's fall—
That *I* am she who loves, adores, and flies you !

.

Ask why the holy starlight, or the blush
Of summer blossoms, or the balm that floats
From yonder lily like an angel's breath,
Is lavish'd on such men ! God gives them all
For some high end ; and thus the seeming waste
Of her rich soul—its starlight purity,
Its every feeling delicate as a flower,
Its tender trust, its generous confidence,
Its wondering disdain of littleness—
These, by the coarser sense of those around her
Uncomprehended, may not all be vain :

But win them—they unwitting of the spell—
By ties unfelt, to nobler, loftier life.
And they dare blame her! they whose every thought,
Look, utterance, act, has more of evil in't,
Than e'er she dream'd of or could understand;
And she must blush before them, with a heart
Whose lightest throb is worth their all of life!
They boast their charity: oh, idle boast!
They give the poor, forsooth, food, fuel, shelter;
Faint, chill'd, and worn, her soul implored a pittance,
Her *soul ask'd alms* of theirs, and was denied!

It was not much it came a-begging for—
A simple boon, only a gentle thought,
A kindly judgment of such deeds of hers
As pass'd their understanding, but to her
Seem'd natural as the blooming of a flower:
For God taught her—but they had learn'd of men
The meagre doling of their measured love,
A selfish, sensual love, most unlike hers.
God taught the tendril where to cling, and she
Learn'd the same lovely lesson, with the same
Unquestioning and pliant trust in Him.

And yet that He should let a lyre of heaven
Be play'd on by such hands, with touch so rude,
Might wake a doubt in less than perfect faith,
Perfect as mine, in his beneficence.

ADDRESS,

FOR THE REOPENING OF THE FEDERAL STREET THEATRE.

AGAIN they come! Enchanted Fancy hears
Their airy steps, with mingled smiles and tears—
The immortal pair, that grace the Drama's page—
The sister-muses of the classic stage!

Hark to the rustling sweep of silk attire—
'Tis stern Melpomene!—With eyes of fire,
A jewell'd dagger in her haughty hand,
Brow on whose lightest bend is throned *command*,
And dark, dishevell'd locks, that float adown
Beneath the splendour of a queenly crown—
There with imperial mien she walks alone,
Proud, as each step were on a trampled throne!
Yet ah! what majesty of grief appears
In those dark eyes, too wildly sad for tears!
And ah! what words, of subtlest power, can speak
The soul of sorrow on her hueless cheek!

But list that laugh of girlish glee and grace!
With frolic footstep, frank and cordial face,

And a soft "golden-tinted" cloud of curls
That careless 'scape the clasp of wreathing pearls ;
In tunic gay, that lightly veils her form,
Lo ! like a sunbeam—lovelier for the storm—
The glad Thalia, buoyant as a child,
Trips o'er the stage, in bloom and beauty wild !

All hail ! all hail ! ye peerless pair, once more !
Ye loved and lost—that bless'd these scenes of yore !

And now, around yon gorgeous throne of gold
Where rests our tragic queen in state, behold—
And round the couch too where demure doth sit
The sportive daughter of Delight and Wit—
A shadowy train with soundless footsteps glide,
The Drama's glory in her hour of pride !

There, mad with love and doubt, the goaded Moor
Rends the young heart, so flower-like, soft, and pure,
Whose tender truth, amazed at such strange blame,
Half wild with sorrow, sighs, "*Am I that name ?*"

There weak Macbeth beholds the dagger's hilt
That gleams in air and tempts to maddening guilt ;
And she—his more than queen—looks grandly down
From her mind's throne, and waves him to the crown.

Light from the "cowslip's bell," on filmy wings,
Where prison'd sunbeams play, our Ariel springs,
Makes of a purple cloud his fairy boat,
Unfurls its silvery sail in air to float,

While round him music melts in heavenly tides,
And to the slow, sweet tune, the aerial shallop glides.

Next young Miranda!—Nature's darling child—
Frank, fearless, fond, and innocently wild—
To whose fair frame the air, the earth, the wave,
Proud of their guest, their grace and glory gave!
Morn to her pure cheek lent its rose-mist rare,—
Sunset its gold to glisten in her hair,—
The sea, its undulating play,—the breeze,
Those low lute-tones it teaches to the trees,—
And earth, her dearest rose's balm and glow,
To breathe upon her lip, and warm her bosom's snow!

Ah see! forlorn Ophelia falters by!
And near her, heedless of her song and sigh,
Lo! princely Hamlet to the night complains!

There Egypt's queen, a glorious marvel, reigns!
Quaffs the rare pearl, while Rome's heroic son,
A costlier gem, her *melting heart* has won;
And turns forgetful from the state's control,
To sway, with regnant smile, the empire of his soul.

There bright Titania chides her truant-king,
And weaves with steps of light the "fairy ring;"
There brave Prince Hal his gallant foe defies,
And peerless Percy, "child of honour," dies!

There Beatrice, in graceful, gay disdain,
Mocks with arch'd lip at Love's enchanted chain,

Unconscious that, despite her saucy smile,
Round her warm heart 'tis twining all the while.
There loveliest Hero, too, in truth serene,
Shames with her modest grace the bridal scene,
And wondering questions, in her maiden-pride,
“Is my lord *mad*, that he doth speak so wide?”

There the boy Arthur pours on Hubert's ear
His sweet child-eloquence, half faith, half fear;
And Constance cries, “Here I and Sorrow sit,
This is my throne—let kings come bow to it!”

There subtle Richard, snake-like, winds his way
To Anne's frail heart, with soft persuasion's sway;
And Lear, blind, poor, yet kingly to the last,
With regal wrath all grandly mocks the blast,
Till true Cordelia comes, and on her breast
Love's magic music lulls his great heart's grief to rest.

Behold! with loosen'd locks and flashing eyes,
And scornful gibe, where haughty Katharine flies!
Stay, courteous damsel! meekly meet your fate!
“Kate of Katehall—my super-dainty Kate!”

There, brave and beauteous with the might of mind,
Enchanting Portia, Shylock's bond doth bind;
And dark-eyed Jessica, the truant fay,
Through bars and bolts, with Love has run away!

Look! from yon lattice, bathed in starlight clear,
What radiant being leans with rapturous fear?

Oh, loved Italia's lost, impassion'd child,
Dear Juliet! whispering words so sweetly wild,
She seems a stray young angel pleading there,
While heaven has hush'd its harps to hear her "music-prayer!"

But who comes here, with timid, tearful grace,
And faltering step and half-averted face?
That shy, sweet glance, that wavy, silken tress,
That tell-tale blush, belie the page's dress.
Sweet Viola! not even thy man's array
Can hide or hush the maiden-spirit's play;
For Purity is such a gem, I ween,
As no disguise can veil its glorious sheen;
Like the clear diamond of Golconda's mines,
Placed in the dark, it more divinely shines.

Yet see! another metamorphosis!
What airy elf, what archer-boy is this!
Ha! that droop'd eye betrays no manly mind;
By Dian's silver bow—'tis Rosalind!
You "golden creature!" with your pranks and wiles,
Your arch, wild wit, quick frowns and dazzling smiles,
Give to *Ardennes* your shafts from tongue and bow;
'Twere hard to tell which sharpest be, I trow,—
Trip by, nor aim your spicy wit at me!
For one behind you flits, I fain would see;
Wreath'd with wild blooms, herself the "flower of flowers,"
A wood-nymph from Bohemia's sylvan bowers!

The chasten'd glory of a royal line
Gleams like a halo round her form divine,
Ennobles still her soft, unconscious mien,
And lends to every step a pride serene.
Turn, Perdita! for there, in tranquil grace,
"Queen of *herself*," the wrong'd *Hermionè* doth pace.

But my scene-painter, Fancy, drops her brush,
The pageant's hues of beauty fainter flush;
And now—queen, sylph, and hero all are fled,
But not for ever! oft this stage they'll tread:
Left to implore, for all that fleeting train
Whose mimic forms you yet shall see again,
Assumed by some, the pride of our own days,
Favour, forbearance, patronage, and praise.

Nor these alone. Creations rich and rare
Of *modern* genius here your smiles shall share.
Here the lithe spirit of the dance shall spring,
Like an embodied zephyr on the wing;
Or like a choral chant, caught as it came,
And fetter'd for an hour with mortal frame,
To soar and fall, and still for freedom yearn,
All grace and harmony, where'er it turn!
Here too the soul of song shall float in air,
And on its wings your hearts enchanted bear.

Ah! yield to them—to us—the meed we claim,
Your smiles to light the path that leads to Fame.

So shall this life of mockery seem more sweet,
And flowers shall rise to rest our pilgrim-feet,
While from our lips, inspired by Hope divine,
Like fire shall flow the bard's melodious line.

No more—the Drama's scenes my exit wait ;
The prompter whispers, "Come, 'tis getting late!"
I'd much to say, and to the purpose, too,
But Mr. Wyman vows *'twill never do!*
So, as I make my courtsey, with all speed,
Up with the drop-scene! Let the play proceed!

THE INDIAN MAID'S REPLY TO THE MISSIONARY.*

HALF earnest, half sportive, yet listening, she stood,
That queenly young creature, the child of the wood ;
Her curving lips parted—her dark eyes downcast—
Her hands lock'd before her—her heart beating fast ;
And around her the forest's majestic arcade,
With the pure sunset burning like fire through the shade :
He spake of the goodness, the glory of Him

* The friend who related to me this incident was, I believe, himself an eye-witness to the scene.

Whose smile lit the heavens—whose frown made them dim.
And with one flashing glance of the eyes she upraised
Full of rapture impassion'd, her Maker she praised.
He spake of the Saviour, his sorrow, his truth,
His pity celestial, the wrong and the ruth ;
And quick gushing tears dimm'd the gaze that she turn'd
To his face, while her *soul* on her sunny cheek burn'd.
Then he thought in his fond zeal to wile her within
The pale of the church ; but as well might he win
Yon cloud that floats changefully on in the light,
A fawn of the forest, a star-ray of light,
As tame to his purpose, or lure from her race
That wild child of freedom, all impulse and grace.
She listens in sad, unbelieving surprise ;
Then shakes back her dark, glossy locks from her eyes,
And with eloquent gesture points up to the skies.
At last, to awaken her fears he essays ;
He threatens God's wrath if thus freely she strays.
Wild, sweet, and incredulous rang through the wood
The laugh of the maiden, as proudly she stood.
Soft, thrilling, and glad woke the echo around ;
True nature's harmonious reply to that sound.
Then lowly and reverent answer'd the maid :—
“ God speaketh afar in the forest,” she said,
“ And he sayeth—‘ Behold in the woodland so wild,
With its heaven-arch'd aisle, the true church of my child.’ ”

WOMAN.

A FRAGMENT.

WITHIN a frame, more glorious than the gem
To which Titania could her sylph condemn,
Fair woman's spirit dreams the hours away,
Content at times in that bright home to stay,
So that you let her deck her beauty still,
And waltz and warble at her own sweet will.

Taught to restrain, in cold Decorum's school,
The step, the smile, to glance and dance by rule ;
To smooth alike her words and waving tress,
And her pure *heart's* impetuous play repress ;
Each airy impulse—every frolic thought
Forbidden, if by Fashion's law untaught,
The graceful houri of your heavenlier hours
Forgets, in gay saloons, her native bowers,
Forgets her glorious home—her angel-birth—
Content to share the passing joys of earth ;
Save when, at intervals, a ray of love
Pleads to her spirit from the realms above,

Plays on her pinions shut, and softly sings
In low Æolian tones of heavenly things.

Ah! *then* dim memories dawn upon the soul
Of that celestial home from which she stole;
She feels its fragrant airs around her blow;
She sees the immortal bowers of beauty glow;
And faint and far, but how divinely sweet!
She hears the music where its angels meet.

Then wave her starry wings in hope and shame,
Their fire illumes the fair, transparent frame,
Fills the dark eyes with passionate thought the while,
Blooms in the blush and lightens in the smile:
No longer then the toy, the doll, the slave,
But frank, heroic, beautiful, and brave,
She rises, radiant in immortal youth,
And wildly pleads for Freedom and for Truth!

These captive Peris all around you smile,
And one I've met who might a god beguile.
She's stolen from Nature all her loveliest spells:
Upon her cheek morn's blushing splendour dwells,
The starry midnight kindles in her eyes,
The gold of sunset on her ringlets lies,
And to the ripple of a rill, 'tis said,
She tuned her voice and timed her airy tread!

No rule restrains *her* thrilling laugh, or moulds
Her flowing robe to tyrant Fashion's folds;

No custom chains the grace in that fair girl,
That sways her willowy form or waves her careless curl.
I plead not that she share each sterner task ;
The cold reformers know not what they ask ;
I only seek for our transplanted fay,
That she may have—in all *fair ways—her way!*

I would not see the aerial creature trip,
A blooming sailor, up some giant ship,
Some man-of-war—to reef the topsail high—
Ah! reef your *curls*—and let the *canvas* fly!

Nor would I bid her quit her 'broidery frame,
A fairy blacksmith by the forge's flame :
No! be the fires *she* kindles only those
With which man's iron nature wildly glows.
“Strike while the iron's hot,” with all your art,
But strike *Love's* anvil in his yielding heart!

Nor should our sylph her tone's low music strain,
A listening senate with her wit to chain,
To rival Choate in rich and graceful lore,
Or challenge awful Webster to the floor,
Like that rash wight who raised the casket's lid,
And set a genius free the stars that hid.

Not thus forego the poetry of life,
The sacred names of mother, sister, wife!
Rob not the household hearth of all its glory,
Lose not those tones of musical delight,

All man has left, to tell him the sweet story
Of his remember'd home—beyond the night.

Yet men too proudly use their tyrant power ;
They chill the soft bloom of the fairy flower ;
They bind the wing, that would but soar above
In search of purer air and holier love ;
They hush the heart, that fondly pleads its wrong
In plaintive prayer or in impassion'd song.

Smile on, sweet flower ! soar on, enchanted wing !
Since she ne'er asks but for *one trifling thing*,
Since but *one* want disturbs the graceful fay,
Why *let* the docile darling *have—her way* !





FROM "THE GIRL WITH THE BEADS."

TO A CHILD PLAYING WITH A WATCH.

ART thou playing with Time in thy sweet baby-glee?
Will he pause on his pinions to frolic with thee?
Oh! show him those shadowless, innocent eyes,
That smile of bewilder'd and beaming surprise;
Let him look on that cheek where thy rich hair reposes,
Where dimples are playing "bopeep" with the roses;
His wrinkled brow press with light kisses and warm,
And clasp his rough neck with thy soft wreathing arm.
Perhaps thy bewitching and infantine sweetness
May win him, for once, to delay in his fleetness;
To pause, ere he rifle, relentless in flight,
A blossom so glowing of bloom and of light.
Then, then would I keep thee, my beautiful child,
With thy blue eyes unshadow'd, thy blush undefiled;
With thy innocence only to guard thee from ill,
In life's sunny dawning, a lily-bud still!
Laugh on! my own May! since that voice, which to me
Gives a warning so solemn, makes music for thee;
And while I at those sounds feel the idler's annoy,
Thou hear'st but the tick of the pretty gold toy;

Thou seest but a smile on the brow of the churl ;
May his frown never awe thee, my own baby-girl !
And oh ! may his step, as he wanders with thee,
Light and soft as thine own little fairy-tread be !
While still in all seasons, in storms and fair weather,
May Time and my May be but playmates together.

TO —.

THEY tell me in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where the dance lightly echoes the melody's tune,
Where Beauty and Grace weave the spell of delight,
And the waltz and mazourka mock Time in his flight,
Where they crown the gay hours with rarest of flowers,
No forms floating there are more lovely than yours ;
That the brightest of balls wants a charm and a grace,
If *your* eyes refuse their soft light to the place.

I seek not—I love not the halls of the gay,
Where my lone spirit pines for its dear ones away ;
I see not your beauty when deck'd for the dance,
When blossom and gem mock the blush and the glance ;
You come not to me in the glow of your pride,

For you know I've a welcome, but nothing beside ;
Yet you bring me a smile that is sweeter by far
Than the gay one whose light is the festival's star ;
While with heart full of love, as your hands are of toys,
You bless sunny childhood by sharing its joys.
Oh! dearer its innocent rapture than all
The praises that follow the belle of the ball ;
And you seem at such moments more graceful to me,
Than you would when array'd for the festival's glee.

A REMEMBRANCE.

I KNOW a dear dwelling, that's fairer to me
Than the silk-hung saloons of a palace could be.
Oh! goldenly round it, the sunbeams steal through
The dark cluster'd leaves of the graceful jallou ;
And acacias wave softly their light tassels there ;
And blooming catalpas pour balm on the air.

And grape vines are wreathing o'er soft purple bloom,
And happy flowers breathing a priceless perfume.
Beneath in the valley, where blue waters gleam,
The boat's wingéd beauty glides by, like a dream ;

And cool mid that foliage the pure breezes blow,
While the city lies basking in sunshine below.

And a gush of glad music is sure to be heard,
In each pause of our converse, from breeze or from bird :
But not for the sunlight, and not for the shade,
And not for the picture that nature has made ;
Nor the gleam of the wave, nor the blossom's perfume,
Nor the gay notes that glide from the leaves' lovely gloom ;

Not for these does my spirit return to that spot,
With a love that is never foregone or forgot !
Warm hearts in that dwelling beat kindly for me ;
They shared in my sorrow, they gladden'd my glee ;
When the cold cloud of care o'er my wayward heart lay,
A voice that I love sang the shadow away.

Ah ! whether in sunshine or whether in shade,
Wherever the wanderer's way may be made,
The picture of beauty affection has traced,
On memory's pages, shall ne'er be effaced ;
But still will her spirit return to that spot,
With a love that is never foregone or forgot !

THE MAGIC PRISM.*

How softly, how softly, oh! maiden, they shine,
Through poetry's prism, those colours divine!
Array'd in their beauty, illumed by their beams,
How fair to thy spirit, life's sunny way seems!
Ah! Fancy—the fairy—has met thee to-day,
And hers is the toy thou art taking away!
Keep, keep it for ever, that talisman rare;
Nor yield it to time, to misfortune or care!
Dim shapes, in the distance, of evil, arise;
Thou see'st not, thou fear'st not, enchanted thine eyes!

And while through the magical prism they gaze,
Those phantoms will hide from its beautiful rays;
But once let it fall, and around thee they throng,
With the serpent's cold hiss, and the siren's wild song.

Nay! dash from the hands the false prism for ever,
And brave the dark trial with lofty endeavour!

* A picture representing a young girl looking through a prism.

Gird on the stern armour of courage and truth,
Now, now in the bloom of thy beautiful youth !
With resolute purpose, prepared for the strife,
Go forth, frank and wise, to the battle of life !
Give back to gay fancy the prism you stole,
And wear for thy guerdon, *God's smile* in thy soul ;
And the darker the earth-night that smile shall illumine,
The fairer in heaven thy pure life shall bloom !

THE CID.

FROM FROISSART.

COME, sword of Mudara, the deadly and true !
Rodrigo de Lara thy searching blade knew ;
And ruthless like his is the heart thou shalt cleave
Ere shines o'er yon mountain the starlight at eve.
Cold and firm as thy steel be my soul for the fray,
For the caitiff of Gormaz makes light of his prey ;
And brands by the thousand flash forth at his call
From the hills of Asturia ; yet shall he fall !
For never till now had our scutcheon a stain,
And the house of Lair Calvo no yielding shall deign !

Rest tranquil, my father! the deed he shall rue;
Thy boy has a spirit to dare and to do.
He may smile at my youth, at thy age he could sneer;
But thy honour—thy life—have their champion here.
On his side are craft and the courtier's might;
On mine, O my father, the truth and the right:
And glory go with me, or shame be my meed,
As I, in this contest, shall fail or succeed.

Though feeble my frame be, my courage is strong,
And God will be by me in righting thy wrong.
Come, sword of Mudara, best servant at need;
Like the homicide Lara, Lorano shall bleed!
Let us fly to avenge in his life-blood his guilt!
If we fail, in mine own be thou sheathed to the hilt.
For I swear by yon sun, ere it sink to the sea,
It shall rise but on *one*—but on him or on me.

FIRST AFFECTION.

THE glory of sunset is filling the air,
It has kindled the wood with a radiance rare,
It gleams on the lake, and the swan's snowy plume
Has caught from its crimson a tint of rose-bloom;
And see! in the white marble vase—with a smile
That illumes all the sculpture—'tis resting a while.
Now the rose-wreathéd lattice lights up with its rays,
And now o'er the maiden it tenderly plays;
It seems like a spirit, gay, loving, and free,
It would woo her to wake from her fond reverié;
With sportive allurements it plays with her curl,
And kisses her blush and her bracelet of pearl;
But the blush is more warm than the sunbeam can be,
And the bracelet is clasp'd o'er a pulse throbbing wild,
And the maid has forgotten wave, blossom, and tree,
For Love's sunny morn o'er her young heart has smiled.

And vain is the song of her petted canary,
For Love's lightest cadence is sweeter by far,

And the skies and the flowers are unnoticed by Mary,
For Love's blush and smile are her rose and her star ;
And, hark ! from her lips, with a gush of wild feeling,
Her heart's hallow'd music is tenderly stealing :—

He tells me I am dear to him,

And in that precious vow

Is more than music—more than life—

I never lived till now !

This heart will break with too much joy—

Ah me ! my maiden pride,

It strives in vain to hush my sighs,

To still my spirit's tide ;

And I may watch his dear dark eyes,

Nor shrink to meet his gaze ;

And I may joy to hear his step,

And list to all he says.

'Twill not be wrong now he has vow'd

He loves me best of all,

'Twill not be wrong to care for naught

But him in festive hall ;

'Twill not be wrong to dream of him,

And love him night and day,

To smile on him when he is here

And bless him when away ;

To sing the song he loves the best—

I learn'd it long ago,

But never dared to tell, because
I blush'd to love him so ;
And I may think his blessed smile
The loveliest on the earth,
And glory in his noble mind
And in his manly worth ;
And I—perhaps—I cannot tell—
Perhaps some day I'll dare
To lay my hand upon his brow—
To smooth his glossy hair !
But no ! I dare not think of this,
For still the story ran
That she whose love is lightly won
Is lightly held by man.
Ah ! will it not be joy enough
To know I have his heart ;
To feel, e'en when he's far away,
Our souls can never part ;
To hear his gentle praise or blame—
For e'en reproof of his
Seems dearer, sweeter far to me
Than others' flattery is ;
To whisper to him all my thoughts,
To share his joy and wo,
To read, to walk, to pray with him—
To love, and tell him so.

I wonder what will Marion
And what will mother say?
They said I must not think of him,
That he was light and gay;
They said his fond devotion
Was but an idler's whim;
I knew, I knew he loved me,
And oh! I worshipp'd him.
He's not like any other
That I have ever seen;
He has a purer, truer smile,
A loftier, manlier mien;
His soft hair waves upon his brow
In clusters light and free,
His soul is in his hazel eyes
Whene'er they gaze on me;
And when he speaks and when he sings,
His soft melodious tone
With love's deep, sacred meaning thrills
From *his* heart to *my own*!
He does not stoop to flatter me—
I do not wish him to—
I should not think he loved so much
Did he as others do;
But once he laid his darling hand
Upon my drooping head,

Because he saw my soul was pain'd
By something he had said,—
Some warmer word to Marion
Than he had *dared* to *me*,—
And oh! that light and timid touch,
That no one else could see,
How eloquent of love it was!
It soothed my very soul,
My eyes were fill'd with happy tears
That nothing could control;
And from that moment well I knew
His full, warm heart was mine:
Ah! how shall I deserve that heart,
Deserve his truth divine?
I'll strive to be as good as he—
I'll check each error vain
That dims the holy mirror of
My soul with earthly stain;
And it shall be my prayer to God,
My Guardian and my Guide,
That he I love may have no ill
To blush for in his bride!

A DREAM.

I SLEPT, and dreaming wander'd in
The hall of an enchanted palace,
And from some viewless hand I took
An emerald-lighted chalice.
I quaff'd from it the liquid light,
And instant to my charméd view,
Above, around me, everywhere
A thousand radiant fairies flew.
High in the centre of the dome,
A single, lustrous diamond burn'd,
That to and fro swung beaming there,
And shed soft beauty through the air
And all it touch'd to glory turn'd ;
Proud carvéd columns rose around,
Of marble pure and white,
Engarlanded with costly gems
That fill'd the hall with colour'd light ;
And fair as flowers the beings were
That floated here and there ;

Deep eyes, whose looks were words of love—
And tones like music in a dream—
And fair soft hair, that loosely fell
With a pale, golden moonlight gleam ;
And one, more lovely than the rest
Because more kind, beside me stole,
And murmur'd, " Be the wish confess'd
That dearest seems unto thy soul ;
And dwelleth what thou dost desire,
In earth or water, air or fire,
It shall be thine—the fairy-fate
Doth on thy instant bidding wait."
Then lowly from the luminous throng,
Arose a wild, sweet, choral song :—

Now speak but one wish, mortal, breathe but one prayer ;
We will bring thee the treasures of earth and of air ;—
Lo ! see'st thou where night looketh down on yon lake ?

She braids in that mirror her dark-flowing hair,
With the star-gems of heaven ; her purest we'll take,
If that be the aim of thy wish and thy prayer.

Oh ! sigh but one hope—but one moment's desire ;—
We will bring thee the glories of ocean and fire.

We know where the diamonds of loveliest glow
Lie hid in the earth's rocky bosom below ;
We will light thee with one, where the rainbow has play'd,
And the wings of the lightning a moment have stay'd,

Till they left in its heart half the glory they bore,
And it burn'd with a beauty it knew not before.
Oh, speak but one wish, mortal—breathe but one prayer!
We will bring thee the treasures of earth and of air,
Oh, sigh but one hope, but one moment's desire;
We will show thee the wonders of wave and of fire.

Far down where the coral halls gleam in the waters,
In the light of their beauty, roam Ocean's glad daughters;
We will dive for the pearls and the sea-flowers rare,
That they wind through the curls of their amber-hued hair.
Dost thou covet the violet clouds and vermilion
That float round the setting sun's golden pavilion?
We will weave them for thee round a chariot of fire,
That shall fly with the speed of thy wildest desire!
Oh, breathe but one wish—mortal, speak but one prayer!
We will bring thee the treasures of earth and of air;
Fair pearls from the sea-deeps—pure gold from the mine;
The star and the rose-cloud, all, all shall be thine;
Oh, if higher thy hope be—fame, riches, and power,
The jewel of genius or beauty's soft flower,—
One word of our magic, one touch of our wand,
They are thine—they are thine—at thy will and command.

“ Ah, no! not the sea-flower or gem of the mine,
Nor the diamond that Night in her tresses doth twine,
Nor the splendours that light up at sunset the sky,
Nor the wealth of a world, can awaken my sigh;

Not for these, not for them, does my lone spirit pine :
Oh, give me a heart that will answer to mine !
Offer power and fame to the proud and the cold :—
What are they to a woman—and what is your gold ?
The jewel of genius a treasure may be ;
But idle its glory to love and to me :
And beauty unloved will but wither and pine !—
Oh, give me a heart that can answer to mine !”

“Nay, mortal, thou askest a treasure more rare
Than the jewels of earth or the stars of the air.
There breathes but one Being that gift can bestow,
And seldom the blessing is met with below :
No seeking will find it ;—keep pure in its pride
Thine own lonely heart, and in patience abide,
And if here be denied thee that rapture so rare,
Look trusting to heaven—it waits for thee there.”

LULIN; OR, THE DIAMOND FAY.

A FAIRY LEGEND, SENT BY A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS,
WITH A DIAMOND RING.

I.

FAIR Lilith, listen, while I sing
The legend of this diamond ring;
And in its moral, maiden, heed
A quiet "hint, your heart may need."
In fairy archives, where 'tis told,
I found the story quaint and old,
Writ on a richly-blazon'd page
Of parchment, by some elfin sage.

Long was the night to Lulin!—Discontent
With dew and flowers,—with fairy dance and song,—
Her pearl-shell boat upon the little stream,
Lit by a firefly, which her spells transfix'd,
And lined with a warm blush some flower had given,
Where she was wont to lie and furl at will
The lily-leaf, and ply her elfin oar,—

Her white moth-courser, harness'd with gold hair,—
Her tiny, silver-chorded lute, on which
She play'd the violet's lullaby, until
It bent in balmy slumber,—all were vain,
All wearied her. Vague yearnings for a sphere
More high and vast had fill'd her ardent soul.
And once, at dawn, when soft the signal rang
That every morning warn'd the dainty troop
On pain of death to fly the approach of Day,
Our wilful Lulin lingered!—but an instant—
Yet in that instant she was seen and loved,
And loved again. Alas! The first, rich ray,
The glorious herald of the coming morn,
Lit on the greensward at her very feet!
She fled in fear, yet with a rapturous thrill
At heart that haunted her. And now she lay
Upon her rose-leaf couch, half wild with doubt
And hope, when lo! just ere the dawn,
A bubble, blown by some blithe cottage imp,
Floated above her! Like a gleam of light,
Up glided Lulin from her fragrant bed,
And clapp'd her delicate hands and cried, "For me!
For me—the strange balloon! 'Tis bound to heaven!
Thus then I leave the cares of life for ever,
And meet my love!" She plumed her luminous wings,
She flew to mount the slowly soaring orb,

And, poised upon it, proudly looked below!
Ah, heaven! what warm embrace enfolds her form?
Her sunlit god alights beside her there!
And the car, suddenly illumined, glows
Beneath the glory of his smile; and up
They sail exulting in their joy;—but hark!
The signal sounds! the musical fairy gong!
Once—twice—ah, fate! ere thrice its tones resound,
The fragile bubble breaks! Alas for Lulin!
Down from her dizzy height, in sight of all,
Of all the troop dismay'd, she gleaming fell!
Still radiant in the sunbeam's bright embrace:
And crush'd—a little heart's-ease in her fall.

II.

AND lo! bewilder'd, tranced as in a dream,
The wondering band too late remain'd; for Day
Surprised them with his fatal, fiery glance,
And from that hour they vanish'd from the earth!
Yet ere they pass'd away—to our lost Lulin,
Outspake her fairy majesty; and calm
And cold her sentence fell, as falls the snow
On some young flower:—"Soars the sprite so high?
Her pride shall have due deference. Henceforth,
A diamond shall our Lulin's prison be,—
A palace rarely carved and lighted up;

Nor shall the culprit liberty regain,
Till, set in ring of gold, she goes to grace
The finger of a maid, whose dainty love,
Like hers, disdains all fellowship with earth,
And soars to meet some spirit of the skies.
When that maid shall forego her airy dream
To wed with clay,—the sprite, her penance o'er,
Her sin forgiven, shall fly her diamond-cell."

The tale is told.—To Lilith's care,
I give my lovely, diamond sprite,
My prisoner-fay, with golden hair,
And tiny wings of purple light,
And cheek of rose, and eyes of blue,
And fluttering scarf of emerald hue.

But I've a faint misgiving, sweet,
That still the wilful lovers meet!
Methinks 'twere sweet to watch all day
The sunbeam flirting with the fay!
And oft I've seen some radiant thing
(That waved so fast its flashing wing,
Its shape escaped my dazzled eyes,—
Perhaps her lover in disguise!)
Into the diamond-palace dart!
And sudden, waking with a start,

My sprite, that lay so still and cold,
Flings back her locks of gleaming gold ;
Waves her bright wings, in glad surprise,
With radiant blush and beaming eyes ;
And, with her light scarf, strives to chain
Her brilliant guest,—alas, in vain !
Recall'd, to heaven her angel flies,
And all the diamond's rainbow dies !

So, Lilith, take the culprit fay,
And let her have her fairy way.
Think—how would you like, thus to pine
Within a prison, lady mine ?
Recall your soul to things below,
And let the dainty creature go ;
And while you set one subject free,
Another captive take—in *me* !
Believe me, you, whose spirit now
So coldly looks from eye and brow,
If once you let Love's heavenly ray
Glide in upon your heart to play,
Would wake like her to glorious bloom,
And all your lovely cage illumine ;
And *not*, like her, the hapless sprite,
Should *Lilith* mourn her lover's flight !

Young Lilith took the diamond ring,
And while she watch'd the fairy's wing
Within it play, she listen'd, mute
And blushing to her lover's suit.
Ah! woe the morn, sweet Lilith gave
Her troth to him—the minstrel brave!
The bridal now was scarcely said,
Ere from the gem the fairy fled,
And as she glanced like light away,
In Lilith's dark eyes paled the ray;
And ere the sprite was lost to view,
Her cheek had changed its glowing hue:
Her eyelids closed!—can it be death?
Ah, heaven! that fluttering, failing breath,—
The fay has fled—and Lilith's soul,
Too pure for *this* world, heavenward stole!

THE STATUE TO PYGMALION.

GAZE on! I thrill beneath thy gaze,
I drink thy spirit's potent rays;
I tremble to each kiss they give:
Great Jove! I *love*, and *therefore live*.





IDA TO ERNEST.

NOT because I turn to you
As the wild rose toward the light,
With an impulse high and true,
Seeking day and shunning night ;
Seeking that which most it needs,
That which most its being feeds—
Taking to its balmy breast
The one ray which loves it best :
The dear, sacred, only ray,
Which can bid its beauty play,
In whose light it blooms aright,
Glowing with divine delight—
Not for this, your heart shall give
That sweet love in which I live.

Not because, in form or face,
Aught of changeful, winsome grace,
Fairy Fancy's eye may trace—
Not for Love's endearing vow,
Not for charm of lip or brow,
Not for beauty—love me thou!

Not for tenderest touch or tone,
Lavish'd still on thee alone ;
Not because, in word and wile,
Woman-wit would thee beguile,—
Not for pleading tear and smile ;
Not because, with airy art,
I may flutter round thy heart,
Weaving witchery's web of light,
Till it dazzle Reason's sight ;
Not for these, that heart must give
That dear love on which I live !

But, if in this soul of fire,
Glowe one generous, high desire,—
If one great and glorious aim
Reverence from thy spirit claim,—
If my love for lovely things
Plumes for *heaven* its holy wings,—
If my scorn of false and mean
Grow not proud and unserene ;
If my truth, by trial met,
Hold its honour calmly yet ;
Love thou *these*, that these may grow
Bravely in the light you give ;
Love me best, when *noblest*—so
In thy love I *truly* live !

THE FAN.

A LOVER'S FANTASY.

DAINTY spirit, that dost lie
Couch'd within the zephyr's sigh,
Murmur in mine earnest ear
Music of the starry sphere!
Softest melody divine
Lend unto each lyric line,
Till the lay of love shall seem
Light and airy as its theme.

Ah! not unto mortal wight
Wilt thou whisper, frolic sprite!
Fancy! wave *thy* fairy wing,
While the magic Fan I sing!

Airy minister of fate,
On whose meaning motions wait
Half a hundred butterflies,
Idle beaux—more fond than wise—
Basking in the fatal smile
That but wins them to beguile!

Blest be they who fashion'd thee
Beauty's graceful toy to be!
Virgin gold from Orient cave—
Veinéd pearl from ocean's wave—
Showing, like her temples fair,
Through her curls of lustrous hair,
Tints of richest glow and light
From a master's palette bright,
On the parchment rarely wrought,
Till the painting *life* has caught—
All have made thee plaything fit
For a maiden's grace and wit.
She can teach thee witchery's spell,
Make thy lightest motion *tell*,
Bid thee speak, though mute thou art,
All the language of the heart.

When her eyes say softly "Yes,"
Thou canst hide and yet express
All the enchanting blush would speak
While it warms her modest cheek;
And thy motion well can show,
With one flutter to or fro,
Her disdain's indignant "No."

Queen of fans! the downy pressure
Of her snow-white, dimpled hand,

As it clasps the costly treasure,
Wrought in India's glowing land,
Has it not a *soul* impress'd
On the toy by her caress'd?
Ah! what ministry divine,
Frail, yet love-taught fan, is thine!
Thou shouldst be a beauteous bird,
Flying at her lightest word,
Nestling near her silken zone,
Like a gem on Beauty's throne,
Or a young aerial sprite
Watching every smile of light:
Art thou not? Methinks I trace,
Now and then, an angel face
Gleaming, as thy painted wing
Flies before her—happy thing!
Sometimes I could almost swear
Love himself had hidden there,
Aiming thence his shafts of fire,
Now in sport and now in ire.
Hearts obey each proud behest
By thy lightest touch express'd,
As thou glancest to and fro,
Fluttering in her hand of snow.
So, fair spirit, fold thy wing
While thy ministry I sing!

Softly wave each careless curl
O'er her brow—the radiant girl ;
Fan each pure and precious tint
Feeling on her cheek doth print ;
Wake it from its pure repose,
Till the dear blush comes and goes ;
Shade the dimple's frolic grace
Sporting o'er her sunny face ;
Hide the smile of playful scorn
From her spirit's buoyance born ;
Veil the timid sigh that parts,
Trembling, from her "heart of hearts ;"
Aid the glances—words of light—
Flashing from her eye's blue night,
And her dearest bidding do,
Like an Ariel fond and true !

All sweet airs and incense wait
On thy wave, fair wand of fate !
Soft and balmy as her sigh,
Be each zephyr thou dost wake,
Round her graceful head to fly,
Blest be thou for Beauty's sake !

Yet, O spirit ! fold thy wing,
While thy ministry I sing !
Show her how some touch, too bold,
Marr'd thy robe of pearl and gold ;

Whisper, as thou wavest by,
Beauty's light like thine will die
If she waste its bloom divine
On the idlers round her shrine ;
Warn her that *her* spirit's wing
Be not ever fluttering ;
For if *that* should break, or show
Lightest shade upon its snow,
Lives no mortal artisan
That can make it bright again !
Tears may bathe the broken plume,
Sighs may mourn its early doom—
Only may it hope for *rest*
Folded on the Father's breast.

So, fair spirit, wave thy wing,
And my message softly sing !
"Do thy spiriting gently" there,
Lest thou wound a soul so rare ;
And be this the warning dear
Murmur'd in her ivory ear :
"Lovely lady, have a care !
Words are more than idle air ;
Smiles can surer wound or heal
Than the stars, whose light they steal.
She whose power is undenied
Should have pity with her pride,

Should remember, while her frown
Clouds the hope she may not crown,
Rarest skill and subtlest art
Cannot mend the *broken heart!*"
So, fair spirit, wave thy wing,
And thy warning softly sing!

NO!

IF the dew have fed the flower,
Shall she therefore, from that hour,
Live on nothing else but dew?
Ask no more, from dawn of day—
Never heed the sunny ray,
Though it come, a glittering fay,
 To her bower?
Though upon her soul it play,
Must she coldly turn away,
And refuse the life it brings,
Burning in its golden wings—
Meekly lingering in the night,
 To herself untrue?

Though the humming-bird have stole,
Floating on his plumes of glory,
Softly to her glowing soul,
Telling his impassion'd story—
If the soaring lark she capture,
In diviner love and rapture,
Pouring music wild and clear,
Round her till she thrills to hear—
Shall she shut her spirit's ear?
Shall the lesson wasted be
Of that heavenly harmony?
No! by all the inner bloom,
That the sunbeam may illumine,
But that else the stealing chill
Of the early dawn might kill:
No! by all the leaves of beauty,
Leaves that, in their vestal duty,
Guard the shrined and rosy light
Hidden in her "heart of heart,"
Till that music bids them part:
No! by all the perfume rare,
Delicate as a fairy's sigh,
Shut within and wasting there,
That would else enchant the air—
Incense that must soar or die!
That divine, pure soul of flowers,

Captive held, that pines to fly,
Asking for unfading bowers,
Learning from the bird and ray
All the lore they bring away
From the skies in love and play,
Where they linger every morn,
Till to this sad world of ours
Day in golden pomp is borne—
By that soul, which else might glow
An immortal flower: No!

ONE RADIANT EVE.

ONE radiant eve, in rosy June,
I lent my love a lute to tune,
A lute whose chords had still denied
Their timid tones to all beside.

At first with softest, tenderest care,
He touch'd the strings, in rapture rare,
And woke the *soul* of music there!
Until it learn'd to love so well
His wondrous, wizard, master-spell,

If he but smiled, its chords of fire
Would wildly play like Memnon's lyre.
But soon he wearied of the toy
That once he press'd in pride and joy ;
He swept with heedless hand the lute,
Or let it languish, lone and mute,
Until at last, one wintry day,
In reckless and disdainful play,
With touch so rude he strain'd a string,
It broke!—and music's soul took wing!
While he, for whom it, breaking, sigh'd,
Threw by the toy in careless pride.
And now my hours a blank must be,
For oh! that lute was life to me!
Ah! lutes and hearts are fragile things!
And only *Love* should tune the strings.

CALUMNY.

A WHISPER woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barb'd with shame and woe.
Ah! might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

But no! a quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wander'd round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throb'd from all the world apart,
And that—it broke!

It was the only *heart* it found—
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke.
It reach'd that gentle heart at last,
And that—it broke!

Low as it seem'd to other ears,
It came a thunder-crash to *hers*—
That fragile girl, so fair and gay.
'Tis said, a lovely humming-bird,
That dreaming in a lily lay,
Was kill'd but by the gun's *report*
Some idle boy had fired in sport ;
So exquisitely frail its frame,
The very *sound* a death-blow came :
And thus her heart—unused to shame—
 Shrined in *its* lily too—
 (For who the maid that knew,
But own'd the delicate, flower-like grace
Of her young form and face ?)
Her light and happy heart, that beat
With love and hope so fast and sweet,
When first that cruel word it heard,
It flutter'd like a frighten'd bird—
Then shut its wings and sigh'd,
And with a silent shudder died !

TO S. S. OSGOOD.

SUGGESTED BY AN UNFINISHED PICTURE.

FORGIVE my weaker spirit, if it sigh

To see thee—careless of what others call
Renown—toil on with rapt, thrill'd heart and eye,

Thy very *life* to thy loved task in thrall!—
I sigh, while calmly silent thou dost smile,
Kindling the canvas with thy *soul* the while!

Yet oh! believe the sigh is worthy thee:
It is not breathed because thou bend'st no knee
For praise or gold;—because thy pride would shame

To bribe the hireling critic's supple pen,
That moves obedient to its master's chains;
Because thy soul, serene in power, disdains

The common meed that genius earns of men.
No—the lone eagle sunward soars for glory,
Above the rainbow's evanescent story;
And *thou*, my gifted one! I know thy name
The great and true shall keep. Thou shalt not stoop
to *Fame!*

THE FLOWERS AND GEMS OF GENIUS.

IN the sun-tinted airy bow,
That lightens through the gloom,
Illumining yon clouded heaven
With beauty, joy, and bloom,
We cannot trace a glimpse of all
Those tears, through which the storm
Entwined with grace and purity
Its light-evolving form.

The flowers that wreathe the robe of Spring,
And bless with sweets the air,
The gems that change their sparkling hues
In Beauty's braided hair,
Tell never of the secret toil
With which, in silent gloom,
Great Nature wrought, in earth's deep heart,
Their splendour and perfume.

Ah! thus the child of Genius pours,
In solitude and tears,

On one poor fleeting page, the light,
The love of long, long years ;
And the gay world receives the ray
Without a thought of all
The clouds of fear and grief, through which
Its prism'd glories fall !

Nor cares to know how long, how wild,
The task that Feeling learns,
Ere it reveal, to all, the thought
With which it inly burns ;
The thought that, like a lily, bends
Its incense to the skies,
While its deep hidden *root* is nursed
With showers from Passion's eyes.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

“FORGIVE—forget ! I own the wrong !”
You fondly sigh'd when last I met you ;
The task is neither hard nor long—
I *do* forgive—I *will* forget you !

A FAREWELL TO A HAPPY DAY.

GOOD-BYE, good-bye, thou gracious, golden day :
Through luminous tears thou smilest, far away
In the blue heaven, thy sweet farewell to me,
And I, through my tears, gaze and smile with thee.

I see the last faint, glowing amber gleam
Of thy rich pinion, like a lovely dream,
Whose floating glory melts within the sky,
And now thou'rt pass'd for ever from mine eye !

Were we not friends—best friends—my cherish'd day ?
Did I not treasure every eloquent ray
Of golden light and love thou gavest me ?
And have I not been true—most true to thee ?

And thou—thou camést like a joyous bird,
Whose sacred wings by heaven's own air were stirr'd,
And lowly sang me all the happy time
Dear, soothing stories of that blissful clime !

And more, oh! more than this, there came with thee,
From heaven, a stranger, rare and bright to me—
A new, sweet joy—a smiling angel guest,
That softly ask'd a home within my breast.

For talking sadly with my soul alone,
I heard far off and faint a music tone :
It seem'd a spirit's call—so soft it stole
On fairy wings into my waiting soul.

I knew it summon'd me to something sweet,
And so I follow'd it with faltering feet—
And found—what I had pray'd for with wild tears—
A rest, that soothed the lingering grief of years !

So for that deep, perpetual joy, my day !
And for all lovely things that came to play
In thy glad smile—the pure and pleading flowers
That crown'd with their frail bloom thy flying hours :

The sunlit clouds—the pleasant air that play'd
Its low lute-music mid the leafy shade—
And, dearer far, the tenderness that taught
My soul a new and richer thrill of thought :

For these—for all—bear thou to heaven for me
 The grateful thanks with which I mission thee!
 Then should thy sisters, wasted, wrong'd, upbraid,
 Speak thou for me—for thou wert not betray'd!

'Twas little, true, I could to thee impart—
 I, with my simple, frail, and wayward heart;
 But that I strove the diamond sands to light,
 In Life's rich hour-glass, with Love's rainbow flight:

And that one generous spirit owed to me
 A moment of exulting ecstasy;
 And that I won o'er wrong a queenly sway—
 For this, thou'lt smile for me in heaven, my Day!

THANK GOD, I GLORY IN THY LOVE!

THANK God, I glory in thy love, and mine!
 And if they win a warm blush to my cheek,
 It is not shame—it is a joy divine,
 That only *there* its wild bright life may speak.

From that most sacred and ecstatic hour,
When, soul to soul, with blissful thrill we met,
My love became a passion, and a power,
Too proud, too high, for shame or for regret.

Come to me, dearest, noblest!—lean thy head,
Thy gracious head, once more upon my breast;
I will not shrink nor tremble, but, instead,
Exulting, soothe thee into perfect rest.

I know thy nature, fervent, fond, yet strong,
That holds o'er passion an imperial sway;
I know thy proud, pure heart, that would not wrong
The frailest life that flutters in thy way;

And I, who love and trust thee, shall not *I*
Be safe and sacred on that generous heart?
Albeit, with wild and unavailing sigh,
Less firm than thou, I grieve that we should part!

Ah! let thy voice, in dear and low replies,
Chide the faint doubt I sooner *say* than *think*;
Come to me, darling!—from those earnest eyes
The immortal life of love I fain would drink!

HAD WE BUT MET.

HAD we but met in life's delicious spring,
When young romance made Eden of the world;
When bird-like Hope was ever on the wing,
(In *thy* dear breast how soon had it been furl'd!)

Had we but met when both our hearts were beating
With the wild joy—the guileless love of youth—
Thou a proud boy—with frank and ardent greeting—
And I, a timid girl, all trust and truth!

Ere yet my pulse's light, elastic play
Had learn'd the weary weight of grief to know,
Ere from these eyes had pass'd the morning ray,
And from my cheek the early rose's glow;

Had we but met in life's delicious spring,
Ere wrong and falsehood taught me doubt and fear,
Ere hope came back with worn and wounded wing,
To die upon the heart she could not cheer;

Ere I love's precious pearl had vainly lavish'd,
Pledging an idol deaf to my despair ;
Ere one by one the buds and blooms were ravish'd
From life's rich garland by the clasp of Care.

Ah! had we *then* but met!—I dare not listen
To the wild whispers of my fancy now!
My full heart beats—my sad, droop'd lashes glisten—
I hear the music of thy *boyhood's* vow!

I see thy dark eyes lustrous with love's meaning,
I feel thy dear hand softly clasp mine own—
Thy noble form is fondly o'er me leaning—
Love's radiant morn—but ah! the dream has flown!

How had I pour'd this passionate heart's devotion
In voiceless rapture on thy manly breast!
How had I hush'd each sorrowful emotion,
Lull'd by thy love to sweet, untroubled rest!

How had I knelt hour after hour beside thee,
When from thy lips the rare, scholastic lore
Fell on the soul that all but deified thee,
While at each pause, I, childlike, pray'd for more.

How had I watch'd the shadow of each feeling
That moved thy soul glance o'er that radiant face,
"Taming my wild heart" to that dear revealing,
And glorying in thy genius and thy grace!

Then hadst thou loved me with a love abiding,
And I had now been less unworthy thee,
For I was generous, guileless, and confiding,
A frank enthusiast—buoyant, fresh, and free.

But *now*,—my loftiest aspirations perish'd,
My holiest hopes a jest for lips profane,
The tenderest yearnings of my soul uncherish'd,
A soul-worn slave in Custom's iron chain,—

Check'd by those ties that make my lightest sigh,
My faintest blush, at thought of thee, a crime—
How must I still my heart, and school my eye,
And count in vain the slow dull steps of Time.

Wilt thou come back? Ah! what avails to ask thee,
Since honour, faith, forbid thee to return?
Yet to forgetfulness I dare not task thee,
Lest thou too soon that *easy lesson* learn!

Ah ! come not back, love ! even through Memory's ear
Thy tone's melodious murmur thrills my heart—
Come not with that fond smile, so frank, so dear ;
While yet we may, let us for ever part !

THE FOLDED FLOWER.

AH ! let our love be still a *folded* flower,
A pure, moss rose-bud, blushing to be seen,
Hoarding its balm and beauty for that hour
When souls may meet without the clay between.

Let not a breath of passion dare to blow
Its tender, timid, clinging leaves apart ;
Let not the sunbeam, with too ardent glow,
Profane the dewy freshness at its heart !

Ah ! keep it folded like a sacred thing ;
With tears and smiles its bloom and fragrance nurse ;
Still let the modest veil around it cling,
Nor with rude touch its pleading sweetness curse.

Be thou content, as I, to *know*, not *see*,
The glowing life, the treasured wealth within—
To feel our spirit-flower still fresh and free,
And guard its blush, its smile, from shame and sin!

Ah! keep it holy! once the veil withdrawn—
Once the rose blooms—its balmy *soul* will fly
As fled of old in sadness, yet in scorn,
The awaken'd god from Psyche's daring eye!

BELIEVE ME, 'TIS NO PANG.

BELIEVE me, 'tis no pang of jealous pride
That brings these tears I know not how to hide ;
I only grieve because—because—I see
Thou find'st not *all* thy heart demands in me.

I only grieve, that others who care less
For thy dear love, thy lightest wish may bless ;
That while to them thou'rt *nothing*—*all to me*,
They may a moment minister to thee !

Ah ! if a fairy's magic might were mine,
I'd joy to change with each new wish of thine ;
Nothing to all the world beside I'd be,
And every thing *thou* lov'st, in turn to thee !

Pliant as clouds, that haunt the sun-god still,
I'd catch each ray of thy prismatic will ;
I'd be a flower—a wild, sweet flower I'd be,
And sigh my very life away for *thee*.

I'd be a gem, and drink light from the sun,
To glad thee with, if gems thy fancy won ;
Were birds thy joy, I'd light with docile glee
Upon thy hand and shut my wings for thee !

Could a wild wave thy glance of pleasure meet,
I'd lay my crown of spray-pearls at thy feet ;
Or could a star delight thy heart, I'd be
The happiest star that ever look'd on thee !

If music lured thy spirit, I would take
A tune's aerial beauty for thy sake,
And float into thy soul, so I could see
How to become *all* melody to thee.

The weed, that by the garden blossom grows,
Would, if it could, be glorious as the rose ;
It tries to bloom—its soul to light aspires ;
The love of beauty every fibre fires :

And *I*—no luminous cloud floats by above,
But wins at once my envy and my love,
So passionately wild this thirst in me,
To be all beauty and all grace to thee !

Alas ! I am but woman, fond and weak,
Without even power my proud, pure love to speak,
But oh ! by all I fail in, love not me
For what I *am*—but what I *wish to be*.

“ WE PART FOR EVER ! ”

“ WE part for ever ! ” Silent be our parting ;
Let not a word its sacred grief profane !
Heart press'd to heart—with not a tear upstarting,
An age of anguish in that moment's pain !

'Tis just and right. It is our “ crown of sorrow : ”
Bravely we'll meet it as becomes our love—
A love so strong, so pure, it well may borrow
Bright wings to waft it to the joy above.

We part for ever !—o'er my soul in sadness,
No more the music of thy voice shall glide
Low with deep feeling—till a passionate gladness
Thrill'd to each tone and in wild tears replied.

No more thy light caressing touch shall calm me,
With its dear magic on my lifted brow ;
No more thy pen of fire shall pour to charm me,
The poet-passion of thy fervent vow !

We part for ever ! Proud shall be the story
Of hearts that hid affection fond as ours ;
The joy that veil'd the universe in glory
Fades with thy presence from her skies and flowers.

The soul that answer'd, like the sun-touch'd lyre,
To thy dear smile—to every tone of thine,
Henceforth is hush'd, with all its faith—its fire,
Till thou awaken it in realms divine ?

We part for ever ! Ah ! this world's for ever—
What is its fleetness unto hearts so strong ?
Here in our wordless agony we sever ;
There we shall meet where love will be no wrong.

“In Paradise !” Dost thou e'er dream as I, love,
Of that sweet life when all the truth—the grace—
All the soft melodies in our souls that sigh, love,
Shall make the light and beauty of the place ?

We *meet* for ever! Tenderly lamenting
The wild, dear weakness of our earthly day,
Beneath the passionate tears of that repenting,
What luminous flowers shall spring to bless our way!

And for all tuneful tones, our love revealing,
Some bird or rill shall wake in sweet reply;
And every sigh of pity or of feeling
Shall call a cloud of rose light from the sky.

To thy rare, gorgeous fantasies responding,
Rich palaces mid wondrous scenes shall rise;
To thy proud harp's impassion'd tones resounding,
The minstrel-wind shall play its wild replies.

Visions of unimagined grace and splendour,
For ever changing round thy rapturous way,
Now beauteous sculpture bathed in moonlight tender,
Now radiant paintings to thy wish shall play.

But I will speak a fair bower into being,
With tender, timid, wistful words and low,
And tune my soul, until, with heaven agreeing,
It chords with music to which blossoms grow.

And they, the flowers, and I will pray together,
While thou, for "Love's sweet sake," shalt join the
prayer,
Till all sweet influences of balmy weather
And lovely scenery make us good and fair.

And ever to our purer aspirations
A lovelier light and bloom the flowers shall take ;
With rarer grace shall glow our soul's creations,
With mellower music every echo wake.

"We meet in Paradise !" To hallow'd duty,
Here with a loyal, an heroic heart,
Bind we our lives—that so divinest beauty
May bless that heaven where naught our souls can part.

FAREWELL.

WE parted. Cold and worldly eyes
 Upon that parting fell,
And bravely we kept back our sighs,
 And calmly said, Farewell.

But there are looks we learn'd of Love,
 That only Love can read,
And like the flash from cloud to cloud,
 From heart to heart they speed.

Yes! in one eloquent glance thy soul,
 On wings of light, to mine
In wild and passionate sorrow stole,
 And whisper'd words divine.

Heaven's blessing on that royal heart,
 That thus could lavish feeling!
'Twas almost sweet, though sad, to part,
 Our silent love revealing.

ALONE.

ONCE more alone—and desolate now for ever,
In truth, the heart whose home was once in thine ;
Once more alone on Life's terrific river,
All human help exulting I resign.

Alone I brave the tempest and the terror,
Alone I guide my being's fragile bark,
And bless the Past with all its grief and error,
Since heaven still bends above my pathway dark.

At last, I taste the joy of self-reliance ;
At last I reverence, calmly, my own soul ;
At last, I glory in serene defiance
Of all the wrong that would my fate control.

Elastic bounds above the waves of sorrow
The bark, wo's lightest breath could once o'erwhelm ;
It turns triumphant to the radiant morrow—
Faith at the mast and Courage at the helm.

Away! away! its pure sail softly swelling
With the glad gale, that springs to speed its flight,
The beautiful sunset of the Past foretelling
How rich shall be the Future's morning light.

Too long it trusted Love, the treacherous pilot,
Who, lingering, lured it toward the whirlpool wild,
And, idly moor'd to many a flowery islet,
Forgot the glorious shore afar that smiled.

But now untrammell'd, buoyant as a bird,
Without one coward fear, one poor regret,
By heaven's melodious breath to rapture stirr'd,
It springs, inspired, with all its white sails set.

And rosy bowers may woo it from its duty,
Where Joy supine sits weaving garlands frail,
And other barks, freighted with love and beauty,
May tempt,—but it glides onward with the gale.

True to its destined port, through storm and shine,
Though sails be rent and waves in fury rise,
Its beacon light a burning hope divine,
For ever bright, though tempests sweep the skies!

TO SLEEP.

COME to me, angel of the weary-hearted :

Since they, my loved ones, breathed upon by thee,
Unto thy realms unreal have departed,
I, too, may rest—even I : ah ! haste to me.

I dare not bid thy darker, colder brother

With his more welcome offering appear,
For those sweet lips, at morn, will murmur, "Mother,"
And who shall soothe them if I be not near ?

Bring me no dream, dear Sleep, though visions glowing

With hues of heaven thy wand enchanted shows ;
I ask no glorious boon of thy bestowing,
Save that most true, most beautiful—repose.

I have no heart to rove in realms of Faëry—

To follow Fancy at her elfin call ;
I am too wretched—too soul-worn and weary ;
Give me but rest, for rest to me is all.

Paint not the future to my fainting spirit,
Though it were starr'd with glory like the skies ;
There is no gift immortals may inherit
That could rekindle hope in these cold eyes.

And for the Past—the fearful Past—ah ! never
Be memory's downcast gaze unveil'd by thee :
Would thou couldst bring oblivion for ever
Of all that is, that has been, and will be !

A WEED.

WHEN from our northern woods pale summer, flying,
Breathes her last fragrant sigh—her low farewell—
While her sad wild-flowers' dewy eyes, in dying,
Plead for her stay, in every nook and dell,

A heart, that loved too tenderly and truly,
Will break at last ; and in some dim, sweet shade,
They'll smooth the sod o'er her you prized unduly,
And leave her to the rest for which she pray'd.

Ah! trustfully, not mournfully, they'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well;
The pure, glad breeze can whisper naught to grieve her,
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

They'll hide her where no false one's footstep, stealing,
Can mar the chasten'd meekness of her sleep;
Only to Love and Grief her grave revealing,
And they will hush their chiding *then*—to weep!

And some—for though too oft she err'd, too blindly—
She was beloved—how fondly and how well!
Some few, with faltering feet, will linger kindly,
And plant dear flowers within that silent dell.

I know whose fragile hand will bring the bloom
Best loved by both—the violet—to that bower;
And one will bid white lilies bless the gloom;
And one, perchance, will plant the passion-flower!

Then do *thou* come, when all the rest have parted—
Thou, who alone dost know her soul's deep gloom—
And wreathe above the lost, the broken-hearted,
Some idle *weed*, that *knew not how to bloom*.

TO —.

You would make hearts your stepping-stones to power,
And trample on them in your triumph-hour ;
But mine was form'd for nobler fate than this,
It knows the treachery of your Judas-kiss.

You talk of "lofty feelings, pure and high—
Too pure, alas !" and then you gently sigh ;
You mourn the trials which a soul like yours—
So true—amid the meaner herd endures.

You say 'tis sad, but yet you would not part,
For worlds, with that proud dignity of heart !
Now never breathed in woman's breast, I ween,
So poor a spirit, 'neath so bold a mien.

I've learn'd you well—too well : your serpent-smile
Is fond and fair ; but cannot "me beguile."
I've seen it call'd, and on your soft lip worn,
To win a heart those lips had laugh'd to scorn.

I've heard that voice—'tis very sweet, I own,
Almost *too much* of softness in its tone ;
I've heard its tender modulations tried
On one you'd just been slandering—aside.

I've seen you welcome, with that fond embrace,
A friend who trusted in your frank, bright face ;
And while her parting steps the threshold press'd,
Her love, her looks, her manners turn'd to jest.

You triumph in the noble trick you've found,
Of winning love and trust from all around ;
While cold and reckless, with a sneer at heart,
You plead, manœuvre, bind with Circe art.

But, day by day, the flimsy veil grows thin,
And clearer shows the worthless waste within ;
And one by one, th' idolaters resign
The wavering flame of their Parhelion's shrine.

OH! BEAUTIFUL ART THOU.

OH! beautiful art thou as glowing Morn,
When, from her dewy, rose-wreathed, orient bower,
She flings to every cloud beside her borne,
To warm its heart of snow, a blushing flower.

And thou art graceful as the jasmine spray,
Waved to Eolian melody in air;
And free and joyous as a rivulet's play,
And true as Truth, and pure as holy prayer.

I've wreathed with heart-flowers many a beauty's shrine,
And pour'd, in song, the soul of passion there;
But oh! that melody and bloom divine
Were worse than wasted on the false as fair!

To thee—to thee—with pilgrim heart I turn;
For thee my lute I fondly tune again;
Of thee love's sweet and glowing lore I'll learn;
Thy starlight smiles shall be his beaming chain!

NEW ENGLAND.*

AH, yes! in the mist, whose soft splendour
Is shed like a smile o'er the scene,
So rich, yet so meltingly tender,
So radiant, yet so serene,—

In the azure air veiling the mountain,
Far off, with its own robe of light,
In the gleam and the foam of the fountain,
In the foliage so gorgeously bright,—

I see a wild beauty belonging
To one sunny region alone—
New England, belovéd New England!
The soul-waking scene is thine own!

And gazing entranced on the picture,
Mine eyes are with tears running o'er;

* Written in London, on seeing a landscape by Doughty, called "The Indian Summer."

For my heart has flown home to those mountains,
And I am an exile no more !

Again through the woodlands I wander,
Where autumn trees, lofty and bold,
Are stealing from bright clouds above them
Their wealth of deep crimson and gold.

Where Nature is scepter'd and crown'd,
As a queen in her worshipping land ;
While her rock-pillar'd palaces round
All matchless in majesty stand !

Where the star of her forest dominions,
The humming-bird, darts to its food,
Like a gem or a blossom on pinions,
Whose glory illumines the wood.

Where her loftiest, loveliest flower,*
Pours forth its impassion'd perfume ;
And her torrents, all regal in power,
Are wreathed with the sun-circle's bloom.

* The Magnolia.

Where, on cloud-pillows soft but resplendent,
Our day-spirit floats to his rest ;
And the moon, like a pure jewel-pendent,
Is hung on night's love-breathing breast.

New England ! belovéd New England !
I breathe thy rich air as of yore ;
For my heart is at home in those mountains,
And I am an exile no more !

Yet not for thy beauty or glory,
Though lofty and lovely thou art,
And not for thy proud haunts of story,
These tears of deep tenderness start ;—

There's a home in the heart of New England,
Where once I was fondly caress'd !
Where strangers ne'er look'd on me coldly,
And care never came to my breast !

Though warm hearts have cherish'd the exile
In moments of sorrow and pain,
There's a home in the heart of New England,—
Oh ! when shall I see it again !

NEW ENGLAND'S MOUNTAIN-CHILD.

WHERE foams the fall—a tameless storm—
Through Nature's wild and rich arcade,
Which forest-trees entwining form,
There trips the Mountain-maid!

She binds not her luxuriant hair
With dazzling gem or costly plume,
But gayly wreathes a rose-bud there,
To match her maiden-bloom.

She clasps no golden zone of pride
Her fair and simple robe around;
By flowing riband, lightly tied,
Its graceful folds are bound.

And thus attired,—a sportive thing,
Pure, loving, guileless, bright, and wild,—
Proud Fashion! match me, in your ring,
New England's Mountain-child!

She scorns to sell her rich, warm heart,
For paltry gold, or haughty rank ;
But gives her love, untaught by art,
Confiding, free, and frank !

And once bestow'd, no fortune-change
That high and generous faith can alter ;
Through grief and pain—too pure to range—
She will not fly or falter.

Her foot will bound as light and free
In lowly hut as palace-hall ;
Her sunny smile as warm will be,—
For Love to her is all !

Hast seen where in our woodland-gloom
The rich magnolia proudly smiled ?—
So brightly doth she bud and bloom,
New England's Mountain-child !

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

I AM not happy here, mother !
I pine to go to you ;
I weary for your voice and smile,
Your love—the fond and true !

My English home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely too !
I never shall be happy here,—
I pine to go to you !

Full many a simple melody
I make of home and you ;
But no one loves and sings the song
As Lizzie used to do !

I've friends, who kindly welcome give,
And whom I'll ne'er forget ;
But they love others more than me,
And I am not their pet !

In at my lattice laughs the sun,
And plays about my feet ;
I'd welcome it if you were here
Its summer warmth to greet !

The sky ne'er seems so blue, mother,—
So balmy soft the air !
And oh ! the flowers are not so pure
As those I used to wear !

My baby Ellen gayly plays,
But none are here to note,
With partial praise, her winning ways,
Or catch the gems that float—

The gems of thought that sparkle o'er
Her mind's untroubled sea ;
Then vanish in its depths before
We well know what they be !

How oft, when lovelier than their wont
Her cheeks' pure roses glow,
And fairer 'neath the sunlit hair
Her veinéd temples show,

I want it watch'd by other eye,
That face—so bright to me ;
And sigh, “ If mother now were by !—
If Lizzie could but see !”

Oh ! my English home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely too ;
I never shall be happy here,—
I pine to go to you !

I will not call it “ home,” mother,
From those I love so far !—
That only can be home to me,
Where you and Lizzie are.

ON PARTING FOR A TIME WITH AN
INFANT'S PORTRAIT.

FAIR image of my fairer child!
Full many a moment's weary wo
By those blue eyes has been beguiled!
How can I let my idol go?

For when my living treasure sleeps,
And hides her bashful glance of glee,
Thy cherub face unchanging keeps
Its precious bloom and smiles for me!

There still I see the flossy hair
That bathes with light her glowing face;
Her dimpled hands so round and fair,
Her fragile form, her childish grace!

Yet go! and with those earnest eyes,
O'ershadow'd by thy silken curl,
Gaze smiling into stranger-hearts,
And bid them bless my fairy girl!

FANNY'S FIRST SMILE.

It came to my heart—like the first gleam of morning,
To one who has watch'd through a long, dreary night—
It flew to my heart—without prelude or warning—
And waken'd at once there a wordless delight.

That sweet pleading mouth, and those eyes of deep azure,
That gazed into mine so imploringly sad,
How faint o'er them floated the light of that pleasure,
Like sunshine o'er flowers, that the night-mist has clad!

Until that golden moment, her soft, fairy features
Had seem'd like a suffering seraph's to me—
A stray child of heaven's, amid earth's coarser creatures,
Looking back for her lost home, that still she could see!

But now, in that first smile, resigning the vision,
The soul of my loved one replies to mine own:
Thank God for that moment of sweet recognition,
That over my heart like the morning light shone!

ELLEN LEARNING TO WALK.

My beautiful trembler! how wildly she shrinks!
And how wistful she looks while she lingers!
Papa is extremely uncivil, she thinks,—
She but pleaded for one of his fingers!

What eloquent pleading! the hand reaching out,
As if doubting so strange a refusal;
While her blue eyes say plainly, "What is he about
That he does not assist me as usual?"

Come on, my pet Ellen! we won't let you slip,—
Unclasp those soft arms from his knee, love;
I see a faint smile round that exquisite lip,
A smile half reproach and half glee, love.

So! that's my brave baby! one foot falters forward,
Half doubtful the other steals by it!
What, shrinking again! why, you shy little coward!
'Twon't kill you to walk a bit!—try it!

There! steady, my darling! huzza! I have caught her!
I clasp her, caress'd and caressing!
And she hides her bright face, as if what we had taught her
Were something to blush for—the blessing!

Now back again! Bravo! that shout of delight,
How it thrills to the hearts that adore her!
Joy, joy for her mother! and blest be the night
When her little light feet first upbore her!

CONTENTMENT.

“I WISH I had yon golden star,
I'd wreathe it in my hair;
Look, sister, how it shines afar!
'Tis like a jewel rare!”

“Yes, love; but see! you might have had
A treasure far more sweet;
In gazing on that *star*, you've crushed
The *Heart's-ease* at your feet!”

“WEARY OF YOU!”

“WEARY of you!” I should weary as soon
Of a fountain, playing its low lute-tune,
With its mellow contralto lapsing in,
Like a message of love through this worldly din!

“Weary of you!”

I could tire as well of a graceful flower,
Breathing beside me hour by hour,
With its perfumed sighs and its delicate bloom,
Hushfully hallowing all the room!

“Weary of *you!*”

If a dove at my couch should softly light,
And fold its wings like the fall of night,
And arch its throat, with its tranquil coo,
Till the sunbeam touch'd its purple hue,
And play'd on each exquisite fairy plume,
Till it glisten'd and glow'd like an amethyst's bloom;
I should weary of *any* thing, fair and true—
Of moonlight and music—as soon as of *you!*

THE STARLIGHT AND MUSIC OF HOME.

NAY, lure me not again within the glare
Of the world-life, that gladly I forego ;
Not mine the soul that seeks its solace there,
In *merrier hours* I shrank from all its show.

And *now*, when worn and weary with the strife
That every true and earnest heart must meet,
I have no strength to turn from this still life
And brave the bustle of saloon or street.

Let those—the gay, the young—who only see
Its radiant roses, NOT the snake below—
Who hear no discord in the music's glee,
Nor dream of danger—through its mazes go.

They will be lull'd awhile, and wake like me
From the sweet trust—the unquestioning delight,
The fearless, childlike faith—to feel, to see
How more than mockery is that pageant bright.

I have a dearer melody to listen,
 Where no false note can mar the music tide ;
 A starry gleam around my way doth glisten,
 For childhood's voice and smile are by my side.

At eve, when in the hush'd and hallow'd room,
 Hallow'd by love and faith, our circle sits,
 When from the hearth comes glory through the gloom,
 A fair child-angel round us softly flits,

Mute like a vision, save when shade of sorrow
 Saddens the face she loves—then stealing near,
 She kisses—murmuring of a happier morrow—
 From brow and heart the shadow and the fear.

And on my bosom nestling, clings to bless me,
 A rosy, radiant darling, with dark eyes,
 And voice whose every cadence doth caress me,
 And smile that gladdens like a clear sunrise.

And if I miss the dear face of another,
 The fairiest shape that ever lit below,
 Who, ere her sweet lips learn'd to murmur mother,
 Died like a dream of loveliness and wo,—

And if I weep—their little arms are winding
 Around me, while in whispers low with love
They talk of heaven and its *new* angel, finding
 All lovely flowers to light her path above.

And so, I would not change, for all the glare
 Of the world-life, its pomp and sound and show,
One ray of those pure smiles my dear ones wear,
 One tone of their true voices, soft and low.

TO MY MOTHER.

SWEET mother! you fear while no longer you guide me,
 The Past will be lost in the Present's gay show;
But ah! whether joy or misfortune betide me,
 I love you too dearly, *your* love to forego!

I would not, for all that the Future can bring me,
 Forget the dear hours when I sat at your feet,
The song, that was sure of approval, to sing thee,
 The look, that was always so loving, to meet.

When I flew to your smile with each joyous emotion,
But hid from your heart every sorrow I knew ;
Oh ! wayward perhaps was my childish devotion,
But it ne'er for a moment was cold or untrue.

And still, when the chill wing of wo darkens o'er me,
I am grateful its shadow extends not to thee ;
While if praise thrill my heart or if joy smile before me,
I sigh, " Could *she* know it, how glad she would be ! "

Sweet mother ! too fondly your darling you cherish'd,
For me to forget you, wherever I go ;—
Ah no ! not till memory's power has perish'd ;
I love you too dearly to turn from you so !

TO A DEAR SISTER.

"I TOUCH this flower of silken leaf, which once our childhood knew,
Its soft leaves wound me with a grief whose balsam never grew."—EMERSON.

IN Memory's rich mosaic,
Those hours are glowing still,
When you and I went wandering
By woodland rock and rill :

Two merry, reckless children,
That saw not in the air
The future storm-clouds looming up,
O'er all the azure there.

If either found a king-cup,
The sunbeam's laughing bride,
Our El Dorado seem'd the flower—
We sought no gold beside.

But flowers we used to smile with,
Now waken tears instead ;
There's no such sunshine in us now
As then that smiling fed.

The spring in our young spirits,
Too early it took wing,
And where were summer's radiant hours
Should winter follow spring?

Alas! I see thy dark eyes
Fill fast with burning tears;
We both have buried folded buds,
To bloom in other spheres.

As melts the lovely snow-flake,
As fades the rainbow's bloom,
As dies the dearest melody,
As flits the faint perfume:

Those delicate dreams of being,
Those fairy infants fell,
Ere the angels, that had led them here,
Had whisper'd their farewell.

And now for other sunshine
And other bloom we look,
Than those our joyous childhood found
Beside the woodland brook.

Ah! let us bless the winter,
Though dark, though cold it lowers,
That leads where heaven's eternal spring
Is breathing o'er our flowers!

TO A MAIDEN IN DOUBT.*

SILLY maiden, weigh them not—
Butterflies are earthly things;
Thou forget'st their lowly lot,
Gazing on their glittering wings.

Rather weigh thy taper pale,
With the light by Luna given;
Will the heaven-ray turn the scale?
Will the earth-lamp rise to heaven?

Love,—ethereal, holy Love!
Buoyant, joyous, proud, and free,—
Maiden, see! he soars above
Worldly Pride and Vanity.

* On a picture of a Maiden with Scales, weighing Love with a Butterfly: the winged boy rises, and the motto beneath is, "Love is the lightest!"

Rightly to its native earth
Sinks the gilded insect-fly ;
Love—of holier, heavenlier birth—
Rises toward his home on high !

Maiden ! throw the scales away,
Never weigh poor Love again ;
Let his pinions freely play,
Bind him not with vassal-chain.

See ! he lifts his wondering eye
Half reproachfully to thee ;—
Measured with a butterfly !
I'd take wing if I were he.

If he must be proved and tried,
Weigh him in thine own true heart,
'Gainst a frowning world beside,—
Wealth and rank with bow and dart !

If he do not scorn the measure,
Soaring high o'er them and thee,—
Worth the world and worldly treasure,—
Mark me ! Love outweighs the three !

TO MARY.

I'VE watch'd you well, my sweet, new friend,
 (They wrong true Love who say he's blind,)
And there's one fault I fain would mend—
 A fault of taste, I grieve to find.

'Tis this: that you perversely choose
 Such gay attire to robe your graces,
That, dazzled by its glaring hues,
 We scarce see where your daintier face is.

When Nature painted you, my pet,
 Her softest tints she fondly chose ;
Ah, take her hint, and never let
 A rainbow glitter round a rose.

In Quaker gray or simple white,
 Your modest loveliness array ;
And sometimes, with an azure light,
 Let a soft riband o'er it play.

Too oft you braid amid your hair
The brilliant flowers of art profane ;
Your cheek a lovelier flower doth wear,
That pales beneath their gaudier stain ;

And following fashion's wanton beck,
A thought too low your robe is folded ;
Ah, hide, for your heart's sake, your neck,
Like Juno's own, to beauty moulded.

Remember, sweet, the dearest rose
Blooms through the moss-veil clinging o'er it,
All chary of its charms it glows,
And all the more our hearts adore it !

I were less frank were you less fair ;
Pure gems the lightest flaw betray ;
The mote we miss in clouded air,
Shows darkly in the sunbeam's way.

See Nature ! from her palette rare,
With violet, azure, rose, or gold,
How soft she tints the sky and air !
And so forgive my counsel bold.

TO MRS. O.

THEY told me Beauty, o'er thy face,
Had breathed her rarest, richest spell,
And lightly twined an airy grace
In every curl that round it fell.

We met—and 'neath the veil of light
And bloom that beauty round thee flung,
I found a charm of holier might,
For Love had tuned thy heaven-taught tongue.

'Tis said in Erin's sunny isle,
That they who wear the shamrock leaf,
A blessing bring where'er they smile,
That lights and warms the wildest grief.

Hast *thou*, within thy bosom, hid
The charmed flower from Erin's shore,
Which some fond fairy found amid
Her blooming fields, and hither bore?

Ah, no! within those dark blue eyes,
Those graceful words, that winning smile,
A deeply sweet enchantment lies,
Beyond the spell from Erin's isle!

Thou dost not need the charméd flower,
Thou dost not need the fairy's art;
In *feeling* dwells thy magic power,
The leaf of love is in thy *heart!*

TO AMELIA WELBY.

DARLING of all hearts that listen
To your warble wild and true!
As a lovely star doth glisten
In the far West—so do you!

Are you sure you are a mortal?
Or a Peri in disguise,
Watching till the heavenly portal
Lets you into Paradise?

Whiling all the weary hours
With the songs you used to sing
In those bright aerial bowers
Where the rainbow dips its wing?

Peri! no!—all *woman*-feeling
Pleads in that impassion'd lay;
Yet 'tis woman proudly stealing
Some fond angel's harp away.

Mingling, with divine emotion
Holy as a seraph's thought,
Human love and warm devotion,
Into rarest pathos wrought.

Sweep again the silver chords!
Pour the soul of music there!
Write, for *your* heart's tune, the *words*,—
All *our* hearts will play the *air*!

TO SIBYL.

“SOOTHE her in sorrow and brighten her smile;
Chide her most gently if folly beguile;
One so unsullied and trustful of heart,
From the good shepherd will never depart.

“Now she adores thee as one without spot,
Dreams not of sorrow to darken her lot.
Joyful, yet tearful, I yield her to thee;
Take her, the light of thy dwelling to be.”

YES! go to him—thy young heart full
Of passionate romance,
And be the fiat of thy fate
His lordly word and glance!

Be thy soul's day, his careless smile;
His frown, its clouded night;
His voice, the music of thy life;
His love, thy one delight!

Sit at his feet, and raise to his
Those large, pure, dreaming eyes,
And tell him all thy lovely thoughts
As radiantly they rise.

Press to his hand that childish cheek,
And stroke his stern dark face,
And charm him with thy ways so meek,
Thy glad, aerial grace!

Look for his coming with clasp'd hands
And hush'd and listening heart,
And strive to hide thy joyous tears
With woman's bashful art.

And in thy low Eolian tones,
Melodiously wild,
Falter thy fond, sweet welcome out,
O, rare, enchanting child!

Then if he coldly turn away,
In silence to him steal,
And touch his soul with one long gaze
Of passionate appeal.

I know them all—the endearing wiles—
The sweet, unconscious art—
The graceful spells that nature taught
Her darling's docile heart.

I know them all—I've seen thee lift,
At some unkindly tone,
Those dark, upbraiding eyes of thine,
Where sorrowing wonder shone,

And sudden tears would dim the glance,
And then—the wrong forgiven—
A smile would steal up in the cloud,
Like starlight into heaven.

Go—try them all—those girlish wiles!
He cannot choose but love,
He cannot choose but guard from ill
His little, nestling dove!

For rare, my Sybil, 'tis to see
Thy iris-mind unfold;
The magic of thy maiden glee,
That turns all gloom to gold;—

The aurora blush that on thy cheek
Thy heart's love-story tells;
The wondrous world within thine eyes
Lit up like the gazelle's.

But if thou think'st, dear, dreaming child!
That he will watch as now,
In after years, each smile and shade
That cross thy changing brow;

And modulate his tone to meet
The pleading of thy soul,
And feel in all his wanderings
Thy gentle breast his goal;

And daily feed thy mind and heart
With hallow'd love and lore,
Nor turn from those imploring eyes,
That wistful look for more;

And watch thee where—as borne in air—
Thou float'st the dance along,
And deem thy form alone is fair,
Of all the fairy throng;

In transport look and listen when
Thy light caressing hands
Lure forth the harp's harmonious soul,
From all its silver bands;

Indulgent stoop his falcon-will
To let it fly with thine,
And smile in manly pride to see
His pet's soft plumage shine ;

And yield to every gay caprice,
And grieve for every sigh,
And grant all airy hopes that play
On pleading lip or eye ;—

If *this* thy dream, enthusiast, be,
I can but idly pray,
Heaven shield thee in thy *waking* hour,
And keep it long away !

TO SARAH,

ARRANGING HER HAIR.

OH, rich in *heart!* what matter how
The silken tresses shade your brow?
What matter, whether gem or rose,
Or simple riband wreath your hair,
While that soft blush so purely glows,
While those dark eyes such beauty wear?

No rich array could lend your form,
Thus airy-light, one added charm;
No jewel gift that girlish face
With lovelier glow or softer grace;
And he who looks on you with eyes
Where all his soul to yours replies,
Is prouder of you simply so,
Than when adorn'd your graces glow;
And joys to know his fairy flower
Can gayly bloom in home's sweet bower,
While some, less fair, the hot-house air

Of flattery and excitement need,
Their frail and fleeting smiles to feed.

Ah! "bonnie bird!"—thus ever rest,
Confiding in your love-built nest;
And when around you throng the few
I leave, who share my love with you,
Oh! warble soft, in friendship's ear,
Her name, who'd gladly share your glee,—
But do not sing *too sweetly*, dear,
Lest you beguile them all from *me*.

TO LITTLE MAY VINCENT.

MY wee-bit, bonny, blue-eyed May .
Well fits the name we gave in play ;
For Spring, with all her tears and smiles,
Her frolic frowns and wooing wiles,
Is just like thee—so fresh, so bright,
With breath of balm and eyes of light.
My treasure, May ! my nestling dove !
My wild-flower, nursed by Hope and Love !

My sunlit gem! my morning star!
Oh! there is nothing near or far,
Of soft or beautiful or free,
That does not mind my heart of thee.
Yet all combined,—star, blossom, bird,
Bring to it no such joy divine,
As the first charily-utter'd word
That falters from those lips of thine.

Twelve times the maiden-queen of night
Has donn'd her veil of silver light,
And walk'd the silent, heavenly plain,
Majestic mid her radiant train,
Since May first oped her playful eyes;
And yet she is not over-wise;
For even now she shouts with joy
When on the floor the sunshine plays,
And deems the spot a golden toy,
And creeps to lift its mocking rays.

Ah, May! be still a child in this,
Through life, amid its gloom and bliss:
Though clouds of care be all about,
Those eyes will find the sunshine out,
Then pass the shade with Hope's delight,
And stop to play where Joy is bright.

TO MY PEN.

Dost know, my little vagrant pen,
That wanderest lightly down the paper,
Without a thought how critic men
May carp at every careless caper,—

Dost know, twice twenty thousand eyes,
If publishers report them truly,
Each month may mark the sportive lies
That track, oh shame! thy steps unruly?

Now list to me, my fairy pen,
And con the lessons gravely over;
Be never wild or false again,
But "mind your Ps and Qs," you rover!

While tripping gayly to and fro,
Let not a thought escape you lightly,
But challenge all before they go,
And see them fairly robed and rightly.

You know that words but dress the frame,
And thought's the soul of verse, my fairy!
So drape not spirits dull and tame
In gorgeous robes or garments airy.

I would not have my pen pursue
The "beaten track"—a slave for ever;
No! roam as thou wert wont to do,
In author-land, by rock and river.

Be like the sunbeam's burning wing,
Be like the wand in Cinderella;
And if you touch a common thing,
Ah, change to gold the pumpkin yellow!

May grace come fluttering round your steps,
Whene'er, my bird, you light on paper,
And music murmur at your lips,
And truth restrain each truant caper.

Let hope paint pictures in your way,
And love his seraph-lesson teach you;
And rather calm with reason stray
Than dance with folly, I beseech you!

In faith's pure fountain lave your wing,
And quaff from feeling's glowing chalice ;
But touch not falsehood's fatal spring,
And shun the poisoned weeds of malice.

Firm be the web you lightly spin,
From leaf to leaf, though frail in seeming,
While Fancy's fairy dew-gems win
The sunbeam Truth to keep them gleaming.

And shrink not thou when tyrant wrong
O'er humble suffering dares deride thee :
With lightning step and clarion song,
Go ! take the field, all Heaven beside thee.

Be tuned to tenderest music when
Of sin and shame thou'rt sadly singing ;
But diamond be thy point, my pen,
When folly's bells are round thee ringing !

And so, where'er you stay your flight,
To plume your wing or dance your measure,
May gems and flowers your pathway light,
For those who track your tread, my treasure !

But what is this ? you've tripp'd about,
While I the mentor grave was playing ;
And here you've written boldly out
The very words that I was saying !

And here, as usual, on you've flown
From right to left—flown fast and faster,
Till even while you wrote it down,
You've miss'd the task you ought to master.

TO A SLANDERED POETESS.

MY brilliant Blue Belle ! droop no more ;
But let them mock, and mow, and mutter !
I marvel, though a whirlwind roar,
Your eagle soul should deign to flutter !

So low the pigmies aim'd the dart,
(Ah, yes ! your looks of scorn reveal it,)
You must have *stoop'd* your haughty heart,
O wilful, wayward child !—to feel it.

My dark-eyed darling! don't you know,
If you were homely, cold, and stupid,
Unbent for you were Slander's bow?
Her shafts but follow those of Cupid.

'Tis but the penalty you pay
For wit so rare and grace so peerless;
So let the snarlers say their say,
And smile to hear them, free and fearless.

Nay! hear them *not!* Oh, you should listen
To spherical tunes! the angels love you!
The stars with kindred beauty glisten;—
No "evil eye" can lower *above* you!

Dear child of Genius! strike the lyre,
And drown with melody delicious,
Soft answering to your touch of fire,
The envious hint—the sneer malicious.

Remember it is Music's law,
Each *pure, true* note, though low you sound it,
Is heard through Discord's wildest war
Of rage and madness, storming round it.

You smile!—Nay, raise your queenly head;
 Braid up your hair, lest I upbraid it;
Be that last coward tear unshed,
 Or in your dancing dimple shed it!

Serenely go your glorious way,
 Secure that every footstep onward
Will lead you from *their* haunts away,
 Since you go *up*, and they go—*downward*.

Yet from your love-lit, heavenly flight,
 Some pity dole to those who blame you;
You only can forgive them quite,
 You only smile while they defame you.

Oh! think how poor in all the wealth
 That makes *your* frame a fairy palace—
The mind's pure light,—the heart's sweet health,—
 Are they whose dearest joy is malice.

TO AN IDEA THAT WOULDN'T "COME."

"Why thus longing, thus for ever sighing
For the far off, unattain'd, and dim?"

"Has Hope, like the bird in the story,
That flitted from tree to tree,
With the talisman's glittering glory,
Has Hope been that bird to thee?"

OH! fondly wished for, why delay?
This virgin page awaits thee—
It's waited since the dawn of day—
What can it be belates thee?

Thou ne'er wilt find a nicer couch,
A softer, or a fairer—
Thou ne'er wilt find a desk to which
Thy coming could be rarer.

Oh! airy rover, rainbow-wing'd!
Oh! coy and cold deceiver!
Alight upon this beggar leaf,
And blesséd be for ever!

Alight, and shut your gleaming wing,
And let my verse be amber,
To make for you, while glad you sing,
A fitting, fairy chamber!

Whether around the dainty tip
Of Whitman's pen you hover,
Or rest on Greenwood's rosy lip,
To greet some poet-lover;

Or hide in glorious Hewitt's heart
Until you're robed divinely;
Or lend impassion'd Eva's line
The glow she paints so finely.

Oh! fly them all, and fly to me!
I'll entertain ye rarely;
My happy pen your host shall be,
And introduce you fairly.

I'll dress you in the prettiest words
You possibly can think of;
I'll let you sip the purest ink
That e'er you tried to drink of.

Your rich *relations* throng to *them*,
 While I'm alone and needy;
 And, though I cannot sing, my gem,
 In tones so rich and reedy,

Be sure I'll make the most of thee!
 While throned in state and glory,
 Oh! think what pride *alone* to be,
Unrivall'd in my story!

Oh! fairy treasure, fine and fleet!
 Oh! subtle, rare creation!
 Whatever obstacles you meet,
 Accept my invitation!

I'll give you welcome warm and true,
 However strange you be;
 And take what route it pleases you,
 It's all the same to me.

Oh! come by telegraph from Maine,
 Or by a junk from China,
 By steamboat from the shores of Spain,
 Or cars from Carolina!

But *come*—at all events—without
Another doubt or fear ;
Fly, fly to this devoted heart,
And be—“my own Idea !”

ON SIVOR'S VIOLIN.

A DRYAD'S home was once the tree
From which they carved this wondrous toy,
Who chanted lays of love and glee,
Till every leaflet thrill'd with joy.

But when the tempest laid it low,
The exiled fay flew to and fro ;
Till finding here her home once more,
She warbles wildly as before !

WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER?

WHAT can be the matter with Lizzie to-night ?

Her eyes, that in tears were so touchingly tender,
For twenty-four hours have been filling with light,
Till I scarcely dare meet their bewildering splendour.

You'd almost imagine a star had been lighted

Within her—a new-born and beautiful flame,
To bless with its pure ray her spirit benighted,
And smile through those eyes to which sorrow's cloud came.

What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her cheek,

That of late has been dimpleless, colourless, cold,
Has gather'd a glow and a glory, that speak
Like an eloquent voice of a rapture untold.

What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her tone,

That was doubting and faint in its low melody
As the morning ray rising through mist-tears alone,
Or the sound of a bell ringing soft in the sea,—

Has suddenly thrill'd to a richness and fervour,
A passionate sweetness, untroubled and deep—
You would think in her heart had arisen to nerve her,
An angel,—awaken'd from sorrow and sleep.

It is Love! it is Love! by the joy that is stealing
Like light o'er her forehead, I know it is Love!—
He has touch'd with his wand the wild fountain of feeling,
He floats like a spirit that fountain above.

He has kindled his star-lamp—the deathless—the pure—
Within—and her heart's hidden riches are shown;
His own seraph voice has breathed melody to her—
And hers has caught all its deep magic of tone.

Oh! still may that voice keep its sweetness and joy,
And still may that cheek wear its glow of delight,
And those dear eyes, unshadow'd by sorrow's alloy,
Still beam with the fondness that fills them to-night.

VENUS AND THE MODERN BELLE.

YOUNG Beauty look'd over her gems one night,
And stole to her glass with a petulant air :
She braided her hair with their burning light,
Till they play'd like the gleam of a glow-worm there.

Then she folded, over her form of grace,
A costly robe from an Indian loom,—
But a cloud overshadow'd her exquisite face,
And Love's sunny dimple was hid in the gloom.

“It is useless !” she murmur'd,—“my jewels have lost
All their lustre, since last they illumined my curls !”
And she snatch'd off the treasures, and haughtily toss'd,
Into brilliant confusion, gold, rubies, and pearls.

Young Beauty was plainly provoked to a passion ;
“And what ?” she exclaim'd, “shall the star of the ball
Be seen by the beaux, in a gown of this fashion !”—
Away went the robe,—ribands, laces, and all !

“Oh! Paphian goddess!” she sigh’d in despair,
“Could I borrow that mystic and magical zone,
Which Juno of old condescended to wear,
And which lent her a witchery sweet as your own!”—

She said, and she started; for lo! in the glass,
Beside her a shape of rich loveliness came!
She turn’d,—it was Venus herself! and the lass
Stood blushing before her, in silence and shame.

“Fair girl!” said the goddess—“the girdle you seek
Is one you can summon at once, if you will;
It will wake the soft dimple and bloom of your cheek,
And, with peerless enchantment, your flashing eyes fill.

“No gem in your casket such lustre can lend,
No silk wrought in silver such beauty bestow;
With that talisman, heed not, though simply, my friend,
Your robe and your ringlets unjewell’d may flow!”

“Oh, tell it me! give it me!” Beauty exclaim’d,
As Hope’s happy smile to her rosy mouth stole:
“Nay! you wear it e’en now, since your temper is tamed,—
’Tis the light of Good Humour,—that gem of the soul!”

A REMONSTRANCE.

WRITTEN AT THE CATSKILL MOUNTAIN HOUSE.

WHAT, here! where the soul feels an angel's elation,
Where the balm of the breeze is worth all the world's wealth!
Oh! profane not the place by so low a libation,
While pure from the rock springs the fountain of health!

What, here! where the wood-bird, its warble subduing,
Keeps holy our Sabbath with music and love,
And earth, her wild blossoms for ever renewing,
Sends up, in their perfume, her praises above!

Where the skies seem to bend, in their luminous beauty,
So loving and low o'er the green mountain-sod,
That the spirit, attuned to devotion and duty,
Sees Nature embracing her Father and God!

No temple can match, with a glory so solemn,
The forest-cathedral that rises around;
The pine's stately shaft, for the fair marble column,
All vein'd with the sunlight, and gracefully crown'd;

Its dome—the unlimited arch glowing o'er us ;
Its censer—yon budding spray, swung by the breeze ;
Its music—the hymn of the fountain before us ;
Its light—heaven's smile, stealing soft through the trees :

And oh ! the bright treasures around and below us,
The buds of the wild mountain-laurel, behold !
So perfect, so gem-like ! where, where will you show us
A richer mosaic in temple of old ?

Profane not the place by so base a libation !
Look around ye—look upward ! and drink if ye dare !
Away with the wine-cup, the curse of creation !
Yon fount has enough for us all, and to spare.

IMPROMPTU, TO —.

I WOULD be true to Truth, and so to be
How can I help Inconstancy to thee ?
Since thou hast such a reverence for the maid,
That even to *approach* her, thou'rt afraid !



OLD FRIENDS.

COLD blows the bleak wind around the lone stranger,
Wild beat the snows in his thin waving hair,
One only true friend,—his old faithful Ranger,
Clings to his side in his wintry despair.

Sad and forsaken, his heart throbbing slowly,
His limbs numb'd and aching, his eyes dim with tears,
Back steals remembrance, with grief sweet and holy,
Back steals remembrance to happier years.

One only true friend, his old faithful Ranger,
Clings to his side in his wintry despair ;
Wild blows the bleak wind around the lone stranger,
Drear drifts the snow in his thin waving hair

Hunger and age, they have done their work drearily,
Yet is the forest tree grand in its fall ;
Faith and affection, still gleaming out cheerily,
Like the sun, o'er the scene, halo it all.

“THE HOURS AWAKING THE MORNING.”

A PICTURE BY HOWARD.

SHE sleeps ! on her cloud-pillows softly reclining,
Her glowing cheek dimples with dreamy delight,
Around her white shoulders rich sun-tresses twining,
With dim, dewy lustre, illumine the night ;—

Yes ! faint through the mist that enwreathes her reposing,
The gleam of that golden hair glistens the while,
Making twilight on high ;—till those blue eyes, unclosing,
Shall flash on creation the wealth of their smile !

She sleeps ! and the stars have gone by in their glory,
Nor woke with their wing'd feet the dreamer they met !
And Dian has stolen to tell the love-story
Her blooming Endymion listens to yet !

She sleeps ! the young goddess Aurora !—so glowing,
So sweet are her visions, she will not awake !
And silent and swift are the dim Hours going,—
But hark ! o'er the stillness what music doth break !

Behold! through the mist, the fair Hour of the Morning,
 With smiles of arch meaning, floats gracefully by;
 Her finger uplifted in frolicsome warning,
 With song on her lip, and reproof in her eye!

“Sweet sluggard! awaken!—Apollo is near!
 Oh! fly ere the god shall thy slumbers surprise!
 His flame-wingéd coursers already I hear!
 Aurora! my sister!—awaken! arise!”

And the goddess springs up from the slumbers that bound her,
 And pauses in blushing bewilderment there;
 Her rosy smiles melting the mist-wreath around her,—
 Her gold-tresses shedding soft dew on the air!

Now slowly she comes!—Heaven kindles before her,—
 Her lark warbles proudly his passionate lay,—
 Earth woos with a smile the light step of Aurora,—
 And Beauty and Music awake in her way!

THE LANGUAGE OF GEMS.

FAIR Flora of late has become such a blue,
She has sent all her pretty dumb children to school;
And though strange it may seem, what I tell you is true,
Already they've learn'd French and English by rule.

Bud, blossom, and leaf have been gifted with speech,
And eloquent lips breathing love in each tone,
Delighting such beautiful pupils to teach,
Have lent them a language as sweet as their own.

No more is the nightingale's serenade heard;
For Flora exclaims, as she flies through her bowers,
"It is softer than warble of fairy or bird!
'Tis the music of *soul*—the sweet language of flowers!"

No longer the lover impassion'd bestows
The pearl or the ruby;—in Hope's sunny hours,
He twines for his maiden a myrtle and rose—
'Tis the echo of Love, the pure language of flowers.

But the pearl and the ruby are sadly dismay'd ;
I saw a fair girl lay them lightly aside,
And blushing wreath, in her hair's simple braid,
The white orange flower that betray'd her a bride ;

And I fancied I heard the poor jewels bewail,
At least they *changed countenance* strangely, I'm sure,
For the pearl blush'd with shame, and the ruby turn'd
pale :—

Indeed 'twas too much for a *stone* to endure.

And I, who had ever a passion for gems,
From the diamond's star-smile to the ruby's deep flame ;
And who envy kings only their bright diadems,
Resolved to defend them from undeserved shame.

What are jewels but flowers that never decay,
With a glow and a glory unfading as fair ?
And why should not they speak their minds if they may ?
There are "sermons in stones," as all sages declare.

And a wild "tongue of flame" wags in some of them too,
That would talk if you'd let it—so listen a while ;
They've a world of rich meaning in every bright hue—
A ray of pure knowledge in each sunny smile.

Then turn to the blossoms that never decay :—

Let the learned flowers talk to themselves on their
stems,

Or prattle away with each other to-day ;—

And listen with me to the Language of Gems.

The *Diamond*, emblem of *Genius* would seem,

In its glance, like the lightning, wild, fitful, divine—
Its point that can pierce with a meteor-gleam,
Its myriad colours—its shadow and shine.

And more in that magic, so dazzling and strange ;

Let it steal from Apollo but one sunny ray,
It will beam back a thousand that deepen and change,
Till you'd fancy a rainbow within it at play.

Fair Truth's azure eyes, that were lighted in heaven,

Have brought to the Sapphire their smile from above,
And the rich glowing ray of the Ruby is given,
To tell as it blushes of passionate Love.

The Chrysolite, clouded, and gloomy, and cold,

Its dye from the dark brow of Jealousy steals ;
But bright in the Crystal's fair face we behold
The image of Candour that nothing conceals.

Young Hope, like the spring, in her mantle of green,
Comes robed in that colour, soft, pleasant, and tender,
And lends to the Emerald light so serene,
That the eye never wearies of watching its splendour.

The rosy Cornelian resembles the flush
That faintly illumines a beautiful face,
And well in its lovely and tremulous blush
May Fancy the emblem of Modesty trace.

While Joy's golden smile in the Topaz is glowing,
And Purity dwells in the delicate Pearl,
The Opal, each moment new semblances showing,
May shine on the breast of some changeable girl.

Serene as the Turquoise, Content ever calm,
In her pure heart reflects heaven's fairest hue bright,
While Beauty, exulting in youth's sunny charm,
Beholds in the Beryl her image of light.

To the beaming Carbuncle, whose ray never dies,
The rare gift of shining in darkness is given;
So Faith, with her fervent and shadowless eyes,
Looks up, through earth's night-time of trouble, to
heaven.

There's a stone—the Asbestos—that, flung in the flame,
Unsullied comes forth with a colour more pure,—
Thus shall Virtue, the victim of sorrow and shame,
Refined by the trial, for ever endure.

Resplendent in purple, the Amethyst sparkling,
On Pride's flowing garments may haughtily glow,
While Jet, the lone mourning-gem, shadow'd and darkling,
And full of sad eloquence, whispers of Wo.

But thousands are burning beneath the dark wave,
As stars through the tempest-cloud tremblingly smile,
Or wasting their wealth in some desolate cave,
And talking, perchance, like the rest all the while.

Then wreath of the blossoms that never decay,
A chaplet, dear maiden, that fair brow above ;
But within, wear their prototypes, purer than they,
Faith—Hope—Truth and Innocence—Modesty—Love.

And while in each jewel a lesson you see,
While one smiles approval—another condemns,
I'm sure you will listen, delighted with me,
To a language so true as the language of *Gems!*

GOLDEN RULES IN RHYME.

FROM A MATRON TO A MAIDEN.

“While I touch the string,
Wreathe my brows with laurel;
For the song I sing
Has for once a moral!”—MOORE.

COME listen, while, in careless rhyme,
Some golden rules I give you,
That you may hoard the wealth of Time.
And life may not deceive you.

In childhood's hours, when in the sun
Our sportive group assembled,
And off our frail pipes, one by one,
The glittering bubbles trembled;

If mine with lovelier lustre shone,
Or higher soar'd,—what trouble!
My brother, leaving all *his own*,
Blew out my beaming bubble!

And thus the world—when young Romance
Her airy dreams is weaving,
And Hope's soft rainbows round them dance,
As radiant as deceiving—

Thus will the world, my child, destroy,
With treachery more refined,
The soaring dreams of love and joy,
The bubbles of the mind!

Then yet in time a lesson learn,
From one who learn'd too late,
That world, whose laugh *we* laugh to scorn,
Her fiat *here* is fate!

When honour, placed in reason's scales,
Outweighs THE OWL'S opinion,
All free and fearless, trim your sails,
And steer for heaven's dominion!

But still in trifles, where no wrong
Can come of yielding to her,
Oh! chord with hers your careless song,
And of her smiles be sure!

When Love would fling his flowery net
 Around your joyous spirit,
Ask not for rank, or wealth, or wit,
 But yield to manly merit.

Remember—Love but seldom strings
 His flowers on *golden* wire ;
Remember—Wit has wanton wings,
 That *might* put out his fire.

Your heart be like a stainless glass,
 Where fleeting, outward graces
But lend their beauty as they pass,
 And leave behind no traces ;

On which—its subtle nature's such,
 The gem of gems—in glory—
The diamond, with its lightning touch,
 Alone can write love's story.

As to the moon, the ocean's tide
 Subjects its strength unruly,
So let a light from heaven, love, guide
 The tide of passion truly.

If sorrow come—resist it not,
Nor yet bow weakly to it ;
Look up to meet the heaven-sent storm ;
But see the rainbow through it !

And let not pleasure's reckless hands
Too often shake time's glass, love :
At best, the few and priceless sands
Too surely, swiftly pass, love !

And seek not bliss on airy heights,
Where dizzy power doth rally !
The "fragrant little heart's-ease" lights
The lowliest, humblest valley.

The gem that clasps a royal robe
The worldling's eye may dazzle,
But Love will light his glow-worm lamp
In cot as well as castle.

The magic flower in Erin's Isle,
That bears about a blessing,
Perchance is but good-humour's smile,
A kindly heart's caressing.

If comes a blow, from friend or foe,
With earnest good avenge it ;
“ The sandal-tree, with fragrant sigh,
Perfumes the axe that rends it.”

Be like the sun, whose eye of joy
Ne'er on a shadow lay, love !
Be like the rill that singeth still,
Whate'er be in its way, love !

Ne'er waste your heart in vain regret,
Though youth be dimm'd by care ;
“ For lovelier flowers than summer wreathes
May twine in winter's hair.”

With childlike trust look forward still,
For heaven is always near ;
“ Full oft our very fear of ill
Exceeds the ill we fear.”

Nor question Fate ! the world-ship still
Under seal'd orders sailing ;
'Twere best the great Commander's skill
To trust with faith unailing.

Nor idly waste the golden hours,
The plumes of Time's swift wings :
The watch must still be wound to work,
Or rust corrodes its springs.

If once a purpose pure and high
You form, for naught forego it !
"The mulberry leaf to silk is changed
By patience," says the poet.

Let Fancy fly her fairy kite,
And light with wit its wing, dear ;
But oh, lest it go out of sight,
Bid Reason hold the string, dear.

For, soaring where the poet's heaven
With starry gems is spangled,
It might, by Folly's zephyr driven,
In *moonshine* get entangled.

Yet sneer not thou at those who rise
To loftier delusions ;
"Great truths are oft," the sage replies,
"Foreshadow'd by illusions."

Confide in Friendship's right good-will,
But not too often task it ;
"It is the highest price we pay
For any thing, to *ask* it."

If Nature's glorious overture
Discordant seem to be, love,
Be sure your *heart* is out of tune,
And try the sounding key, love !

Let more than the domestic mill
Be turn'd by Feeling's river ;
Let Charity "*begin* at home,"
But not *stay* there for ever.

Look on the poor with pitying eyes,
And "reason not the *need* ;"
For angels in that mean disguise
May often ask their meed.

But if a debt by honour seal'd
Uncancell'd yet remain,
Oh, ne'er to generous impulse yield
What Justice asks in vain !

Be frank and pure, and brave and true,—
True to thyself and heaven ;
And be thy friends, the gifted few ;
And be thy foes forgiven.

And hold thyself so dear, so high,
That evil come not near thee,
That meanness dare not meet thine eye,
And falsehood fly and fear thee !

Shrink not to aim the shafts of wit
At all that's mean or narrow ;
But oh, before you bend the bow,
Be sure it holds the arrow !

Command your temper, guard your tongue,
Lest they have sway undue ;
For deeds, not words, the bell be rung,
Which fame may ring for you !

And so, if from my careless rhyme,
You cull the rose of Reason,
I have not wasted all my time,
But said "a word in season."

MARION'S SONG IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

AWAY with you, ye musty tomes !
I'll read no more this morning !
The wildwood rose unlesson'd grows—
I'm off—your sermons scorning !

I found a problem, yester eve,
In wondering where the brook led,
More pleasant far for me to solve
Than any one in Euclid.

I heard a bird sing, sweet and low,
A truer lay than Tasso—
A lay of love—ah ! let me go,
And fly from Learning's lasso !

I saw a golden missal, too,
'Twas writ in ancient ages,
And stars—immortal words of light—
Illumined all its pages !

The hand of God unclasp'd the book,
And oped its leaves of glory ;
I read, with awed and reverent look,
Creation's wondrous story.

I will not waste these summer hours,
The gift that He has given ;
I'll find philosophy in flowers,
Astronomy in heaven !

Yon morning-glory shuts its leaves,
A worm creeps out from under ;
Ye volumes, take the hint she gives,
And let the book-worm wander !

I'll scan no more old Virgil's verse,
I'd rather scan the heavens ;
I'll leave the puzzling Rule-of-Three
At sixes and at sevens ;

The only sum I'll cipher out
Shall be the "*summum bonum* ;"
My only *lines* shall fish for trout,
Till Virgil wouldn't own 'em !

A costly cover has my book,
Rich blue, where light is winding ;
How poor, beside its beauty, look
Your calf and cotton binding.

Away ! the balmy air—the birds—
Can teach me music better
Than all your hard, high-sounding words,
That still my fancy fetter.

The waves will tell me how to play
That waltz of Weber's rightly ;
And I shall learn, from every spray,
To dance with grace, and lightly.

Hush ! hark ! I heard a far-off bird,
I'll read no more this morning ;
The jasmine glows—the woodbine blows !
I'm off—your sermons scorning !

BEAUTY'S PRAYER.

ROUND great Jove his lightnings shone,
Roll'd the universe before him,
Stars, for gems, lit up his throne,
Clouds, for banners, floated o'er him.

With her tresses all untied,
Touch'd with gleams of golden glory,
Beauty came, and blush'd and sigh'd
While she told her piteous story.

“Hear! O Jupiter! thy child:
Right my wrong, if thou dost love me!
Beast and bird, and savage wild,
All are placed in power above me.

“Each his weapon thou hast given,
Each the strength and skill to wield it:
Why bestow—Supreme in heaven!
Bloom on me, with naught to shield it?

“Even the rose—the wild-wood rose,
Fair and frail, as I, thy daughter,
Safely yields to soft repose,
With her lifeguard thorns about her.”

As she spake in music wild,
Tears within her blue eyes glisten'd,
Yet her red lip dimpling smiled,
For the god benignly listen'd.

“Child of heaven!” he kindly said,
“Try the weapons Nature gave thee;
And if danger near thee tread,
Proudly trust to them to save thee.

“Lance and talon, thorn and spear :
Thou art arm'd with triple power
In that blush, and smile, and tear !
Fearless go, my fragile flower.

“Yet dost thou, with all thy charms,
Still for something more beseech me ?—
Skill to use thy magic arms ?
Ask of Love—and Love will teach thee !”

I DEARLY LOVE A CHANGING CHEEK.

I DEARLY love a changing cheek,
That glows or pales as feeling chooses,
And lets the free heart frankly speak
Upon it what the tongue refuses ;

Where eloquent blushes burn and fade,
Rich with the wealth of warm emotion ;
Or starry dimples mock the shade,
Like jewels in a restless ocean.

I dearly love a speaking eye,
That tells you there's a soul to wake it ;
Now fired with fancies wild and high,
Now soft as sympathy can make it ;

An eye whose dreamy depths and dark
In Passion's storm can proudly lighten !
But where Love's tears can quench the spark,
And Peace the sky serenely brighten !

I love a lip that eye to match,
Now curl'd with scorn, now press'd in sadness,
And, quick each feeling's change to catch,
Next moment arch'd with smiles of gladness.

I love a hand that meets mine own
With grasp that causes some sensation ;
I love a voice whose varying tone
From Truth has learn'd its modulation.

And who can boast that regal eye ?
That smile and tone, untaught by art ?
That cheek of ever-changing dye ?
That brave, free, generous, cordial heart ?

I need not name her ! None who've heard
Her welcome true—her parting blessing—
Her laugh, by lightest trifle stirr'd—
Her frank reply—will fail in guessing !

TO A TRIFLER.

'Tis well—the blow is felt—forgiven !
I stoop'd a starry wing,
That might have proudly soar'd to heaven,
On *thy* poor heart to cling.

For *thee*, frail flutterer of the earth,
I deign'd my flight to stay ;
On *thee*, who dream'd not half its worth,
I pour'd my spirit's ray.

The proudest, truest, loftiest love,
That ever burn'd the shrine
Whereon its costly incense rose,
My heart vouchsafed to thine.

And thus the penalty I pay,
As few have paid before ;
When God-lit *spirit* bends to *clay*,
What should it look for more ?

Ay! ever thus 'twill be for those
Who, graced with starry wing,
Forego a golden dawn in heaven,
To round a taper sing.

And whose the loss?—or mine or thine?
I offer'd to thy lip
A chalice brimm'd with glorious wine,
Whence thou didst lightly sip.

Thou didst not dream that *life* was there,—
Soul-life, for such as *thou*!
Thy hand dash'd down the beaker rare,
Thy lip belied the vow.

And I?—oh, God! 'twas *I* who lost
The immortal draught divine;
For thou, who couldst not *feel* its cost,—
What was that heart to thine?

Yet, even now, to ruin lured—
Betray'd, condemn'd, forgot—
My wounded pinions still I wave
Beyond *thy* soulless lot!

Yet guerdon just this fate to me,
Who stoop'd a starry wing,
That might have bathed in Eden airs,
Around a rose to sing.

THE LOVE MY HEART ACCORDED YOU.

THE love my heart accorded you
Was proud, and pure, and strong :
It might have well rewarded you
For years of ruth and wrong.

You saw my spirit soaring high,
Nor follow'd where it flew ;
But strove, with wild, adoring sigh,
To make it stoop to you.

In vain ; the fire it cherishes
For ever upward tends,
And when this frail frame perishes,
With heaven's own glory blends.

For no ignoble flame of yours
Foregoes my love its light ;
If it leave you, the shame be yours,
Who dared not share its flight.

Each tender grace I granted you,
Your passion false profaned ;
Each whisper that enchanted you,
Your senses, only, chain'd.

And now but calm disdain I give,
Where once my soul I lent ;
Escaped your thrall, again I live
In high and cold content.

CAPRICE.

REPROVE me not that still I change
With every changing hour,
For glorious Nature gives me leave
In wave, and cloud, and flower.

And you and all the world would do—
If all but dared—the same;
True to myself—if false to you,
Why should I reckon your blame?

Then cease your carping, cousin mine—
Your vain reproaches cease;
I revel in my right divine—
I glory in caprice!

Yon soft, light cloud, at morning hour
Look'd dark and full of tears:
At noon it seem'd a rosy flower—
Now, gorgeous gold appears.

So yield I to the deepening light
That dawns around my way :
Because you linger with the night,
Shall I my noon delay ?

No ! cease your carping, cousin mine—
Your cold reproaches cease ;
The chariot of the cloud be mine—
Take thou the reins, Caprice !

'Tis true you play'd on Feeling's lyre
A pleasant tune or two,
And oft beneath your minstrel fire
The hours in music flew ;

But when a hand more skill'd to sweep
The harp, its soul allures,
Shall it in sullen silence sleep
Because not touch'd by yours !

Oh, there are rapturous tones in mine
That mutely pray release ;
They wait the master-hand divine—
So tune the chords, Caprice !

Go—strive the sea-wave to control ;
Or, wouldst thou keep me thine,
Be thou all being to my soul,
And fill each want divine :

Play every string in Love's sweet lyre—
Set all its music flowing ;
Be air, and dew, and light, and fire,
To keep the soul-flower growing ;

Be less—thou art no love of mine,
So leave my love in peace ;
'Tis helpless woman's right divine—
Her only right—caprice !

And I will mount her opal car,
And draw the rainbow reins,
And gayly go from star to star,
Till not a ray remains ;

And we will find all fairy flowers
That are to mortals given,
And wreath the radiant, changing hours,
With those "sweet hints" of heaven.

Her humming-birds are harness'd there—
Oh! leave their wings in peace ;
Like “flying gems” they glance in air—
We'll chase the light, Caprice !

A DANCING GIRL.

SHE comes—the spirit of the dance !
And but for those large, eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, gazing breathless there,
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision to and fro !

Or that the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature play'd,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom cross'd.

And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

She spoke not; but, so richly fraught
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while.

IMPROMPTU AT SEA.

BUT two events dispel ennui
In our Atlantic trip:
Sometimes, alas! we "ship a sea,"
And sometimes—see a ship!

THE POET'S REPLY TO UNDESERVED
PRAISE.

I WRONG not so your noble heart,
As fear you'd play the flatterer's part,
Though far from all desert in me
Your soul-inspiring praises be.

The star that sees, within the lake,
Its own illumined image wake,
May deem some sea-born gem has risen
To greet it from its darkling prison.

And well I know the ardent mind,
Where honour's self is proudly shrined,
O'er others sheds its radiance rare,
And deems the light is native there.

Yet I must shrink, in shame and pride,
From praise by conscience still denied,
And rather half your faith forego
Than lure it by a hollow show.

And since not all is dark within,
Some dear esteem I still may win,
Divested of the halo thrown,
By your warm heart, around my own.

And truth to tell, (you'd have me true?)
I look for loftier gifts from you,
And wait for music sweeter far
Than softest words of flattery are.

The lightest modulation lent
By heart to voice on truth intent,—
The faintest cadence Love lets fall
On one low tone, is worth them all.

And oh! so high a hope is mine!—
The boon my spirit claims from thine
Is not the fleeting love of earth,
But friendship that has holier birth.

When soul meets soul in happier clime,
Where truth unveil'd shall walk sublime,
How may my conscious spirit brook
The frank, calm questioning of your look,

If vainly, in its form and face,
You seek for some imagined grace,
And *miss* the beauty, rare and dear,
Your own rich fancy lent it here!

UNDINE TO —.

If I alight, in happy rest,
A moment on your heart,
Think not your wild, impetuous guest
Is never thence to part!

I only pause to plume my wings,
Prepared for higher flight;
Far up, to me, a spirit sings
A song of fond delight!

It calls me always, soft and low,
And fain be there would I;
But ah! it seems so far to go:—
I cling to what is nigh!

I cannot wait so long for love,
 A childish heart is mine,
I pine for all that heaven above,
 But linger while I pine !

And like the Grecian neophyte,
 In Egypt's halls alone,
Who scarce had touch'd one step of light,
 Ere yet another shone ;

While one by one, beneath his tread,
 They vanish'd as he rose ;
From heart to heart, my faith has fled,
 And found no calm repose.

Yet as the vine that would be free
 Can only climb to light,
By twining round some kingly tree,
 Supported by its might,—

A fragile flower of impulse, I
 Shall reach no life divine,
Though still my heart turns toward the sky,
 Unless I lean on thine.

OH! HASTEN TO MY SIDE.

OH! hasten to my side, I pray!

I dare not be alone!

The smile that tempts, when thou'rt away,

Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that oftenest charms mine ear

Hath such beguiling tone,

'Twill steal my very *soul*, I fear;

Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep,

It murmurs praise too dear,

It makes me passionately weep,

Then gently soothes my fear;

It calls me sweet, endearing names,

With Love's own childlike art;

My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—

'Tis *music* to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-fill'd eyes
 Speak tenderly to mine;
Beneath that gaze what feelings rise!
 It is more kind than thine!

A hand, even pride can scarce repel,
 Too fondly seeks mine own;
It is not safe!—it is not well!
 Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose,
 Beneath his earnest eye,
The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows—
 Alas! *in vain* I try!

Oh trust me not—a woman frail—
 To brave the snares of life!
Lest—lonely, sad, unloved—I *fail*,
 And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me,
 There's *honour* by thy side!
Better unblest, yet safe to be,
 Than lost to truth, to pride.

Alas! my peril hourly grows,
In every thought and dream;
Not—not to *thee* my spirit goes,
But still—yes! still to *him*!

Return with those cold eyes to me,
And chill my soul once more
Back to the loveless apathy
It learn'd so well before!

THE GENTLE WORD.

It came, when pain and sorrow bow'd
A soul too much alone;
Like music came that kindly word,
From one I ne'er have known.

Too sensitive to praise or blame,
My childish heart I know;
And lightly yields my fragile frame
To touch of joy or wo.

It brought a glow of glad surprise
To pallid cheek and brow;
It brought the tears to drooping eyes,
It brings them even now.

'Twas but a word—a little word—
'Twas one I often meet;
Yet utter'd then, so far away,
It sounded passing sweet.

For well I know some friendly heart,
I dream'd not of before,
First *thought* for me that little word—
Nay, maybe thought of more!

Ah, *if* the clarion tones of fame
Shall ever ring for me,
They shall not drown—my *heart* shall hear
The praise I won from thee!

JE VEILLE SUR TOI, MA MÈRE!

Suggested by a mourning-locket, in which was painted a winged cherub, with the motto—
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère!"

Je veille sur toi, ma mère !
I hear thy softest sigh of love,
I listen to thy lightest prayer,
And echo it above.

I see thee when, in lonely hour,
My semblance wins thy ready tear ;
Thou canst not hear my spirit step,
But, mother ! I am near !

When glowing morn the mountain treads
With foot of fire and dewy eye,
And dazzled seraphs veil their heads
Before the light on high,—

And when beneath my home of joy
The stars are smiling through the air,
Where angels roam on blest employ,
Je veille sur toi, ma mère !

While o'er thy wearied frame is shed
The welcome balm of soothing sleep,
Lightly o'er that beloved head
My vigils still I keep !

Dost thou not see in visions fair,
A radiant being wander by,
And hear a soft voice murmuring there,
"My mother ! it is I?"

And when above my early grave
Thy gentle spirit prays relief,
Feel'st thou no angel-plumage wave
Above thee in thy grief ?

Je veille sur toi, ma mère !
Oh ! still thy lost but happy boy
Is near thee, with thee everywhere,
In sorrow and in joy.

Forget not then, where'er thou art,
The promise-words that bless thy prayer,
But wear them in thy "heart of heart,"
"Je veille sur toi, ma mère !"

SACRED POEMS.

THE DAUGHTER OF HERODIAS.

I.

SERENE in the moonlight the pure flowers lay ;
All was still save the splash of the fountain's soft play ;
And white as its foam gleam'd the walls of the palace ;
But within were hot lips quaffing fire from the chalice ;
For Herod the Tetrarch was feasting that night
The lords of Machærus, and brave was the sight !
Yet mournful the contrast, without and within :
Here were purity, peace—*there* were riot and sin !
The vast and magnificent banqueting-room
Was of marble, Egyptian in form and in gloom ;
And around, wild and dark as a demon's dread thought,
Strange shapes, full of terror, yet beauty, were wrought.
The ineffable sorrow that dwells in the face
Of the Sphinx wore a soft and mysterious grace,
Dim, even amid the full flood of light pour'd
From a thousand high clustering lamps on the board ;

Those lamps,—each a serpent of jewels and gold,—
That seem'd to hiss forth the fierce flame as it roll'd.
Back flash'd to that ray the rich vessels that lay
Profuse on the tables in brilliant array ;
And clear through the crystal the glowing wine gleam'd,
And dazzling the robes of the revellers seem'd,
While Herod, the eagle-eyed, ruled o'er the scene,
A lion in spirit, a monarch in mien.

The goblet was foaming, the revel rose high,
There were pride and fierce joy in the haughty king's eye,
For his chiefs and his captains bow'd low at his word,
And the feast was right royal that burden'd the board.
Lo ! light as a star through a gather'd cloud stealing,

What spirit glanced in mid the guard at the door ?
Their stern bands divide, a fair figure revealing ;

She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold o'er.
Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest truth ;
The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of youth ;
And a smile, that steals through it, is rich with the ray
Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.
Soft fall her fair tresses her light form around ;
Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor bound ;
And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled arms bare ;
For she is but a child, without trouble or care.
Now round the glad vision wild music is heard,—
Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird ?

For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that sound,
With white arms upwreathing, she floats from the ground.
Still glistens the goblet,—'tis heeded no more!
And the jest and the song of the banquet are o'er;
For the revellers, spell-bound by beauty and grace,
Have forgotten all earth, save that form and that face.
It is done!—for one moment, mute, motionless, fair,
The phantom of light pauses playfully there;
The next, blushing richly, once more it takes wing,
And she kneels at the footstool of Herod the King.
Her young head is drooping, her eyes are bent low,
Her hands meekly cross'd on her bosom of snow,
And, veiling her figure, her shining hair flows,
While Herod, flush'd high with the revel, arose.
Outspake the rash monarch,—“Now, maiden, impart,
Ere thou leave us, the loftiest hope of thy heart!
By the God of my fathers! whate'er it may be,—
To the half of my kingdom,—'tis granted to thee!”
The girl, half-bewilder'd, uplifted her eyes,
Dilated with timid delight and surprise,
And a swift, glowing smile o'er her happy face stole,
As if some sunny wish had just woke in her soul.
Will she tell it? Ah, no! She has caught the wild gleam
Of a soldier's dark eye, and she starts from her dream;
Falters forth her sweet gratitude,—veils her fair frame,—
And glides from the presence, all glowing with shame.

II.

Of costly cedar, rarely carved,
The royal chamber's ceiling,
The column'd walls, of marble rich,
Its brightest hues revealing.
Around the room a starry smile
The lamp of crystal shed ;
But warmest lay its lustre
On a noble lady's head.
Her dark hair, bound with burning gems,
Whose fitful lightning glow
Is tame beside the wild, black eyes
That proudly flash below :
The Jewish rose and olive blend
Their beauty in her face ;
She bears her in her high estate
With an imperial grace.
All gorgeous glows with orient gold
The broidery of her vest ;
With precious stones its purple fold
Is clasp'd upon her breast.
She gazes from her lattice forth :
What sees the lady there ?
A strange, wild beauty crowns the scene,—
But she has other care !

Far off, fair Moab's emerald slopes,
 And Jordan's lovely vale ;
And nearer,—heights where fleetest foot
 Of wild gazelle would fail ;
While crowning every verdant ridge,
 Like drifts of moonlit snow,
Rich palaces and temples rise,
 Around, above, below,
Gleaming through groves of terebinth,
 Of palm, and sycamore,
Where the swift torrents, dashing free,
 Their mountain music pour ;
And arch'd o'er all, the eastern heaven
 Lights up with glory rare
The landscape's wild magnificence ;—
 But she has other care !
Why flings she thus, with gesture fierce,
 Her silent lute aside ?
Some deep emotion chafes her soul
 With more than wonted pride ;
But, hark ! a sound has reach'd her heart,
 Inaudible elsewhere,
And hush'd to melting tenderness,
 The storm of passion there !
The far-off fall of fairy feet,
 That fly in eager glee ;

A voice, that warbles wildly sweet,
Some Hebrew melody!
She comes! her own Salomé comes!
Her pure and blooming child!
She comes, and anger yields to love,
And sorrow is beguiled:
Her singing bird! low nestling now
Upon the parent breast,
She murmurs of the monarch's vow
With girlish laugh and jest:—

I.

“Now choose me a gift and well!
There are so many joys I covet!
Shall I ask for a young gazelle?
'Twould be more than the world to me;
Fleet and wild as the wind,
Oh! how I would cherish and love it!
With flowers its neck I'd bind,
And joy in its graceful glee.

II.

“Shall I ask for a gem of light,
To braid in my flowing ringlets?
Like a star through the veil of night,
Would glisten its glorious hue;

Or a radiant bird, to close
Its beautiful, waving winglets
On my bosom in soft repose,
And share my love with you!"

She paused,—bewilder'd, terror-struck;
For, in her mother's soul,
Roused by the promise of the king
Beyond her weak control,
The exulting tempest of Revenge
And Pride raged wild and high,
And sent its storm-cloud to her brow,
Its lightning to her eye!
Her haughty lip was quivering
With anger and disdain,
Her beauteous, jewell'd hands were clench'd
As if from sudden pain.

"Forgive," Salomé faltering cried,
"Forgive my childish glee!
'Twas selfish, vain,—oh! look not thus,
But let me ask for *thee!*"
Then smiled—it was a deadly smile—
That lady on her child,
And, "Swear thou'lt do my bidding, now!"
She cried, in accents wild.

“ Ah! when, from earliest childhood’s hour,
Did I thine anger dare!
Yet, since an oath thy wish must seal,—
By Judah’s hope, I swear!”
Herodias stoop’d,—one whisper brief!—
Was it a serpent’s hiss,
That thus the maiden starts and shrinks
Beneath the woman’s kiss?
A moment’s pause of doubt and dread!
Then wild the victim knelt,—
“ Take, take *my* worthless life instead!—
Oh! if thou e’er hast felt
A mother’s love, thou canst not doom—
No, no! ’twas but a jest!
Speak!—speak! and let me fly once more,
Confiding, to thy breast!”
A hollow and sepulchral tone
Was hers who made reply:
“ The oath! the oath!—remember, girl!
’Tis register’d on high!”
Salomé rose,—mute, moveless stood
As marble, save in breath;
Half senseless in her cold despair,
Her young cheek blanched like death!
But an hour since, so joyous, fond,
Without a grief or care,

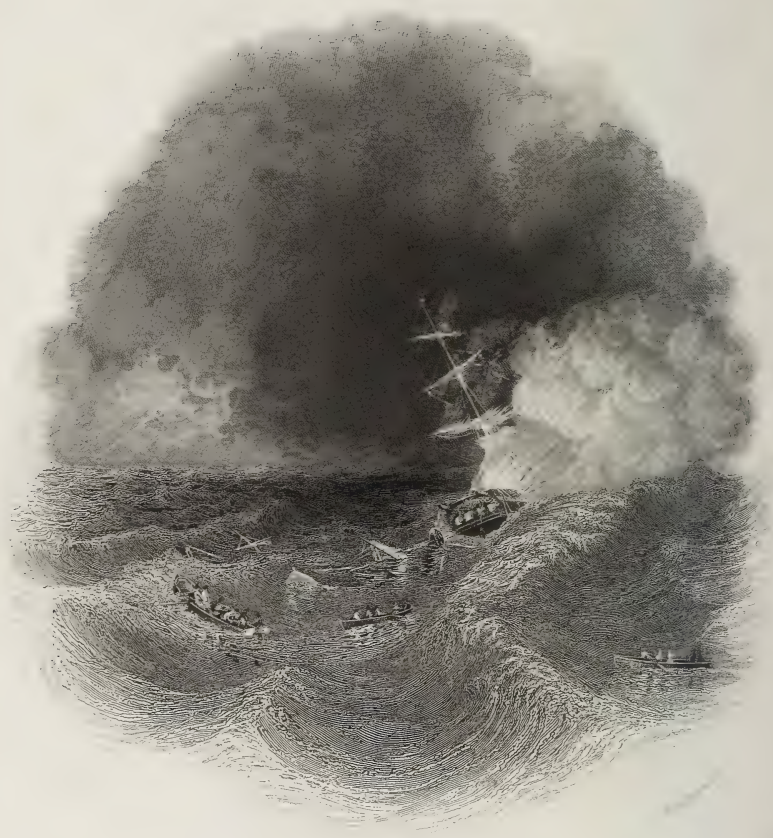
Now struck with wo unspeakable,—
How dread a change was there !
“It shall be done !” Was that the voice
That rang so gayly sweet,
When, innocent and blest she came,
But now, with flying fleet ?
“It shall be done !” She turns to go,
But, ere she gains the door,
One look of wordless, deep reproach
She backward casts,—no more !
But late she sprang the threshold o’er,
A light and blooming child ;
Now, reckless, in her grief she goes
A woman stern and wild.

III.

With pallid cheek, dishevell’d hair,
And wildly gleaming eyes,
Once more before the banqueters,
A fearful phantom flies !
Once more at Herod’s feet it falls,
And cold with nameless dread
The wondering monarch bends to hear.
A voice, as from the dead,
From those pale lips, shrieks madly forth,—
“Thy promise, king, I claim,

And if the grant be foulest guilt,—
Not mine, not mine the blame!
Quick, quick recall that reckless vow,
Or strike thy dagger here,
Ere yet this voice demands a gift
That chills my soul with fear!
Heaven's curse upon the fatal grace
That idly charm'd thine eyes!
Oh! better had I ne'er been born
Than he the sacrifice!
The word I speak will blanch thy cheek,
If human heart be thine,
It was a fiend in human form
That murmur'd it to mine.
To die for *me!* a thoughtless child!
For *me* must blood be shed!
Bend low,—lest angels hear me ask!—
Oh, God!—*the Baptist's head!*'





THE GREAT EASTERN

THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE thunder spirits sound on high
The storm's wild tocsin, loud and deep ;
And winds and waves, with maddening cry,
Fierce at the summons leap.
Flashes through heaven the lightning's wing ;
The blinding rains now swiftly pour ;
And the noble ship, a helpless thing,
Lies tossing toward the shore !
Now shriek the crew, "In mercy save !"
And rushing headlong to her side,
They launch the life-boat on the wave,
And tempt the fearful tide.
And there is One *above* the storm,
Who smiles upon that shallop light,
And sends an angel's viewless form
To guide the bark aright !
Boy ! in the storms that shake the soul,
Quail not ! there's still a life-boat nigh ;
In which the angel Faith's control
May Grief's wild waves defy.

SORROW AND JOY.

FOR ages circling with the accordant stars
To that immortal melody of love
By which all listening nature times her growth,
Our globe at last put forth its human flower ;
And man, the wondrous child of earth and heaven,
The consummation of created things,
Nursed into being by all elements
Celestial or terrene, perfected, breathed.
When lo ! entwined in beautiful embrace,
Two sister angels left the gates of heaven ;
And both were lovely, yet unlike as are
Our radiant day, and night that sadly braids
Her dark and dewy locks with stars for gems.
The one all light and gladness ; her soft hair,
Back floating from her child-like brow and eyes,
Had caught upon its waves the last warm ray
Of glory that stole through that closing gate ;
And with a song her smiling lips did part,
That told the heavenly rapture of her heart.
The other, in majestic silence hush'd,

Her pale, pure face all luminous with thought,
Still turn'd her dark and eloquent eyes to heaven,
While through their tears a dream of beauty shone.
And so the mission'd twain descended swift,
While 'neath that close embrace of tears and light
A lovely rainbow bloom'd in air, and spann'd
With luminous arch the Earth; and, on the bridge
Alighting, they survey'd their destined home.

Here still they wander, each by Heaven commission'd;
Sorrow and Joy, both equally divine.

But coward man from the sad spirit shrinks,
Who would so kindly take him by the hand
And teach him lessons of angelic love;
Who would up-lead his soul to wondrous scenes
Of joy and love unspeakable; who would fill
His heart with sacred tenderness and truth.
His eyes, that look this earth's gross dust, see not
The mournful seraph's more than mortal grace;
And even her radiant sister, "young-eyed" Joy.
He scarcely knows by name when she doth come,
Nor recognises as God's messenger;
Save when she turns, o'erwearied by his coldness,
To fly afar,—*then* would he fain recall her;
For by the glory playing o'er her locks,
That ray they caught from closing heaven, he knows
"He entertain'd an angel unaware."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

“Of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

AND yet we check and chide
The airy angels as they float about us,
With rules of so-call'd wisdom, till they grow
The same tame slaves to custom and the world.
And day by day the fresh frank soul that looked
Out of those wistful eyes, and smiling play'd
With the wild roses of that changing cheek,
And modulated all those earnest tones,
And danced in those light foot-falls to a tune
Heart-heard by them, inaudible to us,
Folds closer its pure wings, whereon the hues
They caught in heaven already pale and pine,
And shrinks amazed and scared back from our gaze.
And so the evil grows. The graceful flower
May have its own sweet way in bud and bloom—
May drink, and dare with upturn'd gaze the light,
Or nestle 'neath the guardian leaf, or wave
Its fragrant bells to ever-roving breeze,

Or wreath with blushing grace the fragile spray
In bashful loveliness. The wild wood-bird
May plume at will his wings, and soar or sing ;
The mountain brook may wind where'er it would,
Dash in wild music down the deep ravine,
Or, rippling drowsily in forest haunts,
Dream of the floating cloud, the waving flower,
And murmur to itself sweet lulling words
In broken tones so like the faltering speech
Of early childhood : but our human flowers,
Our soul-birds, caged and pining—they must sing
And grow, not as their own but our caprice
Suggests, and so the blossom and the lay
Are but half bloom and music at the best.
And if by chance some brave and buoyant soul,
More bold or less forgetful of the lessons
God taught them first, disdain the rule—the bar—
And, wildly beautiful, rebellious rise,
How the hard world, half startled from itself,
Frowns the bright wanderer down, or turns away,
And leaves her lonely in her upward path.
Thank God ! to such His smile is not denied.

A SERMON.

THOU discord in this choral harmony !
That dost profane the loveliest light and air
God ever gave : be still, and look, and listen !
Canst see yon fair cloud floating in the sun,
And blush not, watching its serener life ?
Canst hear the fragrant grass grow up toward God,
With low, perpetual chant of praise and prayer,
Nor grieve that your soul grows the other way ?
Forego that tone, made harsh by a hard heart,
And hearken, if you're not afraid to hearken,
Yon robin's careless carol, glad and sweet,
Mocking the sunshine with his merry trill :
Suppose you try to chord your voice with his—
But first, learn love and wisdom of him, lady !

How dare you bring your inharmonious heart
To such a scene ? How dare you let your voice
Talk out of tune so with the voice of God
In earth and sky ? The balmy air about you
Is Heaven's great gift, vouchsafed to you to make

Vocal with all melodious truths, and you
Fret it with false words from a falser soul,
And poison it with the breath of calumny !
Learn reverence, bold one, for true Nature's heart,
If not for that your sister woman bears !
For Nature's heart, pleading in every wave
That wastes its wistful music at your feet.

Take back your cold, inane, and carping mind
Into the world you came from and belong to—
The world of common cares and sordid aims :
These happy haunts can spare you, little one !
The dew-fed grass will grow as well without you,
The woodland choirs will scarce require your voice,
The starlit wave without your smile will glisten,
The proud patrician trees will miss you not.

Go, waste God's glorious boon of summer hours
Among your mates, as shallow, in small talk
Of dress, or weather, or the last elopement !
Go, mar the canvas with distorted face
Of dog or cat ; or worse, profanely mock,
With gaudy beads, the pure light-painted flower !
Go, trim your cap, embroider your visite,
Crocher a purse, do any petty thing ;
But, in the name of truth, religion, beauty,
Let Nature's marvellous mystery alone,
Nor ask such airs, such skies, to waste the wealth

They keep for nobler beings, upon you !
Or stay, and learn of every bird and bloom,
That sends its heart to heaven in song or sigh,
The lesson that you need—the law of love !

A MOTHER'S PRAYER IN ILLNESS.

YES, take them first, my Father ! Let my doves
Fold their white wings in heaven, safe on thy breast,
Ere I am call'd away : I dare not leave
Their young hearts here, their innocent, thoughtless hearts !
Ah ! how the shadowy train of future ills
Comes sweeping down life's vista as I gaze !

My May ! my careless, ardent-temper'd May—
My frank and frolic child, in whose blue eyes
Wild joy and passionate wo alternate rise ;
Whose cheek the morning in her soul illumes ;
Whose little, loving heart a word, a glance,
Can sway to grief or glee ; who leaves her play,
And puts up her sweet mouth and dimpled arms
Each moment for a kiss, and softly asks,

With her clear, flutelike voice, "Do you love me?"
Ah, let me stay! ah, let me still be by,
To answer her and meet her warm caress!
For I away, how oft in this rough world
That earnest question will be ask'd in vain!
How oft that eager, passionate, petted heart,
Will shrink abash'd and chill'd, to learn at length
The hateful, withering lesson of distrust!
Ah! let her nestle still upon this breast,
In which each shade that dims her darling face
Is felt and answer'd, as the lake reflects
The clouds that cross yon smiling heaven!—And thou,
My modest Ellen—tender, thoughtful, true;
Thy soul attuned to all sweet harmonies:
My pure, proud, noble Ellen! with thy gifts
Of genius, grace, and loveliness, half hidden
'Neath the soft veil of innate modesty,
How will the world's wild discord reach thy heart
To startle and appal! Thy generous scorn
Of all things base and mean—thy quick, keen taste,
Dainty and delicate—thy instinctive fear
Of those unworthy of a soul so pure,
Thy rare, unchildlike dignity of mien,
All—they will all bring pain to thee, my child!
And oh, if even their grace and goodness meet
Cold looks and careless greetings, how will all

The latent evil yet undisciplined
In their young, timid souls, forgiveness find?
Forgiveness, and forbearance, and soft chidings,
Which I, their mother, learn'd of Love to give!
Ah, let me stay!—albeit my heart is weary,
Weary and worn, tired of its own sad beat,
That finds no echo in this busy world
Which cannot pause to answer—tired alike
Of joy and sorrow, of the day and night:
Ah, take them first, my Father, and then me!
And for their sakes, for their sweet sakes, my Father,
Let me find rest beside them, at thy feet!

“ASHES OF ROSES.”

I PRAY'D that God would take my child—I could not bear
to see

The look of suffering, strange and wild, with which she
gazed on me:

I pray'd that God would take her back; but ah! I did not
know

What agony at last 'twould be to let my darling go.

She faded—faded in my arms, and with a faint, slow sigh,
Her fair, young spirit went away. Ah, God! I *felt* her die!
But oh! so lightly to her form Death's kindly angel came,
It only seem'd a zephyr pass'd, and quench'd a taper's
flame,—

A little *flower* might so have died!—so tranquilly she closed
Her lovely mouth, and on my breast her helpless head reposed.

Where'er I go, I hear her low and plaintive murmuring;
I feel her little fairy clasp around my finger cling,

For oh! it seem'd the darling dream'd that while she clung
to *me*,
Safe from all harm of death or pain she could not help but be;
That *I*, who watch'd in helpless grief my flower fade away,
That *I*—ah, heaven! had life and strength to keep her from
decay!

She clung there to the very last—I knew that all was o'er
Only because that dear, dear hand could press mine own no
more.

Oh God! give back, give back my child! but one, one
hour, that I

May tell her all my passionate love before I let her die!
Call not the prayer an impious one, for *Thou* didst fill my soul
With this fond, yearning tenderness, that nothing can control!
But say, instead, "Beside thy bed thy child's sweet spirit
glides,

For pitying love has heard the prayer which heavenly wis-
dom chides!"

I know—I know that she is blest: but oh! I pine to see
Once more the pretty, pleading smile she used to give to me;
I pine to hear that low, sweet *trill*, with which, whene'er I
came,

Her little, soft voice called to me, half welcome and half
blame!

I know her little heart is glad ; some gentle angel guides
 My loved one on her joyous way, where'er in heaven she glides ;
 Some angel far more wisely kind than ever I could be,
 With all my blind, wild, mother-love,—my Fanny, tends on
 thee !

And every sweet want of thy heart her care benign fulfils,
 And every whisper'd wish for me, with lulling love she stills.

Upborne by its own purity, thy light form floats away,
 And heaven's fair children round it throng, and woo thee to
 their play,

Where flowers of wondrous beauty rise, and birds of splendour rare,
 dour rare,

And balm and bloom and melody divinely fill the air.

I hush my heart, I hide my tears, lest he my grief should guess,
 Who watch'd thee, darling, day and night, with patient
 tenderness ;

'Twould grieve his generous soul to see this anguish, wild
 and vain,

And he would deem it sin in me to wish thee back again :

But oh ! when I am all alone, I cannot calm my grief ;

I think of all thy touching ways, and find a sweet relief :

Thy dark, blue, wishful eyes look up once more into my own ;

Thy faint, soft smile one moment plays—one moment thrills
 thy tone.

The next—the vision vanishes, and all is still and cold;
I see thy little, tender form—oh misery!—in the mould!
I shut my eyes, and pitying Heaven a happier vision gives,
Thy *spirit* dawns upon my dream—I know my treasure lives.

No, no—I must not wish thee back, but might I go to thee!
Were there no other loved ones here, who need my love and me;
I am so weary of the world—its falsehood and its strife—
So weary of the wrong and ruth that mar our human life!
Where *thou* art, Fanny, all is love and peace and pure delight;
The soul that here must *hide* its face—there lives serene in
right;

And ever, in its lovely path, some new, great truth divine,
Like a clear star, that dawns in heaven, undyingly doth shine.
My child, while joy and wisdom go through that calm sphere
with thee—

Oh, wilt thou not sometimes look back *my* pining heart to see?
For now a strange fear chills my soul—a feeling like despair—
Lest thou *forget* me mid those scenes—thou dost not *need*
me there;

Ah no: the spirit-love that look'd from those dear eyes of thine
Was not of earth—it could not die! It still responds to mine!
And it may be—(how thrills the hope through all my soul
again!)

That I may tend my child in heaven, since *here* my watch
was vain!

ASPIRATIONS.

I WASTE no more in idle dreams my life, my soul away ;
I wake to know my better self—I wake to watch and pray.
Thought, feeling, time, on idols vain I've lavish'd all too
 long:
Henceforth to holier purposes I pledge myself, my song!

Oh! still within the inner veil, upon the spirit's shrine,
Still unprofaned by evil, burns the one pure spark divine
Which God has kindled in us all, and be it mine to tend
Henceforth, with vestal thought and care, the light that lamp
 may lend.

I shut mine eyes in grief and shame upon the dreary past,
My heart, my soul pour'd recklessly on dreams that could
 not last.

My bark has drifted down the stream, at will of wind or
 wave,
An idle, light, and fragile thing that few had cared to save.

Henceforth the tiller Truth shall hold, and steer as Con-
science tells;

And I will brave the storms of Fate, though wild the ocean
swells.

I know my soul is strong and high, if once I give it sway;
I feel a glorious power within, though light I seem and gay.

Oh! laggard soul! unclosethine eyes. No more in luxury
soft

Of joy ideal waste thyself! Awake, and soar aloft!

Unfurl this hour thy mental wings which thou dost fold
too long;

Raise to the skies thy lightning gaze, and sing thy loftiest
song.

A DEAF GIRL RESTORED.

THE world—the beautiful world around,
A still, bright dream, stole silently by;
For a viewless fetter my senses bound,
And life—*my* life was one wistful sigh!

The hand of pity and wondrous skill
Has riven for ever that fearful chain,
And joy—wild, fathomless joy doth fill
My beating heart and my startled brain!

A world of melody wakes around,
Each leaf of the tree has its tremulous tone,
And the rippling rivulet's lullaby sound,
And the wood-bird's warble are all mine own!

But nothing—oh! nothing that I have heard,
Not the lay of the lark, nor the coo of the dove,
Can match, with its music, one fond, sweet word,
That thrills to my soul, from the lips I love!

Y

I dream'd of melody long before,
My yearning senses were yet unseal'd ;
I tried to fancy it o'er and o'er,
And thought its meaning at last reveal'd ;—

For suddenly down through a showery mist,
A rainbow stole with its shining span ;
And e'en while the flowers its soft feet kiss'd,
I read—" 'Tis a promise from God to man !"

A promise ? its glory had language then !
There was meaning and truth in each radiant line !
And I look'd on the heavenly band again,
To trace those letters of love divine.

Ah, no ! they were but to be *felt*, not *read*,
And when its soft colours were blent in the sun,
And one rich hue on the scene was shed,
I imagined that music and light were one !

Each tint, I thought, is an angel's tone,
And blending above us in chorus sweet,
With the *light* of creation its *hymn* goes on,
As the quivering colours in melody meet !

THE TALISMAN.

My darling child! beside my knee
She lingers, pleading low
For "just one more sweet fairy tale,
And then I'll let you go!"

"So listen, dear, and I will tell
How once to man was given,
An instrument so heavenly sweet
'Twas thought it *came* from heaven.

"So daintily its strings were wrought,
So exquisitely fine,
A breath from Him who made, could break
The talisman divine.

"So prompt, too, with its eloquent tones,
This rare device, they say,
That, without touch of human hands,
A wish could bid it play!

“In radiant Eden first ’twas heard,
Harmonious, mild, and clear ;
And at the sound, each singing-bird
Its warble hush’d, to hear.

“From thence, with varying melody,
But never with a tone
So pure, so free as then it had,
It pass’d from sire to son.

“And now, in murmurs soft and low
As rippling rills, it sang,
And now with wild, impassion’d flow,
Its clarion-music rang !

“If Love or Pity tuned the string,
Or Memory ask’d its aid,
Sweet, pleading notes, the charméd thing
In tender cadence play’d.

“If Anger touch’d the quivering chords
With trembling hand of fire,
What demon-tones—what burning words
Resounded from the lyre !

“But oh! when soft Forgiveness came,
And o’er the discord sigh’d,—
How like an angel’s lute of love
That fairy lyre replied!

“A fearful power the gift possess’d,
A power for good or ill;—
Each passion of the human breast
Could sweep the strings at will.

“And it could melt to softest tears,
Or madden into crime,
The hearts that heard its thrilling strains,
Wild, plaintive, or sublime.

“The oath within the murderer’s heart,
Fair childhood’s sinless prayer,
Hope’s eager sigh, Affection’s vow,
All found an echo there!

“What pity, that a gift so rich,
Attuned by love divine,
Was thus profaned by impious man,
At Guilt’s unhallow’d shrine!”

“Her eyes in innocent wonder raised,
As gravely still I spoke,
The child into my face had gazed,
But now the pause she broke :—

“ Oh! were it mine, that wondrous toy,
That but *a wish* could wake!
Mamma, ’twould be my pride, my joy,
Soft melody to make!

“The evil spirits, tempting youth,
Should ne’er approach my treasure,
I’d keep it pure for Love, for Truth,
For Pity, Hope, and Pleasure!

“And they should play so blest a strain
Upon the enchanted lyre,—
That heaven would claim it back again,
To join its own sweet choir.”

“Keep, keep, my child, that promise still,
‘The wondrous toy’ is thine!
E’en now thy spirit tuned it;—’tis
The human voice divine!

“ Oh! ask of Heaven to teach thy tongue
A true, a reverent tone,—
Full oft attuned to praise and prayer,
And still to vice unknown !

“ And rather be it mute for aye,
Than yield its music sweet
To Malice, Scorn, Impiety,
To Slander, or Deceit !

“ Degrade not *thou* the instrument
That God has given to thee,
But, till its latest breath be spent,
Let Conscience keep the key !”

THE SHUNAMITE.

“Is it well with those thou lovest ?
Is thy husband safe ? thy child ?
Pale, and lone, and sad, thou rovest !
Speak !” he said, in accents mild.

Agony and Faith were blending
In the mother’s trembling soul,
Human, heavenly thoughts, contending,
O’er her troubled spirit roll.

Pale in death, her darling boy
In that darken’d dwelling lay,
Blooming late with love and joy,
Now a soulless shape of clay.

Quivering with her deep emotion,
All in vain her cold lips part ;
But the still strength of devotion
Calms, at last, her heaving heart.

Lifting to unclouded heaven
Eyes whose tears she may not quell,—
Be her moment's doubt forgiven!—
Low she murmur'd, "It is well!"

PRAYERS OF THE CHILDREN.

"COME hither, George and Marion,
Come hither, Isabelle!"
Far off, the mother's voice, and low,
But on their *hearts* it fell.

And George—the rosy, dark-eyed rogue,
Came bounding at her will;
And Isabelle—the darling,
And Marion, meek and still.

"Now if you each one prayer to Heaven,
And only one, might say,
For what, my precious little ones,
Would you this moment pray?"

“Oh! I would pray that God would send
His bright heaven down to earth.
Nor take us from our tender friends,”
Said George, in thoughtless mirth.

“And I,” said loving Isabelle,
“Would ask, my darling mother,
That we might go together there—
Thou, Marion, I, and brother.”

Then Marion raised her thoughtful eyes—
Our little, dreaming nun—
“And thou?”—Serene the child replies,
“I’d say,—Thy will be done!”

THE SOUL'S APPEAL.

O FATHER! wandering far from home,
Lone, weary, lost, astray,
In dim and tangled paths I roam—
I cannot find the way.

And evil shapes beset my path,
And evil eyes I meet ;
I seek in vain my long-lost home,
With faltering pilgrim feet.

At rosy dawn I left, elate
With thoughtless joy and pride,
Afar thy golden palace gate
That swung, in music, wide.

And now 'tis noon, and weird, wild clouds
Are gathering in the sky,
Terrific thunder rolls around,
The storm goes sweeping by.

The flowers I found at early morn
Are wither'd in my hand ;
I hear a gliding serpent's hiss—
In doubt and dread I stand.

The seraph-shapes that walk'd with me
At sunrise, long have fled ;
The birdlike hopes that flew before,
On starry wings, are dead.

And yet, at times, a vision dawns
A down through vistas dim,
The lovely palace gleams afar,
Soft falls a faint, sweet hymn.

I see the shining turrets rise,
I hear my sisters sing ;
Ah me ! the sweet dream dims and dies
Ere I can wave my wing.

My Father ! look upon thy child,
Alone, athirst, astray—
O, take my helpless, outstretch'd hand,
And lead me home, I pray !

THE RAINBOW OF THE SOUL.

WHEN summer clouds are flying
 Before the king of day,
And tears to smiles replying,
 The moist leaves meet his ray:

How softly leans the rainbow
 Above the weeping flowers,
As if the Peris wove it
 In their aerial bowers:

To guard within its circle—
 Its mystic spell of love—
Their pure and pleading beauty
 From storms that rage above:

But holier seems its splendour,
 If Faith but whisper low,
In accents soft and tender,
 “'Tis God who bends the bow!”

The child of gloom and glory,
Of smiles and tears enwove ;
The blending of earth's sorrow
With heaven's joy and love.

The chain, the radiant garland,
That links this world of ours
With that unseen and far land
Where grow the rainbow's flowers.

And not when Nature, lonely,
Mourns for the smile of Heaven,
Not then, my Father, only
Thy promise how is given.

When to some sacred duty
We turn with soul intent,
Then beams that braid of beauty
About our path-way bent.

It spans the fount of Feeling,
In Pity's path it springs,
And floats o'er Love, revealing,
To Him, its *angel wings*.

When up through Sorrow's mourning
We trusting look to Thee,
In soften'd glory burning,
Hope's sunny bow we see.

When Error's clouds are riven,
And Truth's calm voice is heard,
It glides in light from heaven,
Like some celestial bird.

When o'er some fault or failing
Our tears repentant flow,
Its tenderest tints unveiling,
Descends that shining bow.

When Passion's storm is conquer'd,
And Peace looks smiling through,
Its glowing garland circles
The spirit pure and true.

But most—oh! most divinely,
When o'er a foe forgiven
We lean in love benignly,
The Iris bends from heaven.

Oh, Father! from all error
So clear our spirit's eyes
That we may see thy promise
For ever in the skies.

HYMN.

APPROACH not the altar
With gloom in thy soul;
Nor let thy feet falter
From terror's control!

God loves not the sadness
Of fear and mistrust;
Oh serve Him with gladness—
The Gentle, the Just!

His bounty is tender,
His being is Love,—
His smile fills with splendour
The blue arch above.

Confiding, believing,
Oh! enter always
“His courts with thanksgiving—
His portals with praise!”

Nor come to the temple
With pride in thy mien;
But lowly and simple,
In courage serene.

Bring meekly before Him
The faith of a child:
Bow down and adore him,
With heart undefiled;

And “by the still waters,”
And through the green shade,
With Zion’s glad daughters,
Thy path shall be made!

A HYMN AT SUNSET.

FATHER of all! *my* Father!

Oh, name revered and sweet!
Bend Thou benignly to my heart,
And hear its blissful beat.

It thanks thee fondly, fervently,
For all this changeful day,—
For the soft cloud, that floats through heaven,—
The wavelet's luminous play,—

The pleasant light,—the azure air,—
The balmy breath of flowers,—
For every bright and beautiful thing
That gilds the gliding hours:

For the calm, thoughtful tenderness
That watches o'er my way,
So truly and so trustfully,
I cannot go astray:

For the two little soul-flowers
Thou gavest to my care,
Who, to *my* spirit, pleading, look
For dew and light and air ;

And for that rare and dear delight,
All earthly joy above,
The frank and eloquent interchange
Of thought, with one I love ;—

But most I thank thee, Father !
With faith undimm'd and free,
For the deep, sacred, treasured *grief*,
Which brought me first to Thee !

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE HOME OF
THE FRIENDLESS.

THOU, whose love is always o'er us,
Wheresoe'er our wanderings be,—
Thou, whose angels float before us,
Viewless, luring all to Thee!—

Gazing through the clouds of sorrow,
With a pitying smile, whose ray
Paints thy promise for the morrow,
In the glowing rainbow's play:—

Thou, who speakest worlds to being,
Deign our humble HOME to bless!
Where the lone and friendless, fleeing,
Shall Thy guiding hand confess.

Unto Thee thus consecrating
Our glad work, in happy bands,
Here may we abide, awaiting
Thine own "house not made with hands."

GOD LOVES HIM STILL.

REMEMBER ye, who, in your pride,
A guilty brother cast aside,
All human hearts to love will thrill,
And though he sin—God loves him still!

God loves him still—and loves the more,
Because to all he knew before,
A heavier weight of wo and pain
Is added by your cold disdain.

Ah! once, in dimpled childhood's hour,
As pure, as guileless as the flower
That in his little hand he press'd,
He smiled—by all around caress'd!

Ye ne'er can know, how, ray by ray,
And tint by tint, in Life's affray,
His soul—a wilted, faded flower,
Has lost the light of childhood's hour!

Ye ne'er can know what mighty grief
Perchance in madness sought relief,
Or how, by Error led astray,
At last the wanderer *lost his way!*

Ye ne'er can know what wrong or strife
Has blurr'd for him the leaf of Life ;
But He who reads it—good or ill—
With pitying eyes—He loves him still !

Ah ! to *no* heart, though dark and drear
From Heaven it stray, can sin be dear !
And they, who most the siren know,
Must loathe the most her haunts of wo.

Beware, lest, while that erring heart,
By suffering learns "the better part,"
Your own, secure in pride, be steel'd,
And meet the judgment unanneal'd !

And thou, poor sinner, who dost know,
Of guilt, the shame, the wrong, the wo ;
Who feel'st too well that sin can claim
The only sorrow worth the name ;

Turn thou from those, who turn from thee —
From him who should thy brother be,
And while thou weep'st, with grateful thrill,
Look up to Heaven—God loves thee still!

MUSIC.

THE Father spake! In grand reverberations
Through space roll'd on the mighty music-tide,
While to its low, majestic modulations,
The clouds of chaos slowly swept aside.

The Father spake—a dream, that had been lying
Hush'd from eternity in silence there,
Heard the pure melody, and low replying,
Grew to that music in the wondering air—

Grew to that music—slowly, grandly waking,
Till bathed in beauty—it became a world!
Led by his voice, its spheric pathway taking,
While glorious clouds their wings around it furl'd.

Nor yet has ceased that sound, his love revealing,
 Though, in response, a universe moves by ;
Throughout eternity its echo pealing,
 World after world awakes in glad reply.

And wheresoever, in his grand creation,
 Sweet music breathes—in wave, or bird, or soul—
'Tis but the faint and far reverberation
 Of that great tune to which the planets roll.

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

A LIVING poem round me breathes
 Light, colour, melody, and air—
In all, divinest music wreathes,
 Through earth and sky—Creation's prayer.

The dreaming cloud sails by in heaven,
 Its gliding shadow dims the grass,
That tranquil takes whate'er is given,
 Breeze, shade, and sunshine as they pass ;

And ever as it grows, it sings
Its own sweet hymn of lowly love ;
Soft on its faintly fragrant wings,
The fairy murmur floats above.

The lightest chord of Nature's lyre,
For ever tuned to joy and praise !—
O, happy heart ! join *thou* the choir—
With breeze and bird the anthem raise.

As meekly springs the dew-fed grass,
With softest song, through shade and shine,
Oh ! trustful let the shadows pass,
And grow to meet the light divine.

THE SOUL'S LAMENT FOR HOME.

As 'plains the home-sick ocean-shell,
Far from its own remember'd sea,
Repeating, like a fairy spell
Of love, the charméd melody
It learn'd within that whispering wave,
Whose wondrous and mysterious tone
Still wildly haunts its winding cave
Of pearl, with softest music-moan—

So asks my home-sick soul below,
For something loved, yet undefined;
So mourns to mingle with the flow
Of music, from the Eternal Mind;
So murmurs, with its child-like sigh,
The melody it learn'd above,
To which no echo may reply,
Save from thy voice, Celestial Love!

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

MOTHER of the spirit-child !

Of the guileless and the meek
Mournful are thine eyes, but mild

With a beauty from above ;

Pale, but eloquent with love,

Thy youthful brow and cheek !

Thou, oh ! thou hast known a parent's wasting grief !

A suppliant parent kneels, imploring thy relief !

By the pure and solemn joy

Filling all thy maiden breast,

When the precious heaven-born boy,

Glowing with celestial charms,

Lay within those virgin arms

A bright and wondrous guest !

Hear, in mercy, hear the faltering voice of grief !

A suppliant mother kneels, imploring thy relief !

By thine anguish in that hour,
Hour of wo and dread, when Death
Dared to stay the awful power,
High, majestic, yet benign ;
Dared to seal the truths divine
Which dwelt upon his breath !
By thy hope, thy trust, thy rapture, and thy grief,
Oh ! sainted Marie ! send this breaking heart relief !







BALLADS AND TALES.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

DEAR little wanderer, dancing along,
Now with a silver laugh, now with a song ;
Little that loving heart, guileless and gay,
Dream'd of the evils that darken'd thy way !

Soft from the crimson hood floated her hair,
Changing to gold in the sun-lighted air ;
Blue as the hare-bell that, as she tripp'd by,
Kiss'd her light feet in love, shone her young eye—

Bright as yon rivulet glanced to the day,
Dimpled her cheek in her smile's sunny play.
Oh, 'tis a fable 'twere sin to believe !
How could the wolf such a darling deceive ?

Say that she met him there ! that may be so—
Innocence walks not unperill'd below—

But, on the faith of a poet, the rest
Is but a libel and should be suppress'd.

Say that she met him there, face unto face!
Soft o'er the savage, the magic of grace,
Sweetness and purity, beauty and love,
Stole to his heart like the coo of a dove.

One earnest look of those eloquent eyes—
One music-tone of her childish surprise—
Melted the iron of evil design
Into soft homage for grace so divine;

And if he spoke to her—so goes the tale—
These must have been the words growl'd on the gale:
“Flower of the spring-tide, graceful and wild,
Never come harm to thee, beautiful child!

Speed on thine errand, unconscious of art,
Bloom on thy young cheek, and love in thy heart!
Bare to the sunset those soft waving curls,
Fearless and frolicsome, fairest of girls!
See how yon changing sky fades with the day!
Little Red Riding-Hood, haste on thy way!”

THE LIFE-VOYAGE.

ONCE in the olden time there dwelt,
Beside the sounding sea,
A little maid—her garb was coarse,
Her spirit pure and free.

Her parents were an humble twain,
And poor as poor could be ;
Yet gayly sang the guileless child,
Beside the sounding sea.

The hut was bare, and scant the fare,
And hard her little bed ;
But she was rich ! A single gem
Its beauty round her shed.

She walk'd in light !—'twas all her wealth—
That pearl, whose lustrous glow
Made her white forehead dazzling fair,
And pure as sunlit snow.

Her parents died! With tears she cried,
 "God will my father be!"
Then launch'd alone her shallop light,
 And bravely put to sea.

The sail she set was virgin-white,
 As inmost lily leaf,
And angels whisper'd her from heaven,
 To loose it or to reef.

And ever on the dancing prow
 One glorious brilliant burn'd,
By whose clear ray she read her way,
 And every danger learn'd:

For she had hung her treasure there,
 Her heaven-illumined pearl!
And so she steer'd her lonely bark,
 That fair and guileless girl!

The wind was fresh, the sails were free,
 High dash'd the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping o'er the sea,
 The light skiff left the bay!

But soon false, evil spirits came,
And strove, with costly lure,
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

They swarm'd around the fragile boat,
They brought her diamonds rare,
To glisten on her graceful throat,
And bind her flowing hair!

They brought her gold from Afric-land,
And from the sea-king's throne
They pilfer'd gems, to grace her hand
And clasp her virgin zone.

But still she shook the silken curl
Back from her beaming eyes,
And cried—"I bear my spotless pearl
Home, home to yonder skies!

"Now shame ye not your ocean gems
And Eastern gold to show?
Behold! how mine outburns them all!
God's smile is in its glow!"

Fair blows the wind, the sail swells free,
High shoots the diamond spray,
And merrily o'er the murmuring sea
The light boat leaps away!

They swarm'd around the fragile bark,
They strove with costlier lure
To bribe her maiden heart to shame,
And win her jewel pure.

“We bring thee rank—we bring thee power—
We bring thee pleasures free—
No empress, in her silk-hung bower,
May queen her realm like thee!

“Now yield us up the one white pearl!
'Tis but a star, whose ray
Will fail thee, rash, devoted girl,
When tempests cloud thy way.”

But still she smiled a loftier smile,
And raised her frank, bright eyes,
And cried—“I bear my vestal star
Home, home to yonder skies!”

The wind is fresh—the sail swells free—
High shoots the diamond spray!
And merrily o'er the moaning sea
The light boat leaps away!

Suddenly, stillness broods around,
A stillness as of death,
Above, below—no motion, sound!
Hardly a struggling breath!

Then wild and fierce the tempest came,
The dark wind-demons clash'd
Their weapons swift—the air was flame!
The waves in madness dash'd!

They swarm'd around the tossing boat—
“Wilt yield thy jewel *now*?
Look! look! already drench'd in spray,
It trembles at the prow.

“Be *ours* the gem! and safely launch'd
Upon a summer sea,
Where never cloud may frown in heaven,
Thy pinnace light shall be!”

But still she smiles a fearless smile,
And raised her trusting eyes,
And cried—"I bear my talisman
Home, home to yonder skies!"

And safe through all that blinding storm
The true bark floated on,
And soft its pearl-illumined prow
Through all the tumult shone!

An angel, guided through the clouds
By that most precious light,
Flew down the fairy helm to take,
And steer the boat aright.

Then died the storm upon the sea!
High dash'd the diamond spray,
And merrily leaping, light and free,
The shallop sail'd away.

And meekly, when at eve her bark
Its destined port had found,
She moor'd it by the mellow spark
Her jewel shed around!

Wouldst know the name the maiden wore?

'Twas Innocence—like thine!

Wouldst know the pearl she nobly bore?

'Twas Truth—a gem divine!

Thou hast the jewel—keep it bright,

Undimm'd by mortal fear,

And bathe each stain upon its light

With Grief's repentant tear!

Still shrink from falsehood's fairest guise,

By flattery unbeguiled!

Still let thy heart speak from thine eyes,

My pure and simple child!

DREAM-MUSIC; OR, THE SPIRIT-LUTE.

THERE—Pearl of Beauty! lightly press,
With yielding form, the yielding sand;
And while you sift the rosy shells,
Within your dear and dainty hand,

Or toss them to the heedless waves,
That reckon not how your treasures shine,
As oft you waste on careless hearts
Your fancies, touch'd with light divine,

I'll sing a lay—more wild than gay—
The story of a magic lute;
And as I sing, the waves shall play
An order'd tune, the song to suit.

In silence flow'd our grand old Rhine;
For on his breast a picture burn'd,
The loveliest of all scenes that shine
Where'er his glorious course has turn'd.

That radiant morn the peasants saw
A wondrous vision rise in light,
They gazed, with blended joy and awe—
A castle crown'd the beetling height !

Far up amid the amber mist,
That softly wreathes each mountain-spire,
The sky its cluster'd columns kiss'd,
And touch'd their snow with golden fire ;

The vapour parts—against the skies,
In delicate tracery on the blue,
Those graceful turrets lightly rise,
As if to music there they grew !

And issuing from its portal fair,
A youth descends the dizzy steps ;
The sunrise gilds his waving hair,
From rock to rock he lightly leaps—

He comes—the radiant, angel-boy !
He moves with more than human grace ;
His eyes are fill'd with earnest joy,
And heaven is in his beauteous face.

And whether bred the stars among,
Or in that luminous palace born,
Around his airy footsteps hung
The light of an immortal morn.

From steep to steep he fearless springs,
And now he glides the throng amid,
So light, as if still play'd the wings
That 'neath his tunic sure are hid!

A fairy lute is in his hand—
He parts his bright, disorder'd hair,
And smiles upon the wondering band,
A strange, sweet smile, with tranquil air.

Anon, his blue, celestial eyes
He bent upon a youthful maid,
Whose looks met his in still surprise,
The while a low, glad tune he play'd—

Her heart beat wildly—in her face
The lovely rose-light went and came;
She clasp'd her hands with timid grace,
In mute appeal, in joy and shame!

Then slow he turn'd—more wildly breathed
The pleading lute, and by the sound
Through all the throng her steps she wreathed,
As if a chain were o'er her wound.

All mute and still the group remain'd,
And watch'd the charm, with lips apart,
While in those linkéd notes enchain'd,
The girl was led, with listening heart :—

The youth ascends the rocks again,
And in his steps the maiden stole,
While softer, holier grew the strain,
Till rapture thrill'd her yearning soul !

And fainter fell that fairy tune ;
Its low, melodious cadence wound,
Most like a rippling rill at noon,
Through delicate lights and shades of sound :

And with the music, gliding slow,
Far up the steep, their garments gleam ;
Now through the palace gate they go ;
And now—it vanish'd like a dream !

Still frowns above thy waves, O Rhine!
The mountain's wild terrific height,
But where has fled the work divine,
That lent its brow a halo-light?

Ah! springing arch and pillar pale
Had melted in the azure air!
And she—the darling of the dale—
She too had gone—but how—and where?

Long years roll'd by—and lo! one morn,
Again o'er regal Rhine it came,
That picture from the dream-land borne,
That palace built of frost and flame.

Behold! within its portal gleams
A heavenly shape—oh! rapturous sight!
For lovely as the light of dreams
She glides adown the mountain-height!

She comes! the loved, the long-lost maid!
And in her hand the charmed lute;;
But ere its mystic tune was play'd
She spake—the peasants listen'd mute—

She told how in that instrument
Was chain'd a world of wingéd dreams ;
And how the notes that from it went
Revealed them as with lightning gleams ;

And how its music's magic braid
O'er the unwary heart it threw,
Till he or she whose dream it play'd
Was forced to follow where it drew.

She told how on that marvellous day
Within its changing tune she heard
A forest-fountain's plaintive play,
A silver trill from far-off bird ;

And how the sweet tones, in her heart,
Had changed to promises as sweet,
That if she dared with them depart,
Each lovely hope its heaven should meet.

And then she play'd a joyous lay,
And to her side a fair child springs,
And wildly cries—" Oh ! where are they !
Those singing-birds, with diamond wings ?"

Anon a loftier strain is heard,
A princely youth beholds his dream ;
And by the thrilling cadence stirr'd,
Would follow where its wonders gleam.

Still play'd the maid—and from the throng—
Receding slow—the music drew
A choice and lovely band along—
The brave—the beautiful—the true !

The sordid—worldly—cold—remain'd,
To watch that radiant troop ascend ;
To hear the fading fairy strain ;
To see with heaven the vision blend !

And ne'er again, o'er glorious Rhine,
That sculptured dream rose calm and mute ;
Ah ! would that now once more 'twould shine,
And *I* could play the fairy lute !

I'd play, Marié, the dream I see,
Deep in those changeful eyes of thine,
And thou perforce should'st follow *me*,
Up—up where life is all divine !

LUCY'S GEM.

“YOU’VE read, my pet, in olden story,
That oft o’er royal infant’s bed,
Some mystic gift of grace or glory
By fairy hands was shed.

“I know a child in modern days,
Who, when a baby, thus was bless’d;
But ’twas by One of rarer skill
Than fays of old possess’d.

“This Being, kind as powerful, lent
The child two wondrous living gems,
More precious than the costliest stone
In Eastern diadems.”

“Mamma! and were they all her own?
And might she always with them play?
What colour were the toys, mamma?
What kind of stones were they?”

“Two beaming sapphires! Heaven’s own light
And colour shone within them soft;
But clouds would o’er them flit at times,
And dew would dim them oft.

“Each in an ivory casket kept,
Whose lid was moved on viewless hinge,
With azure scroll-work all inlaid,
And trimm’d with silken fringe.

“Sometimes the child the caskets lock’d,
And kept them closed for many an hour;
And none could lift the little lids,
Save the kind Giver’s power.

“But then, when He commanded her
To ope each tiny oval case,
The gems within, by some strange charm,
Had gain’d new light and grace.

“And fair they shone from morn till night,
Those treasures, ’neath the lifted lid;
But when the gems of heaven came out,
The gems of earth were hid;

“For oh! so delicately wrought,
So dainty, and so pure were they,
The lamp-light and the evening air
Would dim their azure ray.

“In each white case a magic well,
A little, fairy, charméd thing,
At times, to bathe the jewels, pour'd
Its never-failing spring.

“But more amazing gifts than these,
Each tiny talisman possess'd;
Now was she not a favour'd child,
To be so richly bless'd?

“No sooner did she raise the lid,
Than suddenly, in each gem of light,
A perfect little picture came,
In colours pure and bright!

“'Twas painted with consummate art,
'Twas copied with a skill divine,
From whatsoever chanced, just then,
Before the gem to shine.

“Was it a friend’s belovéd face ?

Not Raphael’s self the breathing form
With such celestial truth could trace,
So life-like, bright, and warm !

“Was it a landscape ? Lo ! within

Her jewels waved the foliage green,—
Hill, river, cot, and cloud were there,
And heaven o’erarch’d the scene.

“All day, the great, good sun for them

New pictures of delight would weave,
‘The crimson coming of the morn,
The funeral pomp of eve.’

“The tiniest flower that deck’d the bower,

Was imaged in each azure gem ;
For them the rainbow smiled from heaven ;
The stars came out for them !

“But oh ! most wonderful of all !

These faithful friends to none betray’d
The shifting pageant, as it pass’d,
Save to the little maid.

“When others gazed, they only saw
A deep blue light, that softly smiled,
Untroubled, save at times by tears,
Shed o'er them by the child.

“Though deep within, e'en while they look'd,
The mimic diorama play'd,
The gazers could but guess at it,
It smiled but on the maid.”

“Mamma! mamma! who was the child?”
“Her name, my love, was Lucy Grey.”
“Why! that's *my* name! you *know*, mamma,
I've no such toys as they!”

“Indeed you have! This very hour,
There is a portrait in them drawn
Of one you love. Go now, my child,
And shut them till the dawn.”

“O sweet mamma! I've caught you now;
You needn't try to look demure;
You've made a cunning story out;
But I am right, I'm sure.

“*Yours* is the portrait painted there,
In colours beautiful and bright ;
I’ll shut you up, and keep you in,
To dream about ! Good-night !”

“Stay, Lucy, love ; you’ll not forget,
When you repeat your nightly prayer,
To thank the Giver of all good
For gifts so rich, so fair ?”

“No, dear mamma ! and I will try
To keep my spirit pure and true,
That so the costly gems He gave
Lose not their heavenly hue.”

THE LUTIN-STEED.

OLD Margaret's wither'd features

Gleam in the red firelight :

“Now stay with me, my grandsons three ;

Why wend ye forth to-night ?

“The Mistral's mighty wing—

Hark ! how it shakes the roof !

This eve the fairy Sabbath is,

And *souls* should keep aloof.

“The Lutins are abroad,

In thousand forms of might,

To mock the feeble faith of man ;—

Ye shall not forth to-night !”

Out spake the eldest proudly,

And toss'd his cluster'd curls,—

“I go to meet my Jacqueline,

My blue-eyed girl of girls !”

Out spake the second loudly,
 “Nor Lutin, elf, or fay,
 Shall keep me from the beach to-night,
 Where foams the flashing spray!”

“And thou, my fair-hair’d darling,
 My beautiful and bright!
 Of stories fine, great store have I,—
Thou wilt not forth to-night?”

“Nay, grandam!” lisp’d the loved one,
 With playful, pleading look,
 “Thy legends keep till I come back
 With blossoms from the brook!”

* * * *
 * * * *

“They’re gone!” old Margaret murmur’d,
 And fierce the Mistral blew,
 And spirit voices echo’d round,
 “Gone! gone!” the long night through.

* * * *
 * * * *

“She talk’d of wind and tempest,”
The careless wanderers cried,—
“Now never walk’d the moon in heaven
With more resplendent pride.

“Ha! there’s old Caspar’s horse,
His mane like midnight flows;
Mount! mount! away, my little steed!
How gallantly he goes!

“He’ll bear us to the fountain;
We’ll have a glorious ride!”
“Oh! brothers dear—I fear—I fear!”
The youthful Adolphe cried,—

“He goes not to the fountain;
I hear the sea-waves roar;
And hark! the tempest raves above;
And see! the rain doth pour!

“Oh! turn him!—turn him homeward!
How wild—how fast he flies!
It is—it is—a Lutin-steed!
And he who rides him—dies!”

They strove in vain to turn him,
They strove to check his speed ;
The lightning glares—the thunder howls
Around the demon-steed !

The ocean heaves before him—
He neighs with fiendish joy ;
His flaming hoofs have touch'd the beach—
Heaven save that hapless boy !

The cold waves kiss their white lips,
And deeper yet they go ;
The cold waves close above their heads,—
And drown that shriek of wo !—

* * * *

* * * *

The maiden at her lattice,—
The grandam at her door,—
And morning on the misty hills !—
But they come never more !

THE LOVER'S LIST.

“COME, sit on this bank so shady,
Sweet Evelyn, sit with me;
And count me your loves, fair lady—
How many may they be?”

The maiden smiled on her lover,
And traced, with her dimpled hand,
Of names a dozen and over
Down in the shining sand.

“And now,” said Evelyn, rising,
“Sir Knight! your own, if you please;
And if there be no disguising,
The list will outnumber these.

“Then count me them truly, rover!”
And the noble knight obey'd;
And of names a dozen and over
He traced within the shade.

Fair Evelyn pouted proudly ;
She sigh'd, "Will he never have done?"
And at last she murmur'd loudly,
"I thought he would write but *one*!"

"Now read," said the gay youth rising ;
"The scroll—it is fair and free ;
In truth, there is no disguising
That list is the world to me!"

She read it with joy and wonder,
For the first was her own sweet name ;
And again and again written under,
It was still—it was still the same !

It began with—"My Evelyn fairest !"
It ended with—"Evelyn best !"
And epithets fondest and dearest
Were lavish'd between on the rest.

There were tears in the eyes of the lady
As she swept, with her delicate hand,
On the river-bank cool and shady,
The list she had traced in the sand.

There were smiles on the lip of the maiden
As she turn'd to her knight once more,
And the heart was with joy o'erladen
That was heavy with doubt before!

DE WARRENNE BEFORE KING EDWARD.

“Now what our laggard Earl befalls,
In woodland, wold, or pleasaunce,
When royal Edward's edict calls
His nobles to the presence?”

From casque to spur his armour shone,
With princely tread he enter'd;
Straight to the throne he stalk'd alone,
All eyes upon him centred.

With clank of spur and clang of sword,
Right martial was his bearing,
And in the face of his liege lord
He look'd with dauntless daring.

So calm his glance, so grand his mien,
No whisper dared deride him ;
But dark the monarch lower'd, I ween,
On him who thus defied him.

Then knelt the Earl, but on his knee
Outking'd the king before him ;
And less a subject seem'd than he,
So royally he bore him.

The gathering storm in Edward's soul
Flash'd out his bent brows under,
And sudden burst from all control
His voice's startling thunder.

“What traitor braves us thus?” he cried ;
“What means this martial clangour ?”
The courtier circle drew more wide,
To shun his savage anger :—

“What ho, Sir Earl ! thy vaunted right
To every rood thou claimest
Make clear as light, or in our sight
Thy name and fame thou shamest !”

Updrew the Earl his stalwart frame,
And calm his sword unsheathing,
Match'd gleam of steel with word of flame
His haughty spirit breathing.

“When *courage* was the king, my liege,
Of lands, my sires, to gain them,
With this sword wrote their title-deeds;
This sword shall still maintain them!”

He won the day! From heart to heart
The electric fire was flying!
A hundred weapons round him start,
The tyrant's power defying!

So one great will all else commands;
By right and might well shielded,
De Warrenne nobly kept his lands,
Nor theirs the barons yielded.

ZARIFA.

SUGGESTED BY A SPANISH STORY.

I CANNOT keep the tears back ;
The tears, that should not flow
For one who wantonly could grieve
A heart that loved him so.

I cannot keep the tears back ;
The bitter, bitter tears,
For the sweet memories of the past,
The fond, fond love of years.

For many days I doubted—
Would God it still were so !
Would God there were a gleam of doubt
O'er all that now I know !

For many days I doubted ;
But when he soothed my grief
With fond assurances of truth,
Could I deny belief ?

It is not that another lures
His loyal love from me ;
Though well I know she's lovelier far
Than ever I could be.

And well I know the little grace
That won his passion brief,
Is worn from *my* frail form and face,
By sickness and by grief.

No thought like this could make them flow,
These bitter, bitter tears,
O'er the dear memories of the past,
The fond, fond love of years.

Not this—though it has blighted
The one sweet hope I knew,
That if a world beside were false,
His generous heart was true.

It is the unexplain'd distrust,
The studied, strange neglect ;
Ah! only for a lover lost,
My pride these tears had check'd!

But with his love, his friendship fled,
And that I scarce can bear ;
For I would be a friend to *him*,
Through every joy and care.

And oh ! I pine to see his face,
And hear his gentle tone ;
And he is near—yet comes not here,—
And I must weep alone.

I would not blame him by a look ;
For if I e'er had met
A more heroic heart than his,
I also might forget !

But I cannot keep the tears back,
The bitter, bitter tears,
O'er all the memories of the past,
The fond, fond love of years.

I cannot keep the tears back,
And yet they should not flow
For one who wantonly could wound
A heart that loved him so.

FLORAL FANCIES.

THE FLOWER LOVE-LETTER.

BLUSHING and smiling! do ye so,
Delicious flowers, because you know
To whose dear heart you soon shall go?
Ah, give my message well and true,
And such a smile shall guerdon you!
His smile, within whose luminous glow,
As in the sun, you ought to grow!

Rose! tell him—what *I* dared not tell,
When last we met—how wildly well
I love him—how my glad heart glows,
Recalling every word he spake,
(Remember that, thou radiant Rose!)
In that sweet bower beside the lake.

Be sure you blush and speak full low,
Else you'll seem over bold, I trow;

Then hide you thus, with winsome grace,
Behind those leaves—your glowing face;
But through them send a perfumed sigh,
That to his very heart shall fly.

And thou, my fragrant Lotos-flower,
With balmy whisper seek his bower,
And say, "Zuleika sends in me
A spirit kiss—a seal—to bind
Thy favour'd lips to secrecy;
Oh, hide the heart she has resign'd,
Nor let the world, with gibe or scorn,
Cloud her young Love's effulgent morn."

Then, Lily, shrink in silence meek,
And let my glorious Tulip speak!
And speak *thou*, bright one, brave and bold,
Lest my Rose show me over weak;
With stately grace around thee fold
Thy royal robe of gleaming gold,
And tell him I, the Emir's child—
With frame so slight, and heart so wild,
Still treasure, 'neath this gemm'd cymar,
Proud honour's gem—a stainless star;
And pure as Heaven his soul must be,
And true as Truth, who'd mate with me.

And if he answer—as he will—
My faith on *that*—"I seek her still,"

Then do thou ring, my blue-bell flower,
Thy joyous peal, and softly say,
“Oh, wreath with bridal bloom the bower!
For by to-morrow’s earliest ray,
From tyrant’s cage—a bird set free,
Zuleika flies—and flies to thee!”

But if you mark, in those proud eyes,
A shade—the least—of scorn arise,
Or even doubt, the faintest hue—
Ah, heaven! you will not!—if you do,
Shrink, wither, perish, in his sight,
And murmur, ere you perish quite,
“’Tis we—the flower-sylphs—here we dwell,
Each in her own light-painted cell—
’Tis *we* who made this idle tale!
At us—at us—oh, false one, rail!
The Emir’s child would rather die,
Than breathe for thee one burning sigh;
She scorns thy suit and bids us say,
The eaglet holds, *alone*, her way”—
Then wither, perish in his sight,
And leave me to my starless night!

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

CAN this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roam'd the wood—we climb'd the hill—
We rested by the rushing rill—
And, lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!
We call'd the sweet wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came.
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
We only bade the pretty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes
They needn't show their bashful faces;
“One sigh,” we said, “one fragrant sigh,
We'll soon discover where you lie!”
The roguish things were still as death—
They wouldn't even breathe a breath.

Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear.

We wander'd to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,—
That, so delighted, in your face
Just like a pleasant smile looks up.
We peep'd into a shady spot
To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That, softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call.
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we, delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violets loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair floating on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find.
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,

The orchis 'neath the hawthorn-tree,
The blue-bell, and anemone,
The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers! why don't you speak?
We have not found a flower to-day,—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!

You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray?
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
 And worth all Nature's blooming wealth!
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
 You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumines the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright,—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young and gay
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!

For gentle feelings, love, are flowers
That bloom through life's most clouded hours.
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
“Can this be May? Can this be May?”

THE PRISM, THE FLOWER, AND THE
SUNBEAM.

ROUND a lattice low, to twine,
Rose a graceful eglantine;
And within the window near
Hung a prism cold and clear,
Where a spirit dwelt apart,
With a proud but pining heart,
Like a weary,
Languid Peri,
Captive in a diamond palace,
Catching sunbeams in a chalice.

Came from heaven a rover-ray,
Half for love and half for play ;
Then, in cadence calm and high,
Sang the spirit, " Hither fly !
I thy blooming love will be,
Radiant angel ! shine on *me* ! "

To her bosom, white and cold,
Stole the ray his wings to fold,
And the prism glow'd a while
With the glory of his smile ;
While the sprite, where'er she turn'd,
With triumphant beauty burn'd.

On her heart so still and cold
Waves the ray his locks of gold,
Pining for the warmer sky ;
But he knows not how to fly.
For the viewless diamond door,
Where he enter'd, opes no more ;
And within that crystal cage,
With a fine and dainty rage,
He goes storming here and there,
While his wings of splendour rare
Beat the bars, and brighter glow
As he flutters to and fro,
Till each kindling, waving plume
Fills the cage with rainbow-bloom.

Paler in her peerless pride
Grew the spirit, as she sigh'd,
"Go! thou glorious bird of heaven!
Go! the transient spell is riven.
Life and light wert thou to me;
I may perish—thou art free!"
Then the sunbeam found the door,
And the prism shone no more!
But, ah me, that rover-ray,
Once again he lost his way;
For a bud of eglantine
Saw his passing pinions shine,
And she murmur'd, low and sweet,
"Now, at last, this heart may beat!
Darling! I have dream'd of thee—
Well I know thou com'st to me;
I have waited for thy light,
So that I may bloom aright."

So the sunbeam loved the flower
One whole, glorious summer hour!
And the wild-rose all the while
Drank the beauty of his smile,
Giving back, in loveliest hues,
While their beings interfuse,
All the joy and light he brought
When her virgin heart he sought.

And she made of love's dear charm,
Her sweet hours all bloom and balm,
Showing by a lovely life,
Unprofaned by fear or strife,
That her radiant angel stole
Glowing to her soul of soul.

When his wings were plumed to fly,
On them, in one perfumed sigh,
Pour'd the flower her passionate sorrow,
Withering, dying ere the morrow ;
But, unlike the prism, kept
His bright memory where he slept,
Blushing purely to the last,
In remembrance of the past.

Which the sunbeam worshipp'd best
She upon whose haughty breast,
Uncaress'd and chill'd he play'd,
While his wings her glory made ?
Or the little fragile flower,
Dreaming in her dewy bower,
Till her angel-lover came,
With his holy heart of flame,
Warming hers to life and beauty,
Making love her dearest duty,
While her sweet hours, with its charm,
Had become all bloom and balm ?

THE VIOLET AND THE STAR.

SHALL I tell what the Violet said to the Star,
While she gazed through her tears on his beauty afar?
She sang, but her singing was only a sigh,
And nobody heard it, but Heaven, Love, and I!—
A sigh full of fragrance and feeling, it stole
Through the stillness, up, up, to the star's beaming soul.

She sang—"Thou art glowing with glory and might,
And I'm but a flower, frail, lowly, and light;
I ask not thy pity, I seek not thy smile;
I ask but to worship thy beauty a while;—
To sigh to thee—sing to thee—bloom for thine eye,
And when thou art weary to bless thee and die!"

Shall I tell what the Star to the Violet said,
While ashamed 'neath his love-look, she hung her young head?
He sang—but his singing was only a ray,
And none but the flower and I heard the dear lay;
How it thrill'd, as it fell, in its melody clear,
Through the little heart, heaving with rapture and fear!

Ah! no, love! I dare not! too tender, too pure,
For me to betray were the words he said to her;
But as she lay listening that low lullaby,
A smile lit the tear in the timid flower's eye;
And when death had stolen her beauty and bloom,
The ray came again to illumine her tomb!

GARDEN GOSSIP,

ACCOUNTING FOR THE COOLNESS BETWEEN THE LILY AND VIOLET.

“I WILL tell you a secret!” the honey-bee said,
To a violet drooping her dew-laden head;
“The lily's in love! for she listen'd last night,
While her sisters all slept in the holy moonlight,
To a zephyr that just had been rocking the rose,
Where, hidden, I hearken'd in seeming repose.

“I would not betray her to any but you;
But the secret is safe with a spirit so true,
It will rest in your bosom in silence profound.”
The violet bent her blue eye to the ground;
A tear and a smile in her loving look lay,
While the light-wingéd gossip went whirring away.

“I will tell you a secret!” the honey-bee said,
And the young lily lifted her beautiful head;
“The violet thinks, with her timid blue eye,
To pass for a blossom enchantingly shy,
But for all her sweet manners, so modest and pure,
She gossips with every gay bird that sings to her.

“Now let me advise you, sweet flower! as a friend,
Oh! ne'er to such beings your confidence lend;
It grieves me to see one, all guileless like you,
Thus wronging a spirit so trustful and true;
But not for the world, love, my secret betray!”
And the little light gossip went buzzing away.

A blush in the lily's cheek trembled and fled;
“I'm sorry he told me,” she tenderly said;
“If I mayn't trust the violet, pure as she seems,
I must fold in my own heart my beautiful dreams!”
Was the mischief well managed? Fair lady, is't true?
Did the light garden gossip take lessons of you?

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A SUNBEAM and zephyr were playing about,
One spring, ere a blossom had peep'd from the stem,
When they heard, underground, a faint, fairy-like shout ;
'Twas the voice of a field-daisy calling to them.

“Oh! tell me, my friend, has the winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? Is the Crocus there yet?
I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you and kiss you;—'tis long since we met!

“I've been ready this great while,—all dress'd for the show ;
I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star ;
And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow ;
And I mean to be brighter than Crocuses are.”

Now the zephyr and sunbeam were wild with delight!
It seem'd a whole age since they'd play'd with a flower ;
So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,
That was languishing down in her underground bower.

“Come out! little darling! as quick as you can!

The Crocus, the Cowslip, and Buttercup too,
Have been up here this fortnight, we're having grand times,
And all of them hourly asking for you!

“The Cowslip is crown'd with a topaz tiara!

The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire;
But you, little pet! are a thousand times fairer;
To see you but once, is to love and admire!

“The skies smile benignantly all the day long;

The bee drinks your health in the purest of dew,
The lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
Which he practised in Cloudland on purpose for you!

“Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy!

Lady Spring made this season an early entrée;
And she wonder'd what could have become of her Daisy;
We'll call you coquettish, if still you delay!”

Then a still, small voice, in the heart of the flower,

It was Instinct, whisper'd her, “Do not go!
You had better be quiet, and wait your hour;
It isn't too late even yet for snow!”

But the little field-blossom was foolish and vain,
And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall be!"
So she sprang to the light, as she broke from her chain,
And gayly she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know;
And she was half frighten'd to death, when she found
Not a blossom had even begun to blow:
How she wish'd herself back again under the ground!

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye
Might well put the zephyr and beam to the blush;
But the saucy light laugh'd, and said, "Pray don't cry!"
And the gay zephyr sang to her, "Hush, sweet, hush!"

They kiss'd her and petted her fondly at first;
But a storm arose, and the false light fled;
And the zephyr changed into angry breeze,
That scolded her till she was almost dead!

The gem on her bosom was stain'd and dark,
The snow of her robe had lost its light,
And tears of sorrow had dimm'd the spark
Of beauty and youth, that made her bright!

And so she lay with her fair head low,
And mournfully sigh'd in her dying hour,
"Ah! had I courageously answer'd 'No!'
I had now been safe in my native bower!"

THE STAR AND THE FLOWER.

Ah! yours, with her light-waving hair,
That droops to her shoulders of snow,
And her cheek, where the palest and purest of roses
Most faintly and tenderly glow!

There is something celestial about her ;
I never behold the fair child,
Without thinking she's pluming invisible wings
For a region more holy and mild.

There is so much of pure seraph-fire
Within the dark depths of her eye,
That I feel a resistless and earnest desire
To hold her for fear she should fly.

Her smile is as soft as a spirit's,—
As sweet as a bird's is her tone ;
She is fair as the silvery star of the morn,
When it gleams through the gray mist alone.

But mine is a simple wild-flower,
A balmy and beautiful thing,
That glows with new love and delight every hour,
Through the tears and the smiles of sweet spring !

Her eyes have the dark brilliant azure
Of heaven in a clear summer night,
And each impulse of frolicsome, infantine joy
Brings a shy little dimple to light.

Her young soul looks bright from a brow
Too fair for earth's sorrow and shame ;
Her graceful and glowing lip curls, even now,
With a spirit no tyrant can tame.

Then let us no longer compare
These tiny, pet-treasures of ours ;
For yours shall be loveliest still of the stars.
And mine shall be fairest of flowers.

THE POET TO ONE WHO LOVES HIM.

SINCE far apart our paths must be
 When thou to thine returnest,
What token shall I bring to thee
 Of love divine and earnest ?

I hush within my heart of heart
 All wish for word-expression ;
Be mine, be thine a nobler part—
 Our life be our confession.

Nor word nor look of mine betray
 The love which is my glory ;
And thou—serenely go thy way,
 And hide thy dear heart's story.

Nay, sweet, believe not life will be
 Too dark, too stern a trial ;
The love with which I circle thee
 Shall need no cold denial.

And thou, each hour of thy young life,
In every graceful duty,
Shall feel it round thee, warmly rife
With fondness, truth, and beauty.

I know thy child-like tenderness,
That pleads and needs protection ;
I know thy guileless wish to bless
My cold life with affection.

And all the more do I adore
The sweet reserve of virtue,
The graceful pride that o'er and o'er
I've pray'd may ne'er desert you.

For thou art that ethereal flower—
No more a fabled wonder—
That builds in air its azure bower,
And floats the star-light under.

Too pure to touch our sinful earth,
Too human yet for heaven,
Halfway it has its glorious birth,
With no root to be riven.

A fairy winged, aerial rose,
The playmate of the air,
The Peri of the flowers it glows,
And floats in beauty there.

And far from me the wild wish be
To woo to earth the treasure ;
I ask not even a sigh from thee
To cloud thy Peri pleasure.

But let a life of noble aim,
Of high and calm devotion,
Be all the token thou wouldst claim—
Or I—of Love's emotion.

THE SOUL FLOWER.

FAIR grew the lily, the vestal of flowers,
Nursed by the sunshine, kiss'd by the showers ;
Lightly the honey-bee sang of his love ;
Softly the summer air murmur'd above ;

And the wild butterfly, beaming and blest,
Folded his frolic wings on her white breast.
So lent the lily her leaves to the air,
Woven of snow and light, holy and fair.

All that came to her went happy away,
For she was pure, and loving, and gay ;
Balm, light and melody flew to the flower,
Making an Eden of bliss in her bower.

Meekly she bent when the storm darken'd by,
Brightly she smiled again to the blue sky,
And she thank'd God for his kindness and care
With her heart's incense that rose like a prayer.

So grew the lily, the vestal of flowers,
Kiss'd by the sunshine, nursed by the showers;
And when Death came to her, in her last sigh
Up stole the lily's soul into the sky.

THE "FAIRER FLOWER."

"OH! are they not most bright and fair?"

The youthful lady cried;
And pointed to her blossoms rare
With playful love and pride.

The soft moss-rose, with veiled bloom,
Droops o'er the hands that tie it;
The lily lends its light perfume,
The woodbine clusters by it.

But on the lady's lovely face,
A blush outblooms the rose;
And 'neath the hand that clasps the vase,
Less fair the lily shows.

A soldier true and brave was he,
And crown'd with loftiest honour ;
He bent his dark and dauntless eyes
With soften'd gaze upon her :

“Dear lady, yes! 'tis well the bower
Its loveliest lends to thee,
But I can show a fairer flower
If thou'lt but come with me!”

She gave her hand with artless grace,
She cross'd the room half dreaming ;
And there he show'd her own sweet face
Within the mirror beaming !

THE HALF-BLOWN ROSE.

'TIS just the flower she ought to wear,—
The simple flower the painter chose ;
And are they not a charming pair—
The modest girl—the half-blown rose ?

The glowing bud has stolen up
With tender smile and blushing grace,
And o'er its mossy clasping cup
In bashful pride reveals its face.

The maiden too, with timid feet,
Has sprung from childhood's verdant bower,
And lightly left its limit sweet,
For woman's lot of shine and shower.

See ! from its veil of silken hair,
That bathes her cheek in clusters bright,
Her sweet face, like a blossom fair,
Reveals its wealth of bloom and light.

How softly blends with childhood's smile
That maiden-mien of pure repose !
Oh ! seems she not herself the while
A breathing flower—a half-blown rose ?

THE FLOWER AND THE BROOK.

THE brook tripp'd by, with smile and sigh,
And soft in music-murmurs sung,
While all the flowers that blossom'd nigh
Were hush'd to hear that silver tongue.

“ Ah, virgin violet !” breathed the brook,
“ Whose blue eye shuns the light, the air,
I love you !—in this true heart look,
And see—your own sweet image there !”

The bashful violet bent her brow,
But as she gazed, she sigh'd in sorrow,
“ Oh ! faithless heart—oh, idle vow !
Beloved to-day—betray'd to-morrow !

“What see I, in that heart of thine ?

There's not a flower that blooms above thee,
But there its image glows like mine,
Yet, false and light ! you say you love me !

“Go, changeful rover !—wander free,

With sunny glance, and voice beguiling,
And take my fondest sigh with thee,
To boast where other flowers are smiling !

“Go ! tell the lily and the rose

Of all the incense lavish'd o'er thee !
Go ! wake them from their pure repose,
And bid them waste their blushes for thee !

“Go ! breathe to them the music low

Which all too oft beguiles the blossom !
But oh ! remember, where you go,
My latest breath was on your bosom !”

THE FLOWER AND THE HUMMING-BIRD.

WILD and light as a fawn in flight,
With the glee and the grace of a playful child,
She tripp'd to the hill's unclouded height,
And the dying day around her smiled.

Sunbeam and breeze were at play with her hair,
(Where a few wild blossoms were braided low,)
Wooing it back from her shoulders fair.
Lighting it up with a golden glow.

And lo! as we gazed on the beautiful girl
With the joy that we ever from grace derive,
We saw something quiver through one soft curl,
And struggle and gleam like a jewel alive!

What can it be? For a moment or two
It burn'd with a brilliant ruby-ray;
The next, it shone with the sapphire's blue;
And now with the amethyst's purple play!

What can it be? It is changing still
 To an emerald tint—to the sunshine's glow;
 Can the maiden alter her gems at will?
 And gift with wings each luminous show?

With wings—they are fluttering, tiny, and light,
 Like those which we fancy the fairies wear—
 Ah! look! the treasure has taken flight,
 'Twas a humming-bird caught in that golden snare!

Silly rover! you fly from those silken rings,
 Where Love—a light prisoner—hugs his chain!
 Oh, you never will shut your shining wings
 On a flower so rare and sweet again!

 IMPROMPTU TO —.

You would speak your farewell by some beautiful flower,
 But Autumn has rifled the rich garden-bower;
 Yet while such dear love in your summer-heart glows,
 Ah! do not regret it! the *wish* was a Rose!

THE SUNBEAM'S LOVE.

A LITTLE wild flower, lone and sad,
Was shaded so by leaves above,
The light that made her sisters glad
Denied to her its smile of love.

But once the warmest, sunniest ray
That ever thrill'd a blossom's heart,
Through the dark foliage found its way,
With Love's own soft, beguiling art.

The wild flower blush'd, and smiled, and wept,
But trembling let the rover in ;
Till in her breast it softly slept,
Too pure, too blest, for shame or sin.

Bloom, beauty, balm, undream'd of yore,
Enrich the blossom's beating heart ·
And leaves it had not known before
Thrill to that warm, sweet smile—and part.

In soft surprise, it murmur'd low,
 "The rose is far more fair than I—
Why do you, darling, love me so?"
 And the ray said, "I know not why."

"Nor care I, dear. I only feel
 That thou art all I ask to me;
With heaven's light on my wings, I steal
 To find my dearer heaven in thee."

And the glad flower, unquestioning more,
 With fond embrace enfolds the ray,
Till, ah! the noon has fled, and o'er
 The wildwood fades that Eden day.

Recall'd to heaven, the sunbeam flies;
 The sorrowing blossom folds its leaves,
And shuts, to hide the tears, its eyes,
 And still and lonely dreams and grieves.

The stars float calmly through the night,
 And smile on nature's frailest child;
She does not heed their holy light—
 She loves too well her grief so wild!

The night-breeze coming hears her weep,
And whispers low, "Why mourns my flower?"
Ah! then the blossom feigns to sleep,
And shrinks within her leafy bower.

And to herself she sings all night,
"My glorious love, come back to me;
I have no joy, no bloom, no light,
Oh, I am nothing without thee!"

THE WREATH OF GRASSES.

THE royal rose—the tulip's glow—
The jasmine's gold are fair to see;
But while the graceful grasses grow,
Oh! gather them for me!

The pansy's gold and purple wing,
The snow-drop's smile may light the lea;
But while the fragrant grasses spring,
My wreath of them shall be!

THE DYING ROSE-BUD'S LAMENT.

AH me ! ah, wo is me !
That I should perish now,
With the dear sunlight just let in
Upon my balmy brow !

My leaves, instinct with glowing life,
Were quivering to unclose ;
My happy heart with love was rife ;
I was almost a Rose !

Nerved by a hope, warm, rich, intense,
Already I had risen
Above my cage's curving fence,
My green and graceful prison.

My pouting lips, by Zephyr press'd,
Were just prepared to part,
And whisper to the wooing wind
The rapture of my heart.

In new-born fancies revelling,
My mossy cell half riven,
Each thrilling leaflet seem'd a wing
To bear me into heaven.

How oft, while yet an infant flower,
My crimson cheek I've laid
Against the green bars of my bower,
Impatient of the shade!

And pressing up, and peeping through
Its small but precious vistas,
Sigh'd for the lovely light and dew
That bless'd my elder sisters.

I saw the sweet breeze rippling o'er
Their leaves that loved the play,
Though the light thief stole all their store
Of dew-drop gems away.

I thought how happy I should be
Such diamond wreaths to wear,
And frolic, with a rose's glee,
With sunbeam, bird, and air!

Ah me! ah, wo is me! that I,
Ere yet my leaves unclose,
With all my wealth of sweets, must die
Before I am a Rose!

THE LOST LILY.

AH! mourn her as you would a flower'
The rose will rise again,
The glory of the garden-bower,
The gem of Flora's train.

The harebell, softly, as of old,
Its tiny tune shall play,
The crocus hold her cup of gold
To catch the sun's first ray.

The wild heath-flower her purple gems
And bells of pearl shall swing;
And on the woodbine's waving stems
The hum-bird plume his wing:

The jasmine-tree once more shall be
 With starry garlands gay ;
And dewy blooms shall blushing wreathe
 The rose-acacia's spray :

Where Spring bestows her first sweet kiss
 Upon our happy earth,
Memorial of that moment's bliss,
 The snow-drop shall have birth :

The violet—childhood's earliest love—
 Shall hide by waters bright ;
The lithe laburnum twine, above,
 Her coronals of light :

The daisy—Spring's sweet babe—reborn,
 Shall peep the grass between ;
And cowslips—darlings of the morn—
 Shall star with gold the green :

The little lily too shall rise,
 The fairy of the field,
While her small, lucid chalices
 Their soft, pure perfume yield :

And in her boat of emerald green
The "flower of light" shall lie,
And float, a radiant river-queen,
In peerless beauty by :

Such were the sweetness, grace, and bloom
That in her spirit met !
These gifts ye laid not in the tomb—
They live to bless you yet.

Ah! nothing that is lovely dies !
When cold decay is near,
The radiant *soul* of beauty flies
To seek a holier sphere.

"She went the way of other flowers ;"
She droop'd her fair, young head,
While o'er her form, in lingering love,
Her soul a halo shed.

You saw her like the lily fade,
Ah! not in endless night ;
Above, in some sweet Eden-glade,
You'll find your "flower of light !"

HOPE.

SWEET Hope! dear Hope! dear beautiful Hope!"

I heard a lovely lady say,

"I have not seen your winsome face,

This many, many a day!

"You sing to others, all day long,

With childlike, tireless, lightsome glee,

Some sweet romance, or joyant song,—

You never sing to me!

"You bring to others flowers of spring,

The fair, the fresh, the richly free,—

To me no blooming gift you bring—

Have you no flower for me?

"Have you no simplest wild-flower sweet?

Not one—no violet pure and dear?

To bless with balm the cypress wreath

On Love's untimely bier?"





1850

Far up, as if at heaven's own gate,
I heard Hope's silver voice reply,
"Love is not dead—within my arms,
I've borne him to the sky!"

And on the lady's breast there fell,
By Hope's invisible hand dropp'd down,
A flower of light—an asphodel,
From Love's immortal crown.

THE GARDEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

THEY say I am robbing myself,
But they know not how sweet is my gain,
For I'm weeding my garden of Friendship,
Till only its flowers remain.

They say if I weed from it all
That are worldly, ignoble, untrue,
I shall save not a leaf for my heart;
But they shake not my faith in the few.

I waste not the pure dew of Feeling,
I waste not the warm light of Love
On worthless intruders, upstealing
To poison the beauty above.

Too pure is the place, and too holy,
For Falsehood and Sin to profane;
And I heed not how few or how lowly
The blooms that unsullied remain.

Though lone and apart in their sweetness,
Those heart-cherish'd blossoms may be,
While they smile in the sunlight of Truth,
They suffice to affection and me.

And you, in your delicate bloom, love,
Pure, tender, and graceful and true,
Shall be the queen-rose of my garden,
And live on Love's sunshine and dew.

No parasite plant shall be nourish'd,
My bower's sunny beauty to stain,
For I'll weed the fair garden of Friendship
Till only its flowers remain.

WHY WILL A ROSE-BUD BLOW?

I WISH the bud would never blow,
'Tis prettier and purer so ;
It blushes through its bower of green,
And peeps above the mossy screen
So timidly, I cannot bear
To have it open to the air.
I kiss'd it o'er and o'er again,
As if my kisses were a chain
To close the quivering leaflets fast,
And make for once a rose-bud last !
But kisses are but feeble links
For changeful things, like flowers, methinks ;
The wayward rose leaves, one by one,
Uncurl'd and look'd up to the sun,
With their sweet flushes fainter growing :
I could not keep my bud from blowing !
Ah! there upon my hand it lay,
And faded, faded fast away ;

You might have thought you heard it sighing,
It look'd so mournfully in dying.
I wish it were a rose-bud now,
 I wish 'twere only hiding yet,
With timid grace, its blushing brow,
 Behind the green that shelter'd it.
I had not written were it so ;
Why would the silly rose-bud blow ?

THE LILY'S REPLY.

THE Rose Queen to a Lily said,—
“You bashful thing ! hold up your head !
Since Heaven has lavish'd beauty, grace,
And fragrance, on your form and face,
Why waste it on the coarse dull earth ?
Look up to Him who gave you birth.
See me ! I lift my glowing cheek,
The holiest airs of heaven to seek.

“Free from my ‘heart of heart’ I give,
 (The Rose with Shakspeare held commune,)
Up to yon skies that bade me live,
 My incense, like a low-breathed tune.
Lily! look up! ’tis pleasant weather!
Let’s brave this changing world together!”

The Lily to the Rose replied,—
“I dare not hold so lofty pride;
Befits in fair, as stormy weather,
That I and Meekness bend together;
For they who lift too high their heads
When heaven her sunshine o’er them sheds,
Too low beneath the tempest lie,
Forgetful of Love’s sleepless eye.
And He who gave me sweetness—grace,
Bestow’d as well my fitting place;
And most I show my grateful care,
By yielding earth what I may spare;
And best to Him his gifts return,
 By shedding round me, here below,
The wealth that fills my fragile urn;
 He knows how true I thank Him so!”

THE PHANTOM-FLOWER.

THE alchemist of old, with wizard power,
From the pure ashes of Love's darling flower,
Could recreate it in ethereal guise,
And bid a shadowy spirit-rose arise.

So from the priceless ashes of your notes,
The flower-like soul, that fill'd them, upward floats,
And while the words impassion'd slow consume,
I watch my rose, my airy angel, bloom !

SONGS.

I. "HAPPY AT HOME."

LET the gay and the idle go forth where they will,
In search of soft Pleasure, that siren of ill ;
Let them seek her in Fashion's illumined saloon,
Where Melody mocks at the heart out of tune ;
Where the laugh gushes light from the lips of the maiden,
While her spirit, perchance, is with sorrow o'erladen ;
And where, mid the garlands Joy only should braid,
Is Slander, the snake, by its rattle betray'd.
Ah! no! let the idle for happiness roam,
For me—I but ask to be "happy at home!"

At home! oh how thrillingly sweet is that word!
And by it what visions of beauty are stirr'd!
I ask not that Luxury curtain my room
With damask from India's exquisite loom ;
The sunlight of heaven is precious to me,
And muslin will veil it if blazing too free ;
The elegant trifles of Fashion and Wealth
I need not—I ask but for comfort and health!

With these and my dear ones—I care not to roam,
For, oh! I am happy, most “happy at home!”

One bright little room where the children may play,
Unfearful of spoiling the costly array;
Where he, too—our dearest of all on the earth—
May find the sweet welcome he loves at his hearth;
The fire blazing warmly—the sofa drawn nigh;
And the star-lamp alight on the table close by;
A few sunny pictures in simple frames shrined,
A few precious volumes—the wealth of the mind;
And here and there treasured some rare gem of art,
To kindle the fancy or soften the heart;
Thus richly surrounded, why, why should I roam?
Oh! am I not happy—most “happy at home?”

The little ones, weary of books and of play,
Nestle down on our bosoms—our Ellen and May!
And softly the simple, affectionate prayer
Ascends in the gladness of innocence there;
And now ere they leave us, sweet kisses and light
They lavish, repeating their merry “Good-night!”
While I with my needle, my book, or my pen,
Or in converse with him, am contented again,
And cry—“Can I ever be tempted to roam,
While blessings like these make me happy at home?”

II. WHY DON'T HE COME?

ALL the girls in the village save me have gone forth
To meet the brave soldiers return'd from the North ;
They have donn'd the best kirtle and braided their hair,
And gayly their voices ring back on the air ;
But I am too happy to care for my dress,
Or to bind with bright ribands the wild-waving tress,
For the fairest, and bravest, and best of the band
Will claim, ere the morrow, this heart and this hand.
Hush! hark! far away! 'tis the bugle and drum!
Now louder and nearer—oh! why don't he come?

I cannot go forth with the others to claim
His smile—his caresses—I cannot for shame!
For my love is too holy, my joy is too high
To bear the light gaze of each villager's eye ;
He would think I had changed, I should shrink from his touch,
I should hate them to see that I love him so much.
But here! oh! how fondly I'll welcome him home!
He knows I am waiting him—why don't he come?

Perhaps cousin Mabel has seen him ere this,—
She would not be bashful at claiming a kiss ;
How exulting she look'd as she join'd the gay girls,
With those red berries wreathing her shadowy curls!
It is true all the lads say her smile is divine,
But I don't think her eyes are so pretty as mine ;—

So black and so bold! and they dazzle one so!
My Willie loves blue eyes and light hair, I know;
He will not forget his own Ellen at home,
For Mabel or any one—when will he come?
I'm weary of waiting: how strangely unkind
To linger so from me,—I've made up my mind
I won't kiss him now, when he does—ah! behold!
Who hastes o'er the common with bearing so bold?
He waves his plumed cap! It is he! it is he!
Bless his heart—how he flies now he's caught sight of me!
Ah! Mabel may listen the bugle and drum,
And bewitch the whole regiment—Willie has come!

III. TO A DEAR LITTLE TRUANT.

WHEN are you coming? the flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum;
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell,
Sighs the sweet violet—droops the harebell;
Soft on the wavy grass glistens the dew;
Spring keeps her promises; why do not you?
Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
You are more graceful and lovely than they!
Birds in the woods carol all the day long,
When are you coming to join in the song?

Fairer than flowers, and purer than dew!
 Other sweet things are here; why are not you?
 When are you coming? we've welcomed the rose!
 Every light zephyr, as gayly it goes,
 Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
 Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
 Why does it tell us of music and dew?
 Rose of the South! we are waiting for you!
 Do, darling, come to us—mid the dark trees,
 "Like a lute" murmurs the musical breeze;
 Sometimes the brook, as it trips by the flowers,
 Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
 Pure as the violet, lovely and true!
 Spring should have waited till she could bring you!

IV. I LOOKED NOT—I SIGHED NOT.

I LOOK'D not—I sigh'd not—I dared not betray
 The wild storm of feeling that strove to have way,
 For I knew that each sign of the sorrow I felt
 Her soul to fresh pity and passion would melt;
 And calm was my voice, and averted my eyes,
 As I parted from all that in being I prize.
 I pined but one moment that form to enfold,
 Yet the hand that touch'd hers like the marble was cold.

I heard her voice falter a timid farewell,
 Nor trembled, though soft on my spirit it fell ;
 And she knew not, she dream'd not the anguish of soul
 Which only my pity for her could control.

It is over,—the loveliest dream of delight
 That ever illumined a wanderer's night !
 Yet one gleam of comfort will brighten my way,
 Though mournful and desolate ever I stray ;
 It is this, that to her—to my idol, I spared
 The pang, that her love could have soften'd and shared !

—

V. THEY NEVER CAN KNOW THAT HEART.

OH! they never can know that heart of thine,
 Who dare accuse thee of flirtation !
 They might as well say that the stars, which shine
 In the light of their joy o'er creation,
 Are flirting with every wild wave in which lies
 One beam of the glory that kindles the skies.
 Smile on, then, undimm'd in your beauty and grace !
 Too well e'er to doubt, love, we know you ;—
 And shed, from your heaven, the light of your face,
 Where the waves chase each other below you ;
 For none can e'er deem it your shame or your sin,
 That each wave holds your star-image smiling within.

VI. CALL ME PET NAMES, DEAREST.

CALL me pet names, dearest! Call me a bird,
That flies to thy breast at one cherishing word,
That folds its wild wings there, ne'er dreaming of flight,
That tenderly sings there in loving delight!
Oh! my sad heart keeps pining for one fond word,—
Call me pet names, dearest! Call me thy bird!

Call me sweet names, darling! Call me a flower,
That lives in the light of thy smile each hour,
That droops when its heaven—thy heart—grows cold,
That shrinks from the wicked, the false and bold,
That blooms for thee only, through sunlight and shower;
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy flower!

Call me fond names, dearest! Call me a star,
Whose smile's beaming welcome thou feel'st from afar,
Whose light is the clearest, the truest to thee,
When the "night-time of sorrow" steals over life's sea;
Oh! trust thy rich bark where its warm rays are;
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thy star!

Call me dear names, darling! Call me thine own!
Speak to me always in Love's low tone!
Let not thy look nor thy voice grow cold:
Let my fond worship thy being enfold;
Love me for ever, and love me alone!
Call me pet names, darling! Call me thine own!

VII. COME TO ME, ANSWER.

COME to me, answer, wherever thou art,
Life of my being, light of my heart!
Follow the music that floats from afar,
Silvery soft as the chime of a star.
Fondly it flows from my spirit to thine,
Led by a magic, unerring, divine,
Winding to thee like a leaf-hidden rill,—
Follow and find me! I wait for thee still!

Let not the melody, dainty and sweet,
Waste its wild pleading, and die at thy feet!
It has found thee—to its destiny true;—
Follow, oh! follow the musical clue!
Trust! it shall lead thee to something afar,
Lovely and pure as the light of a star.
Come to me—answer, wherever thou art,
Life of my being, and hope of my heart!
Let not a doubt o'er thy pathway arise,
Chilling thy spirit and blinding thine eyes;
Trust! 'tis thy destiny, sacred and sweet,
Lures thee to follow her musical feet.
List to no other lay—look to no light—
Here is a beacon will burn for thy flight.
Follow, and find me, wherever thou art,
Follow the tune to its home in my heart!

VIII. LADY JANE.

OH! saw ye e'er creature so queenly, so fine,
As this dainty, aerial darling of mine?
With a toss of her mane, that is glossy as jet,
With a dance and a prance and a frolic curvet,
She is off! She is stepping superbly away!
Her dark, speaking eye full of pride and of play.
Oh! she spurns the dull earth with a graceful disdain,
My fearless, my peerless, my loved Lady Jane!

Her silken ears lifted when danger is nigh,
How kindles the night in her resolute eye!
Now stately she paces, as if to the sound
Of a proud, martial melody playing around,
Now pauses at once, mid a light caracole,
To turn her mild glance on me beaming with soul:
Now fleet as a fairy, she speeds o'er the plain,
My darling, my treasure, my own Lady Jane!

Give her rein! let her go! Like a shaft from the bow,
Like a bird on the wing, she is speeding, I trow—
Light of heart, lithe of limb, with a spirit all fire,
Yet sway'd and subdued by my idlest desire—
Though daring, yet docile, and sportive but true,
Her nature's the noblest that ever I knew.
How she flings back her head, in her dainty disdain!
My beauty! my graceful, my gay Lady Jane!

IX. ELLEN ARDELLE.

THERE were music and mirth in the lighted saloon ;
The measure was merry,—our hearts were in tune,—
While hand link'd with hand in the graceful quadrille,
Bright joy crown'd the dance, like the sun on the rill,
And beam'd in the dark eyes of many a belle ;
But the star of the ball-room was Ellen Ardelle !

She tripp'd with the grace of a wild forest fawn,
Her locks wore the soft amber glow of the dawn,
Her cheek, the rich flush of a sunset in May,
And pure, like the starlight, her eyes' azure ray :
Light, light as a feather her fairy foot fell :
Oh vision of loveliness ! Ellen Ardelle !

There are hundreds as brilliant, as graceful and fair ;
But who, with so touching, so winning an air ?
When softly she raises those eyes of deep blue,
What soul can resist them ?—I cannot,—can you ?
Ah ! light heart ! beware the bewildering spell
That lurks 'neath the lashes of Ellen Ardelle !

No jewel she needs, her young beauty to light ;
Her glance would out-glow it, if ever so bright.
Her blush is all feeling,—her smile is all love ;
She is tender and faithful, and pure as the dove ;
But timid and wild, like a mountain gazelle,—
What fond hand shall tame her, young Ellen Ardelle ?

X. AZURE-EYED ELOISE.

“AZURE-EYED Eloise! beauty is thine,
Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladden'd the world with thy fame;
Painters, half holy, thy loved image keep;
Beautiful Eloise! why do you weep?”
Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow.

“Sunny-hair'd Eloise! wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lip's play;
Diamonds like stardrops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep;
Angels watch over it; why do you weep?”
Bows the fair lady her light tresses low—
Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow.

“Gifted and worshipp'd one, genius and grace
Play in each motion, and beam in thy face:
When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong;

Ne'er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
 Ne'er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter.
 One only spirit thou'st fail'd to bring down :
 Exquisite Eloise ! why do you frown ?"
 Swift o'er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
 Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul.

"Touch'd by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
 Charm'd by the magic of mind in thy face,
 Bewitch'd by thy beauty, e'en his haughty strength,
 The strength of the stoic, is conquer'd at length :
 Lo ! at thy feet—see him kneeling the while—
 Eloise, Eloise ! why do you smile ?"
 The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
 She gazed on her lover with laughing surprise ;
 While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
 Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.

XI. LULU.

THERE'S many a maiden more brilliant, by far,
 With the step of a fawn, and the glance of a star :
 But heart there was never more tender and true,
 Than beats in the bosom of darling Lulu !

Her eyes are too modest to dazzle ; but, oh !
 They win you to love her, if *you* will or no !

And when they glance up, with their shy, startled look,
Her soul trembles in them, like light in a brook.
There are bright eyes by thousands, black, hazel, and blue;
But whose are so loving as those of Lulu!

And waves of soft hair, that a poet would vow
Was moonlight on marble, droop over her brow.
The rose rarely blooms through that light, silken maze,
But when it does play there, how softly it plays!
Oh! there's many a maiden more brilliant, 'tis true,
But none so enchanting as little Lulu!

She flits, like a fairy, about me all day,
Now nestling beside me, now up and away!
She singeth unbidden, with warble as wild
As the lay of the meadow-lark, innocent child!
She's playful and tender, and trusting and true,
She's sweet as a lily, my dainty Lulu!

She whispers sweet fancies, now mournful, now bright,
Then deepen her glances with love and delight;
And the slow, timid smile, that dawns in her face,
Seems fill'd with her spirit's ineffable grace.
Oh! the world cannot offer a treasure so true
As the childlike devotion of happy Lulu!

XII. CARRY CARLISLE.

THE rose—bring the rose breathing sweet through the dew;
The shell—bring the shell, with its soft, carmine hue;
Bring the blush from the cloud beneath morn's beaming eye:
I will show you a blossom of lovelier dye;
It is Love's dearest flower, and it blooms to beguile,
It was born on the bright cheek of Carry Carlisle!

Let Love tune the lute to a light, dainty lay,
Or soft o'er the air-harp the southern wind play;
Let the mountain-rill's low, mellow ripple be heard,
Or the faint-warbled trill of the far forest bird;
To music more graceful I listen the while,
'Tis the soul-thrilling laugh of sweet Carry Carlisle!

Bring the rarest and purest of gems from the mine,
In the depth of whose heart plays a lightning divine;
Bring the soft ray that beams through the blue mist of morn,
Bring the star-illumed wave ere its glory is gone;
I will show you a purer and lovelier smile,
Beneath the dark lashes of Carry Carlisle!

XIII. "BOIS TON SANG, BEAUMANOIR!"*

FIERCE raged the combat—the foeman press'd nigh,
When from young Beaumanoir rose the wild cry,
Beaumanoir, mid them all, bravest and first,
"Give me to drink, for I perish of thirst!"
Hark! at his side, in the deep tones of ire,
"Bois ton SANG, Beaumanoir!" shouted his sire.

Deep had it pierced him, the foeman's swift sword;
Deeper his soul felt the wound of that word!
Back to the battle, with forehead all flush'd,
Stung to wild fury, the noble youth rush'd!
Scorn in his dark eyes—his spirit on fire—
Deeds were his answer that day to his sire!

Still where triumphant the young hero came,
Glory's bright garland encircled his name;
But in her bower, to beauty a slave,
Dearer the guerdon his lady-love gave,
While on his shield that no shame had defaced,
"Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir!" proudly she traced!

* The incident is related in Froissart's Chronicles.

XIV. COME HITHER, YOU WILD LITTLE
WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

COME hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp :
With your mischievous smile and your musical lisp ;
With your little head toss'd, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine.

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face ?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace ?
Did you coax, from the clouds, of a sunset serene,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine ?

Did you learn of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
The ravishing tones that with melody thrill ?
Ah ! your little light heart wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine !

XV. HER HANDS CLASPED IN ANGUISH—HER
BLACK EYES BENT LOW.

HER hands clasp'd in anguish—her black eyes bent low,
With motionless grace, as if sculptured in stone,
Half veil'd by her dark hair's magnificent flow,
Sweet Fazry is standing—a captive—alone !

“Kara Aly!”—the statue awakes to that name,
As the marble grew warm 'neath the love-spell of old!
Lo! her pale cheek is kindling with beautiful shame,
And her eye is on fire with emotion untold!

“Frail flower of Kazan! you were nursed from your birth
Amid luxuries rarest and richest of earth;—
Why left you that home, with the fierce mountain-chief?”
“I loved him!” she murmur'd, in passionate grief.

“So young and so lovely, a cavern your home!
Ne'er languish'd that spirit for freedom to roam?
Rude dwelling for creature so fragile and fair!”
“Ah, no!” she replied, “Kara Aly was there!”

XVI. HE DID NOT SAY HE LOVED ME.

HE did not say he loved me; yet, oh! he used to bring,
To deck my braided tresses, the fairest flowers of spring!
He did not say he loved me; but in his earnest eyes
I thought I saw the secret a thousand times arise.

He did not say he loved me; he did not breathe a vow;
I needed no confession—I read it on his brow.
I met it in his glances; I heard it in his tone;
I ask'd not if he loved me; I felt he was mine own!

He did not say he loved me ; yet, oh ! he used to sing
 Such songs as thrill the spirit, while feeling tunes the string.
 But false his dark eye's smiling, and false my dream as brief ;
 Alas ! for man's beguiling ! for woman's fond belief !

He did not say he loved me ;—why did he ever bring,
 To braid amid my tresses the token-flowers of spring ?
 Why did he look so fondly ? why did he speak so low ?
 Oh ! if he did not love me, he should have told me so !

XVII. GAY GIRLS ARE WREATHING.

GAY girls are wreathing flowers in their hair ;
 Fond lips are breathing the wish—the prayer.
 Lonely, the laughter, the revel, I shun ;
 One stealeth after—how welcome that one !
 Far away gleaming, the dancers flit by ;
 Here sit we dreaming—Memory and I.
 Fair beads of amber she counteth the while,
 In the still chamber, with sigh and smile ;
 And, as she telleth her rosary o'er,
 Wild my heart dwelleth on hours of yore.
 Some wingéd treasure, that flew from my arms,
 Some perish'd pleasure, each bead embalms.

All hopes I cherish'd there find a tomb,
 One by one perish'd in glory and bloom.
 Sound harp and viol! speed the bright hours!
 Life's sunny dial *they* count by flowers.
 They—the light-hearted!—ah! dearer to me
 Dreams of the parted than all their wild glee.
 Still, the past haunts me! Mid all Hope can say,
 Memory chants me a lovelier lay.

XVIII. I CANNOT FORGET HIM.

I CANNOT forget him! I've lock'd up my soul;
 But not till his image deep, deep in it stole.
 I cannot forget him! The Future can cast
 No flower before me so sweet as the Past.
 I turn to my books; but his voice, rich and rare,
 Is blent with the genius that speaks to me there.
 I tune my wild lyre; but I think of the praise,
 Too precious, too dear, which he lent to my lays.
 I cannot forget him! I try to be gay,
 To quell the wild sorrow that rises away;
 But wilder and darker it swells, as I try;
 If Heaven could forget him, so never can I!

I cannot forget him! I loved him too well!
His smile was endearment, his whisper a spell.

I fly from his presence; alas! it is vain;
I see him—I hear him—he's with me again!

He haunts me for ever; I worship him yet;
Oh! idle endeavour! I cannot forget!

XIX. LET HIM GO.

LET him go! If a smile could Love's sever'd chain rivet—
If a sigh could recall him—I'd die ere I'd give it.

Let him go! He shall learn how a woman's deep pride,
Once roused, can o'ermaster all passions beside.

While I girlishly trusted each vow that he said,
A word could have won me, a look could have led.

For pliant and light, as a flower to the air,
Is woman's fond spirit to kindness and care.

But now—not a tear, not a shade shall discover
One trace of my grief to my false-hearted lover.

And now—the proud star, that beams purest on high,
Shall stoop at his bidding as easy as I.

Let him go! If a smile could Love's sever'd chain rivet—
If a sigh could recall him—I'd die ere I'd give it.

XX. FOR THEE, LOVE, FOR THEE.

As the bud lingers and looks for the spring,
For her light fingers to open its wing ;

Folding up proudly its fresh dew and bloom,
Wistfully hoarding its holy perfume :

All unelated by sunbeam or bee—
So my heart waited, looking for thee.

As the waves darkle till dawning of day,
Then with its sparkle go dancing away—

Silent in sorrow, or reckless in glee,
So my wild spirit watched, darling ! for thee.

As the bird hushes its love-heaving breast
Till summer blushes about its warm nest—

Dreaming and sleeping 'neath winter's control,
Timidly keeping its song in its soul—

So have I kept, dear, my heart-music free,
So love has slept, dear, waiting for thee.

As the bark breathlessly floats for the gale
That shall give life to its languishing sail,

So my heart panted thy bark, love, to be—
So it lay idle, asking for thee.

As the star listens for night stealing up,
Ere the fire glistens within its gold cup,
Hiding till then in the air's azure sea,
So my heart listen'd for thee, love—thee!

XXI. I LOVED AN IDEAL.

I LOVED an ideal—I sought it in thee;
I found it unreal as stars in the sea.
And shall I, disdaining an instinct divine—
By falsehood profaning that pure hope of mine—
Shall I stoop from my vision so lofty, so true—
From the light all Elysian that round me it threw?
Oh! guilt unforgiven, if false I could be
To myself and to Heaven, while constant to thee.
Ah no! though all lonely on earth be my lot,
I'll brave it, if only that trust fail me not—
The trust that, in keeping all pure from control
The love that lies sleeping and dreams in my soul,
It may wake in some better and holier sphere,
Unbound by the fetter Fate hung on it here.

XXII. BRAID NOT THE JEWEL.

BRAID not the jewel, love, in thy hair !
For such adornment thou art too fair.
Suits not the diamond tresses so light,
Floating like golden mist, changefully bright.
Weave its wild lustre through the dark braids,
Whose raven cluster Helen's eye shades.
There will its splendour fittingly play ;
Thou art too tender for such array.
Take this white rose, love, stainless as thou,
Let it repose, over thy brow.
And as its fragrance softly steals by,
Sweet as thy balmy breath, pure as thy sigh,
Think of the lover, in whose fond sight
No gem of Ophir could lend thee light !

XXIII. GO ! LET ME PRAY.

Go ! let me pray, pray to forget thee !
Wo worth the day, dear one, I met thee !
Ever till then, careless and free, love,
Never again, thus shall I be, love.

Calm in my soul, love had been dreaming,
 Veil'd visions stole, light round him gleaming ;
 One smile alone o'er his rest glancing,
 One only tone, low and entrancing.

Soft, through that sleep, thine the voice breaking,
 Long shall I weep, weep his awaking,
 Weep for the day when first I met thee,
 Then let me pray, pray to forget thee!

XXIV. HITHER—COME HITHER

HITHER ! come hither ! come to the hills ;
 Trip through the woodlands, rest by the rills !
 Little ones ! hasten, with laughter and song ;
 Come with your tiny feet glancing along !

Breezes are blowing, chill is the dew,
 Yet are we glowing only for you ;
 Softly we cluster, sadly we sigh,
 Waiting the lustre of some loving eye.

Trace by the perfume that floats on the gale,
 Where we are hiding down in the vale ;
 Hiding from all the world, drinking the dew,
 Hushing our timid hearts, waiting for you !

Playing "bo-peep," with the breeze and beam,
 Bending to see ourselves glass'd in the stream.

Little ones! hasten, with laughter and song;
 Come with your merry feet dancing along!
 Come to us, sing to us! chill is the weather,
 Let us die on your hearts, braided together!

XXV. COME WITH THAT TRUE HEART.

COME with that true heart, all petty doubts scorning;
 Come with that smile, which is day to my night;
 Come with those blushes, that mock a May morning,
 Dear truant tell-tales of love and delight.

Come with that step, like a flower-sylph's in fleetness;
 Come with those tresses that gleam as they flow;
 Come with that lute-tone's ineffable sweetness;
 Breathe on my bosom its melody low.

Gem of a life that is joyless without thee!

Rose in Hope's wilderness! bird of Love's bower!
 Balm, light, and melody floating about thee,—
 Which art thou, darling—bird, jewel, or flower?

XXVI. NAY, COME NOT TO ME.

NAY, come not to me, if you sigh for the splendour
 That 'neath the lash lightens, in Beauty's blue eye:
 I have naught but affection true, timid, and tender;
 If this be not dear to you—all to you—fly.

Ah! seek not my side, if the grace of a ringlet,
 That goldenly floats, too beguiling can be ;
 A love such as yours is, can ne'er want a winglet—
 Go wave it o'er others, but come not to me.

Oh! come not to me, if you watch the glow stealing
 O'er Beauty, like roselight of morning on snow :
 No bloom warms my cheek, save the wild rose of Feeling ;
 If this be not dear to you—all to you—go !

XXVII. RARE BIRD OF THE WEST.

RARE bird of the West! where the pride of the prairie
 Can boast of no blossom to rival your blush,
 Oh, fold for one moment your wing wild and airy,
 And, while I sing to you, your sweet warble hush.

Fair bird of the West! where the sky bent above you,
 So fondly it lent half its light to your eye,
 Where the wild flower you tripp'd over look'd up to love you,
 And the happy wave paused o'er your picture to sigh.

You dream'd not, while sporting in freedom and pleasure,
 Of cages and nets that would fetter your wing ;
 But oh! let me warn you—too rare is the treasure—
 The fowler, the hunter have both heard you sing.

They are up, on the track—oh! be prudent and wary—

They have nets, they have cages of iron and gold;

Look well to your pinion, sweet bird of the prairie,

And shame, with that blue eye, the false and the bold.

There is one who would cherish, and love the least ringlet

That floats o'er your young cheek, or kisses your neck,

Who would guard every wave of your exquisite winglet,

And toil for earth's treasures your beauty to deck:

But he has no claim to your lightest smile, Mary,

He can but sing truly, though may be too bold;

“Look well to your pinion, wild bird of the prairie!

Beware of their cages of iron and gold.”

XXVIII. OH NO, NEVER DEEM HER LESS WORTHY
OF LOVE.

OH, no! never deem her less worthy of love,

That once she has trusted, and trusted in vain;

Could you turn from the timid and innocent dove,

If it flew to your breast from a savage's chain?

She too is a dove, in her guileless affection,

A child in confiding and worshipping truth;

Half broken in heart, she has flown for protection

To you,—will you chill the sweet promise of youth?

To a being so fragile, affection is life ;

A rose-bud, unblest'd by a smile from above,
When with bloom and with fragrance its bosom is rife—
A bee without sweets—she must perish or love.

You have heard of those magical circles of flowers,
Which in places laid waste by the lightning are found ;
Where they say that the fairies have charm'd the night hours,
With their luminous footsteps enriching the ground.

Believe me, the passion she cherish'd of yore,
That brought, like the storm-flash, at once on its wing
Destruction and splendour, like that hurried o'er,
And left in its track but the wild fairy-ring,—

All rife with fair blossoms of fancy and feeling,
And hope, that spring forth from the desolate gloom,
And whose breath in rich incense is softly up-stealing,
To brighten your pathway with beauty and bloom !

XXIX. SEMPRE LO STESSO.

“SEMPRE lo stesso !”—the pure stream of feeling
May show on its surface all shadows that pass,
The light summer cloud, through the azure air stealing,
The wild flower that bends like a belle to her glass.

“Sempre lo stesso!”—the wave may give back, love,
The bird’s sunny pinion, that gleams and is gone ;
The stars’ silver glory, the breeze in its track, love,
The faint smile of twilight, the gray mist of morn !

“Sempre lo stesso!”—the cloud and the rose, love,
The skies’ changing beauty, the wing’s glowing tint,
Break not for a moment the stream’s pure repose, love,
They touch but the surface, and leave not a print.

“Sempre lo stesso!”—deep, deep in its bosom,
Where the world’s fleeting pageants ne’er ruffle the tide,
It hoards, like a miser, its own gem and blossom,
And sings to itself all the love it would hide.

XXX. OH! TELL ME AT ONCE THAT YOU LOVE ME
NO MORE.

OH, tell me at once that you love me no more !
Oh, say you are weary, and hope will be o’er !
But let me not fruitlessly waste my soul’s life,
Between doubt and despair, in this passionate strife !
It is time, heaven knows, that I turn from my dream ;
'Tis folly, 'tis madness, though sweet it may seem ;
And if once from your lips your estrangement I know,
I’ve a pride still at heart, that would rise at the blow.

By all the true tenderness lavish'd too long
On your bosom, oh! soul of my thought and my song;
By all the wild worship I've pour'd at your feet,
Oh! soothe me no more with this fatal deceit.

I seek not your pity; 'twill deepen the grief
That can find but in love all it asks of relief;
But tell me at once that I trusted in vain,
And ne'er be those dear eyes bent on me again.

You cannot give back the pure bloom of my soul,
The freshness, the light that my wild passion stole;
You cannot restore me the innocent truth
That once was the glory and pride of my youth.

They are gone, and for ever, the joy and the bloom;
They are fled like the wither'd flower's blush and perfume;
If your love has gone with them, oh! listen my prayer—
Let me rest, though it be in the calm of despair!

XXXI. 'TIS GONE, ALL GONE.

'Tis gone, all gone, the charm, the dream, the glory;
Passion has dimm'd the light in Love's pure eyes;
Thus was it ever, in all olden story—
Warm'd by the flame, the rose too early dies.

I read it in thy tone so light, so alter'd ;
I see it in thy look, so soon grown cold :
Oh ! hadst thou heard the prayer I wildly falter'd,
Love yet a while his angel-wings might fold.
Could we have kept unstain'd those glorious pinions,
Like the pure bird of Paradise, whose flight
Is ever near the sad earth's dark dominions,
But stoops not, lest he soil his plumes of light ;
Could we have kept undim'm'd their primal glory,
Nor lured to earth the beauteous bird of heaven ;
Ours had been then a proud and peerless story,
And love so pure had surely been forgiven.

XXXII. SINCE THOU ART LOST TO ME ON EARTH.

SINCE thou art lost to me on earth for ever ;
Since never more my lips may breathe thy name ;
Since 'tis thy will that I not even endeavour
To learn where beats and burns that heart of flame ;
Ah ! but one boon be mine—the first, the latest,
That my shy heart could ever ask of thee—
From the sad solitude in which thou waitest,
Strike thy wild lyre once more, for me—for me.

By the pure fervour of the faith I gave thee ;
By the wreck'd hopes that nothing can restore ;
By the lost heart that would have died to save thee—
Speak to my soul from thine once more—once more.
Once more !—one fond, low murmur ere I die, love !
Ere the frail form beloved by thee is dust :
The world will hear and praise the strain ; but I, love,
Only to *my* heart will it whisper, “Trust!”

XXXIII. HE BADE ME BE HAPPY.

HE bade me “Be happy,” he whisper'd “Forget me ;”
He vow'd my affection was cherish'd in vain.
“Be happy !” “Forget me !” I would, if he'd let me—
Why will he keep coming to say so again ?
He came—it was not the first time, by a dozen—
To take, as he said, “an eternal adieu ;”
He went, and, for comfort, I turn'd to—my cousin,
When back stalk'd the torment his vows to renew.
“You must love me no longer !” he said but this morning.
“I love you no longer !” I meekly replied.
“Is this my reward ?” he cried ; “falsehood and scorning
From her who was ever my idol, my pride !”

He bade me "Be happy," he murmur'd "Forget me!—
Go into the gayest society, Jane!"
And I would obey him, right well, if he'd let me;
But, the moment I do, he comes loving again!

XXXIV. THIS MORN, WHEN AURORA ABOVE THE
LAKE BENT.

THIS morn, when Aurora above the lake bent, love,
To tie up the braids of her pale, golden hair,
While the gleam of each tress to its small ripples lent, love,
Look'd just like a star broke and fallen in there;
Away from their banquet the fairies I frighten'd,
For I shook from a wet spray a shower-bath of dew,
And their luminous winglets all quiver'd and lighten'd
Like fire-flies around me, as swiftly they flew.
Their cut-diamond dinner-set with them departed;
But one painted vase, full of lilies, was left,—
Their stateliest treasure—forgot when they started—
I clasp'd it and ran—oh! forgive me the theft!
And take it, dear maiden,—and while you are stealing
The sigh that my fairy bouquet breathes for you,
Remember the flowers of Fancy and Feeling
We've twined in bright hours too fleet and too few!

XXXV. I KNOW IT—I FEEL IT—HE LOVES ME AT
LAST!

I KNOW it—I feel it—he loves me at last!
The heart-hidden anguish for ever is past!
Love brightens his dark eye, and softens his tone;
He loves me—he loves me—his soul is mine own!

Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm—
I've a light in this heart all existence to warm;
No grief can oppress me, no shadow o'ercast,
In that blessed conviction,—he loves me at last!

XXXVI. HE MAY GO—IF HE CAN.

LET me see him once more for a moment or two,
Let him tell me himself of his purpose, dear, do;
Let him gaze in these eyes while he lays out his plan
To escape me, and then he may go—if he can!

Let me see him once more, let me give him one smile,
Let me breathe but one word of endearment the while;
I ask but that moment—my life on the man!
Does he think to forget me? He may—if he can!

XXXVII. OH! FRAGILE AND FAIR.

OH! fragile and fair as the delicate chalices
 Wrought with so rare and so subtle a skill;
 Bright relics, that tell of the pomp of those palaces,
 Venice, the sea-goddess, glories in still:

Whose exquisite texture, transparent and tender,
 A pure blush alone from the ruby wine takes;
 Yet ah! if some false hand, profaning its splendour,
 Dares but to taint it with poison,—it breaks!

So when Love pour'd through thy pure heart his lightning,
 On thy pale cheek the soft rose-hues awoke;
 So when wild Passion, that timid heart frightening,
 Poison'd the treasure—it trembled and broke!

XXXVIII. A MAY-DAY SONG.

YES! thou shalt wear the wreath we are merrily braiding,
 Of buds and blooms, the beautiful roses of Spring;
 Amid the hair thy forehead of snow o'ershading,
 'Twill mock the blush that steals to thy cheek as we sing.

For thee we twine; for who could so gracefully wear it
 As she, whose heart is lovely and pure as the rose?
 The wreath is thine, and the happiness, each of us share it,
 For thou art so meek no envy can mar thy repose.

XXXIX. YOU LOVE ME NO LONGER.

You love me no longer ! The heart that once listen'd
In passionate joy to each murmur of mine ;
The eyes, the dark eyes, that once tenderly glisten'd,
With hope so enraptured and love so divine,
Are turn'd to another : why dared I believe them ?—
Ah, false as the siren that sings in the sea,
Those spells of enchantment !—tho' lightly you weave them,
Though sport to you, darling,—were ruin to me !

XL. YOU TELL ME I'M A ROVER.

You tell me I'm a rover, Fanny sweet ;
You who chain me, still a lover, at your feet.
Heaven knows I would forget you, if I could ;
If—you witch !—you'd only let me, and you should.
But your image dances still before my face,
And I watch, against my will, its wavy grace ;
If I turn to see another, then it tries,
With its little hands, to cover both my eyes.
Then how can I forget thee, Fanny, say ?
When you will not even let me look away !
If another's voice would chide my dream divine,
Low, pleading, sweet, beside me falters thine !





Then how, suppose I wanted, could I fly,
With my heart and ear enchanted by your sigh?
Ah! my soul would break the fetter even here,
If you would try to let her, Fanny, dear.

XLI. TWILIGHT HOURS.

MAIDEN Twilight, lovely and still,
Hushes the billow, and lulls the air;
Over the water we glide at will,
Joyous beings, without a care!
Only the musical splash of the oar,
Timed to the beat of our choral tune;—
Either side is the blooming shore,
On the air is the balm of June.
Slowly now—in the light of eyes,
Pure and soft as this hour of hours;
Slowly now—to the tones that rise
Low and sweet as the sigh of flowers!
Loveliest Twilight, gentle and still,
Hushes the billow, and lulls the breeze;
Over the water we glide at will;
Never were hours so dear as these!

XLII. AH! DO NOT LET US WORSE THAN WASTE.

AH! do not let us worse than waste
In idle dalliance hours so dear ;
At best the light-wing'd moments haste
Too quickly by with hope and fear.
Be ours to wreathe, as swift in flight
They pass, these children of the sun—
With Fancy's flowers, each wing of light,
And gems from Reason's casket won.
The passion-flower has no perfume,
No soul to linger, when it dies ;
For lighter hearts such buds may bloom,
But oh! be ours more proudly wise!
Thy mind, so rich in classic lore,
Thy heart from worldly taint so free ;
Ah! let me not the hours deplore
Which might be all embalm'd by thee!

XLIII. LET YOUR SUMMER FRIENDS GO BY.

LET your summer friends go by
With the summer weather ;
Hearts there are that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather.

Summer love to fortune clings,
 From the wreck it saileth,
 Like the bee, that spreads its wings
 When the honey faileth.

Rich the soil where weeds appear ;
 Let their false bloom perish ;
 Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
 That you still may cherish.

Flowers of feeling, pure and warm,
 Hearts that cannot wither,
 These for thee shall bide the storm
 As the sunny weather.

XLIV. YOUNG BEAUTY SAILED A SUMMER SEA.

YOUNG Beauty sail'd a summer sea
 Within a buoyant bark reclining ;
 Its prow was painted daintilie,
 With gems and roses rarely shining :
 And light and gay the maiden smiled,
 The while she wove a garland glowing :
 And at the helm a laughing child—
 'Twas Pleasure—watch'd the waters flowing.

She steer'd the boat by blooming isles,
Where languid gales breathed softly o'er it,
And in the bay, with treacherous smiles,
Mid poison-flowers she strove to moor it :
But Beauty's cheek grew sad and pale ;
And Beauty's heart was tired of leisure ;
She whisper'd Love to "set the sail,"
And Passion took the helm from Pleasure.

Then dash'd around that graceful prow
The rising waves, in pride and power ;
And Beauty bent her glorious brow,
While tears fell on each fading flower.

Sublimely wild and grand, above
Her fragile bark, the storm-cloud lighten'd,
With such a vivid flame, that Love
Let go the sail, ashamed and frighten'd !

The maiden rose, and by her side
A radiant angel stood serenely ;
"Take *thou* the helm !" she proudly cried,
And paced the deck erect and queenly.

Then changed to gold those clouds so wild ;
A beauteous rainbow bloom'd in heaven ;
And Love, the fond, impetuous child,
Smiled through his tears—his fault forgiven !

XLV. I LAUNCHED A BARK.

I LAUNCH'D a bark on Fate's deep tide,
A frail and fluttering toy,
But freighted with a thousand dreams
Of beauty and of joy.

Ah me! it found no friend in them—
The wave, the sky, the gale—
Though Love enraptured took the helm,
And Hope unfurl'd the sail.

And you who should its pilot be,
To whom in fear it flies,
Forsake it on a treacherous sea,
To seek a prouder prize.

Alas for Love! bewilder'd child
He weeps the helm beside;
And Hope has furl'd her fairy sail,
Nor longer tempts the tide.

Despair and Pride in silence fling
Its rich freight to the wave,
And now an aimless wreck it floats,
That none would stoop to save.

XLVI. HAD I ESSAYED, WITH WANTON ART.

HAD I essay'd, with wanton art,
To lure you and ensnare your heart,
Your falsehood would but justice be,
That now is treacherous wrong to me ;

But well you know I shrank, in fear,
From tones that grew too deeply dear,
And trembled with prophetic dread
When Passion warm'd the words you said.

And you recall my shame and awe
When first your burning dream I saw,
And how I turn'd, nor dared to brook
The soul of fire that lit your look ;

And how I struggled, day by day,
With love that won too wild a sway ;
And how, at last, before his shrine
My very soul I dared resign.

And you betray me ! You, for whom
I braved that saddest, darkest doom !
Oh, God ! take hence thy child, nor spare !
Thy wrath, not his, my heart may bear !

XLVII. THOUGH FRIENDS HAD WARNED THEE.

THOUGH friends had warn'd me all the while,
 And blamed my willing blindness,
 I did not once mistrust your smile,
 Or doubt your tones of kindness.

I sought you not—you came to me
 With words of friendly greeting:
 Alas! how different now I see
 That ill-starr'd moment's meeting.

When others lightly named your name,
 My cordial praise I yielded;
 While you would wound with wo and shame
 The soul you should have shielded.

Was it so blest—my life's estate—
 That you with envy view'd me?
 Ah, false one! could you dream my fate,
 You had not thus pursued me.

Perhaps when those who loved me once,
 Beguiled by you, have left me,
 You'll grieve for all the hopes of which
 Your whisper'd words bereft me.

You'll think, perhaps, the laugh you raised
 Was hardly worth the anguish

With which it caused a deep, true heart,
 In silent pride to languish.

You'll think, perchance, the idle jest—
 The joy—will scarce reward you
 For all the blame another's breast
 Must now, in scorn, accord you.

Yet go! 'tis but a darker cloud
 O'er one fore-doom'd to sadness;
 I would not change my grief so proud
 For all your guilty gladness.

XLVIII. I WANDERED IN THE WOODLAND.

I WANDER'D in the woodland;
 My heart beat cold and slow,
 And not a tear of sorrow,
 To ease its weight, would flow.

But soft a brook sang by me,
 "Ah! give thy grief to me,
 And I will bear it lightly,
 Far, far away from thee!"

So sweet that lulling murmur,
 Its music thrill'd my heart,
 And, o'er the glad wave weeping,
 I felt my grief depart.

I wander'd in the woodland,
My heart beat light and gay ;
For, wheresoe'er I wander'd,
I heard the brooklet's lay.

XLIX. PERHAPS YOU THINK IT RIGHT AND JUST.

PERHAPS you think it right and just,
Since you are bound by nearer ties,
To greet me with that careless tone,
With those serene and silent eyes.
So let it be ! I only know,
If I were in your place to-night,
I would not grieve your spirit so,
For all God's worlds of life and light.
I could not turn, as you have done,
From every memory of the past ;
I could not fling from soul and brow
The shade that feeling should have cast.
Oh ! think how it must deepen all
The pangs of wild remorse and pride,
To feel that you can coldly see
The grief I vainly strive to hide.

The happy star, who fills her urn
 With glory from the god of day,
Can never miss the smile he lends
 The wild flower withering fast away.

The fair, fond girl, who at your side,
 Within your soul's dear light doth live,
Could hardly have the heart to chide
 The ray that Friendship well might give.

But if you deem it right and just,
 Bless'd as you are in your glad lot,
To greet me with that heartless tone,
 So let it be! I blame you not.

L. OUR LOVE WAS LIKE THE LIGHT PERFUME.

OUR love was like the light perfume
 That floats around a flower,
Or like the rainbow's passing bloom,
 Half sunshine and half shower.

A smile, a blush, a tear, a tone
 Of welcome, soft and true,
Were all I dared to wish from one
 So zephyr-like as you!

I should as soon have ask'd a fay
Or flower my lot to share,
Or coax'd yon rosy cloud to stay,
And leave for me the air.

I knew, even while I wildly dream'd,
'Twas but a dream of light ;
And as for you—you always seem'd
“On tiptoe for a flight.”

I never thought you made of earth,
As other maidens are ;
I always said you had your birth
In some unsullied star.

Then part we now, while yet the bloom
Is fresh on Love's light wings ;
While yet his flower its soft perfume
Around each footstep flings ;

While yet the blush on that pure cheek
Is unprofaned by shame,
Ere waking Passion dares to speak
A word your soul might blame.

Fly back, young angel, to your star ;
But send me down a sigh,
Sometimes when, in your silver car,
You float through heaven. Good bye!

LI. YOU BID ME GIVE BACK SCORN FOR SCORN.

You bid me give back scorn for scorn,
Re-plume my spirit's wounded wing,
That now I idly fold forlorn,
And loftier soar and prouder sing.

You never loved; you never staked,
On one mad chance, your soul, your all,
And from that dream of passion waked
To weep your wild hope's helpless fall.

God knows it was not he I loved,—
False, weak, and light as now he seems;
It was but Fancy shrined in him,
The "idol of my early dreams."

But not the less I lavish'd all
The bloom of feeling on his breast,
That bloom which tears can ne'er recall,
That frail, sweet bloom, the false one's jest.

And not the less, alone and lost,
Of all Life's bright romance bereft,
I weep, that on so low a shrine,
Faith, Hope and Joy, and Love were left.

LII. DOST DEEM MY LOVE SO LIGHT A BOON.

Dost deem my love so light a boon,
That thou mayst throw it idly by,
As winds may waft a flower at noon,
And leave it low at night to die ?

By all my spirit's pain and strife,
By all the hopes that now reward thee,
Thy proudest boast in after life
Shall be that I—that I adored thee !

Not mine the brow to droop in grief,
Not mine the soul to pine alone ;
The pang, though passionate, is brief—
The doubt is o'er—the dream has flown.

The love of one so light of heart
Were scarcely worth one fond regret ;
All is not lost, although we part ;
The pearl in Life's cup sparkles yet.

Some chords there are of Love's sweet lyre,
Thy false hand knew not how to play :
Some gleams remain of Feeling's fire—
Thou couldst not all my heart betray.

I'll win a name from wayward Fame,
That thou shalt hear with fond regret ;

The heart thy falsehood left to shame,
 Shall find some glorious solace yet!
Yes, by this moment's pain and strife,
 By all the vows I have restored thee,
Thy dearest boast, in after life,
 Shall be that I—that I adored thee!

LIII. GO, THEN, FOR EVER.

Go, then, for ever! since your heart
 Can stoop to one so light, so vain,
Though Hope must perish if we part,
 With calm resolve I break the chain.
Go, then, for ever; at the shrine
 Of Beauty bend that noble brow,
Pour forth the love I deem'd divine,
 And more than waste wild Passion's vow.
Yes, yes! her eyes are stars of night;
 Her cheek, a rose in dainty bloom;
Her radiant smile, the morning's light;
 Her sigh, the violet's soft perfume.
Go, then, for ever; leave the soul
 From which your lightest look or tone—
As zephyr o'er the air-harp stole—
 Could wake a music all your own.

Leave, leave me with my breaking heart ;
 If Grief would let me, I could smile,
 To see an idle toy of art
 So grand a soul as yours beguile.

But when, through Beauty's veil of light,
 You seek in vain for Feeling's fire,
 Remember one whose day is night,
 Who breaks for you her heart and lyre !

LIV. SHOULD ALL WHO THRONG.

SHOULD all who throng, with gift and song,
 And for my favour bend the knee,
 Forsake the shrine they deem divine,
 I would not stoop my soul to thee.

The lips, that breathe the burning vow,
 By falsehood base unstain'd must be ;
 The heart, to which mine own shall bow,
 Must worship Honour more than me.

The monarch of a world wert thou,
 And I a slave on bended knee,
 Though tyrant chains my form might bow,
 My soul should never stoop to thee.

Until its hour shall come, my heart
I will possess, serene and free ;
Though snared to ruin by thine art,
'Twould sooner break than bend to thee.

LV. AND GAYER FRIENDS SURROUND THEE NOW.

AND gayer friends surround thee now,
And lighter hearts are thine ;
Thou dost not need, beloved and blest,
So sad a boon as mine.

But in my sorrowing soul for thee
Love's balmy flower I'll hide,
And feeling's tears shall keep it fresh,
Whatever fate betide.

Then, when misfortune's winter comes.
And frailer love takes wing,
All pure and bright, with hope's own light,
Affection's rose I'll bring ;

And thou shalt bless the simple flower
That keeps its virgin bloom
To charm thy soul, in sorrow's hour,
With beauty and perfume.

LVI. I KNOW THAT RESTLESS HEART OF THINE.

I KNOW that restless heart of thine :

Even now it flutters to be free,
To rove where fairer flowers twine
The rosy wreath of love for thee.

No longer I the wings restrain

Whose lightest wave my heart could thrill ;
But, tangled by a golden chain,
Thy sordid spirit lingers still.

Away ! I will not bind thee thus !

My burning soul was naught to thee ;
Its rapturous dreams, its truth, its trust,
All wasted—all ! Away ! thou'rt free.

LVII. I ASK NO MORE.

I ASK no more, pursue thy way,
By love and joy surrounded ;
I would not have one feeling stray
That duty's law has bounded.

It shall be joy enough for me,
Howe'er my fate may alter,
To know that honour goes with thee ;
That thy soul cannot falter.

Pursue thy way. Be calm and strong,
No glorious aim foregoing ;
Nor ever bend thou right to wrong,
With sophist triumph glowing.

I only ask, amid the cares
And clouds that round me darken,
To memory's murmur of thy love
My happy heart may hearken.

I only ask—if thy strength fail
On Life's tumultuous river—
That thoughts of me may then prevail,
And prompt to proud endeavour.

And oh! believe—whatever Fate,
Or dark or bright, pursue thee,
One loyal heart will nightly send
Its silent blessing to thee.

LVIII. THE DEEPEST WRONG THAT THOU
COULDST DO.

THE deepest wrong that thou couldst do
Is thus to doubt my love for thee ;
For, questioning that, thou question'st too
My truth, my pride, my purity.

'Twere worse than falsehood thus to meet
 Thy least caress, thy lightest smile,
 Nor feel my heart exulting beat
 With sweet, impassion'd joy the while.

The deepest wrong that thou couldst do
 Is thus to doubt my faith profess'd ;
 How should I, love, be less than true
 When thou art noblest, bravest, best ?

LIX. THEY TELL ME I WAS FALSE TO THEE.

THEY tell me I was false to thee,
 But they are false who say it ;
 The vow I made was pure and free,
 And time shall ne'er betray it.

I laid my heart on virtue's shrine,
 I loved truth, honour, kindness ;
 I love them still, I thought them thine,
 Too soon I wept my blindness.

'Tis thou wert false to them and me :
 My worship still I cherish ;
 My love, still true, has turn'd from thee,
 To find them or to perish.

LX. I TURNED FROM THE MONITOR.

I TURN'D from the monitor, smiled at the warning
 That whisper'd of doubt, of desertion to me ;
 I heard of thy falsehood ; the dark rumour scorning,
 I gave up the soul of my soul unto thee.

Too wildly I worshipp'd thy mind-illumed beauty ;
 Too fondly I cherish'd my dream of thy truth ;
 Forgetting, in thee, both my pride and my duty,
 I made thee the god of my passionate youth.

And dearly and deeply I rue that devotion ;
 Thou hast broken the heart that beat only for thee ;
 Not even thy voice can now wake an emotion ;
 I am calm as thyself while I bid thee "Be free !"

LXI. TO-NIGHT I'LL WEAR AROUND MY HAIR

"TO-NIGHT I'll wear around my hair,
 This string of fragrant beads," I said ;
 I loved to breathe the enchanted air,
 That o'er thy gift, in perfume, play'd.

The only amulet were they
 I cared to keep, all ill to charm :
 Within that magic round could stray
 One only wrong, one only harm.

One only wo, they could not ward,
One only wrong, they could not right ;
It was—thy falsehood, my adored !
And that, ah, Heaven ! I learn'd to-night.

I tore them madly from my hair ;
I flung the faithless token by ;
Yet still its fragrance fills the air,
And still I breathe its perfumed sigh.

And thus I flung from off my soul
Those vows too sweet, those chains too dear ;
And thus their memory backward stole,
To bind my heart and charm mine ear.

LXII. I SAID, THOUGH ALL THE WORLD BESIDE.

I SAID, Though all the world beside
Should fail me, he is true ;
And Fate that only hope denied,
And thou hast left me too !

I said, If ever beat on earth
A heart where honour shone—
The home of high and generous worth—
That true heart is thine own.

When wildest was my soul's despair,
When deepest was my need
Of tenderness, and truth, and care,
Beneath me broke the reed.

A darker wrong than others could
Thy falsehood wrought to me ;
All faith, all hope in human good,
My idol, fled with thee.

LXIII. YES, IN MY SOUL, WITH FOLDED WING.

YES, in my soul, with folded wing,
A pure and happy hope is sleeping,
While Love low lullabies doth sing,
His vigil o'er it keeping.

A hope divinely beautiful,
With wings in rosy splendour gleaming ;
It dreams of heaven—it dreams of thee—
It smiles in that sweet dreaming.

I dare not name its name to thee,
No, not in softest, faintest sigh ;
For oh ! if once betray'd by me,
'Twould wake and weep and fly !

No earthly care or grief shall wave
 Its cold and blighting pinions o'er it ;
 For Love shall guard my spirit hope,
 Till heaven dawn before it.

Then let it sleep ; profane it not—
 That slumber, soft and light and holy—
 The dearest joy, the fairest thought,
 That lights my lot so lowly.

Ah ! let it sleep, with folded wings,
 Till when the angel Death shall free it,
 At heaven's own glorious gate it sings ;
 Then shall thy spirit see it !

LXIV. I MOURNED THAT TIME TOO SWIFTLY
 SPED.

I MOURN'D that Time too swiftly sped,
 I wept that Youth was flying ;
 "I'll put your life-clock back," he said,
 "So hush your sad heart's sighing !"

He brought me flowers, to soothe my gloom,
 And stay Time's tell-tale finger ;
 For, tangled in their wreathing bloom,
 The life-clock's hand may linger.

And while I turn the treasures o'er,
 And breathe the balm they give me,
 I dream I am a child once more,
 With naught to harm or grieve me.

And answering flowers within my soul,
 The fresh, wild flowers of feeling,
 Wind with them round my life-clock's hand,
 And stay its onward stealing.

Then, if they fade—(ah! will they fade?)
 Their fragrance still may linger,
 And hallowing Time's sad evening shade
 Embalm his tell-tale finger!

LXV. THEY COME, THE LIGHT, THE WORLDLY
 COME.

THEY come, the light, the worldly come,
 With looks and words untrue;
 But unto them my soul is dumb—
 Mon ami! où es tu?

My lips, with false and careless smile,
 Must coldly speak of you,
 But wildly sighs my soul the while,
 Mon ami! où es tu!

Where'er I rove, in hall or grove,
Thy absence still I rue ;
Ah ! what is life without thy love ?
Mon ami ! où es tu ?

LXVI. SHE SAYS HER HEART IS IN HER KISS.

SHE says her heart is in her kiss ;
She says she loves me dearly ;
Why meet I not her tenderness
As fondly, as sincerely ?

Ah ! once I trusted all I met,
With warm and artless truth ;
And once my words were from my soul,
But that was in my youth.

And trust betray'd, and vows forgot,
And wrong return'd for kindness,
Have chill'd my heart, and changed my lot,
And cured my blissful blindness.

No longer tender, guileless, meek,
Confiding as the dove,
Too oft I think before I speak,
And doubt before I love.

LXVII. IT IS THIS RESTLESS HEART WITHIN.

. . . . Act, in the living Present—
Heart within, and God o'erhead.—LONGFELLOW.

It is this restless heart within,
It is yon smiling heaven o'erhead,
That will not let the Present win
The wingéd thoughts that far have fled.

I try to hush the wistful heart,
I try to calm the beggar mind ;
I try to act my present part,
With wishes chain'd and will confined.

I try to fold the fluttering wings
Of Aspiration close and still ;
To meet whate'er the moment brings,
And each ignoble care fulfil.

But ah ! repress it as you may,
Its pleading hush, its grieving chide,
Fetter it in its cage of clay,
And from its eyes its heaven-home hide,—

The rebel soul will beat the bars
With burning wing and passionate song,
And pour, to the benignant stars,
The earnest story of its wrong.

LXVIII. SHE COMES, IN LIGHT AERIAL GRACE.

SHE comes ! in light, aerial grace,
 O'er memory's glass the vision flies ;
 Her girlish form, her glowing face,
 Her soft, black hair, her beaming eyes.

I think of all her generous love ;
 Her trustful heart, so pure and meek ;
 Her tears—an April shower,—that strove
 With sunshine on her changing cheek.

She knows no worldly guile or art,
 But Love and Joy have made her fair ;
 And so I keep her in my heart,
 And bless her in my silent prayer.

LXIX. "I KNEW HER IN HER HAPPY YOUTH."

YOU knew me in my "happy youth,"
 Ere care had clouded heart and brow ?
 Yet even then before me lower'd
 The fate that chills my spirit now.

I shrank apart, nor join'd the play
 Where others met in careless glee ;
 I was too earnest for the gay—
 Too timid for the wild and free.

Yet in my soul a spring of love,
Of trusting and impassion'd truth,
That ask'd but Love's divining-rod,
Was wasted in my silent youth.

You knew me in my "happy youth?"
Ah! none could know me then or now;
I dared not—dare not tell the dreams,
That sent their fire to eye and brow.

I know there are, in this rude world,
Who share those dreams of pure delight;
But fate has parted, from my path,
The few who'd read my heart aright.

Perhaps in climes of blissful truth,
Where Joy will dry Love's last fond tear,
My soul will live the "happy youth"
That wayward fate denied me here.

LXX. SPEAK, SPEAK TO ME, DARLING.

"SPEAK, speak to me, darling!
Hide thy sweet blush in my breast;
Breathe but one dear little murmur;
Thine eyes shall tell me the rest.

"Say only thou wilt be mine, love;
Whisper me one little 'Yes!'

Ah! thou art silent,—thy soul, love,
Feels not my pleading caress!"

Low as the sigh of a flower,
Heard in the stillness of night,
Came the fond tones of the maiden,
Trembling with fear and delight,—

"Ask not the word from my lips, love;
Need'st thou so idle a sign?
Dost thou not hear my heart answer,
Thus beating softly on thine?"

LXXI. WOULD I WERE ONLY A SPIRIT OF SONG!

Oh! would I were only a spirit of song!
I'd float for ever around, above you:
If I were a spirit, it wouldn't be wrong,
It couldn't be wrong, to love you!

I'd hide in the light of a moonbeam bright,
I'd sing Love's lullaby softly o'er you,
I'd bring rare visions of pure delight
From the land of dreams before you.

Oh! if I were only a spirit of song,
I'd float for ever around, above you,
For a musical spirit could never do wrong,
And it wouldn't be wrong to love you!

LXXII. IF I WERE A BIRD THAT SINGS.

IF I were a bird that sings,
In the joy of a spirit free;
If wishes were only wings,
How soon I would be with thee!

As the lark soars at sunrise alone,
While the air with his rapture rings,
Thy smile I would meet, mine own,
If wishes were only wings!

'Tis only when sorrow like this
A shade o'er my spirit flings,
'Tis only when thee I miss,
That I wish my wishes were wings.

LXXIII. WHEN FORTUNE SMILED.

WHEN fortune smiled above thy way,
When grace and beauty crown'd thee,
A thousand friends more light and gay,
Like bees have humm'd around thee.

Ah! dearer now since Care and Time
Have dimm'd thy early splendour,
I wreathe, around thy wreck sublime,
Love's garland pure and tender.



LXXIV. THE ARAB AND HIS STEED.*

THE Frank offer'd gold for the steed—
 The gallant, the graceful, the gay—
 And deep was that dark Arab's need ;
 But he turn'd in proud silence away.

Then came, from the tyrant Pasha,
 The mandate he dare not deny,—
 "Be the horse which the noble Frank saw
 Given up, or its master shall die!"

With one kiss and one fond gaze, he turn'd
 To his treasure—his only—his own!
 And his free heart indignantly burn'd,
 While fearfully falter'd his tone :—

"My life they may take, but not thee,—
 My noble, my faithful, my brave!
 Thou hast been a true friend to the free,
 Thou shalt never be slave of a slave!"

He rose in disdainful despair ;
 His haughty smile lighten'd and fled ;
 A pistol-flash gleam'd on the air,
 And the fleet Arab courser fell dead !

* Suggested by an incident related in "The Crescent and the Cross."

LXXV. I KNOW A STAR.

I KNOW a star, whose light illumines
The wildest gloom with warmth and glory ;
I know a rose, whose blush outblooms
The loveliest lip in olden story—
I know a lute, whose warble low
Might lure an angel down to listen ;
I know a pearl, whose tender glow
Is dearer than all gems that glisten.
And who this treasure rich and rare,
Whose witchery every moment varies ?
The smile, the lip, the voice, the tear,
The star, rose, lute, and pearl are Mary's.

LXXVI. MY HEART IS LIKE THE OCEAN SHELL.

MY heart is like the ocean shell—
Though from the home it loves exiled,
Still echoes through its winding cell
The wave's sad music, soft and wild.
Ah ! thus thy voice, too dear to me,
Will still keep sweetly murmuring low ;
Still haunt the heart that beats for thee,
And bless me whereso'er I go.

LXXVII. THE GODS ONE DAY SENT REASON OUT.

THE gods one day sent Reason out
To look for Love, their truant-boy ;
They bade her seek him all about,
And lure him home with tempting toy.

She found him in a rosebud rock'd,
She begg'd him to be back in season ;
But still the boy the maiden mock'd,
For Love will never list to Reason.

The goddess held a jewel up,
With heaven's own glory flashing through it ;
"Nay ! see my Rose's blushing cup !"
Said Love, " Your gem is nothing to it !"

" For shame ! false boy ! must force be tried ?
Is't thus you waste this precious season ?"
" Take care ! know ye this bow ?" he cried ;
Ah ! Love too oft has conquer'd Reason !

" I see your aim ! your rhetoric speeds
On proud Olympus ill without me ;
But happy Love no Reason needs ;
Begone ! and when they ask about me,

" Just tell them, in my Rose's heart
I've found so dear, so pure a treasure,

I grudge them not Minerva's art,
Or laughing Hebe's cup of pleasure."

The maid had not a word to say ;
She knew the rogue was talking treason ;
But back to Ida bent her way ;
For Love can better plead than Reason.

LXXVIII. THE FAIRY IN THE SHELL.

LISTEN what the fairy sings,
The lost fairy in the shell ;
Clear and sweet, her warble rings,
If you listen right and well !

"Lady, in the coral hall
Of my ocean home afar,
Where the waters softly fall,
Where the gold-fish seems a star,—
"While the sea-sylphs rock'd their child,
Listen, lady, what befell ;
Came the waves with cadence wild,
Whispering round my winding shell.

"Wondrous sweet the tunes they play'd,
Well I learn'd each soft refrain,
Mingling in a music-braid,
Half of joy and half of pain.

“Now, from that dear home exiled,
It is life and light to me,
Still to sing the music wild,
Born of ocean’s grief and glee.

“Lady, when in cradle light,
You, a dreaming baby lay,
Angels floated through the night,
With your smile of love to play.

“Hymns of heaven they warbled low ;
Lady, now, when grief is wild,
Sing, to soothe your woman-wo,
All they taught the cradled child.”

LXXIX. GOOD-BYE, SWEET DREAM.

Good-bye, good-bye, sweet dream !
Fly back—fly back to heaven !
Ere daylight’s daring beam
The veil of night has riven.

For none save thou and I
Must know what joy doth beam
My precious pillow nigh ;—
Good-bye, good-bye, sweet dream !

LXXX. ALL JOY, ALL HOPE, GO WITH YOU.

ALL joy, all hope, go with you, sweet,
And though too soon we part,
Be summer round your airy feet,
And summer in your heart.

The dimple dancing on your cheek,
Your dark, deep, Spanish eyes,
Still win, to warm their loveliness,
Stray sunbeams from the skies.

And flowers of thought and fancy, dear,
And founts of feeling true,
But make the glory of the year
A sister unto you.

LXXXI. SHE IS FLITTING LIKE A FAIRY.

SHE is flitting like a fairy
Through the mazes of the dance,—
Like a fairy, wild and airy,
And I cannot win her glance.

She has braided many a jewel
In those waves of auburn hair,
O fickle, false, and cruel,
Dost thou see my deep despair!

She has lost the rose I gave her,
 In her virgin zone to rest ;
 And a ruby's light doth waver
 On the snow-swell of her breast.

Ah! the gem is wealth's proud token,
 And its glare has won her eye ;
 While the love the rose has spoken
 She has cast unheeded by.

LXXXII. THE BIRD WHOSE SONG IMPASSIONED.

THE bird, whose song impassion'd
 The soul of music wildly sighs,
 Wears not a wing that's fashion'd
 In Beauty's radiant dyes.

The flowers of fragrance lavish,
 Like Love from out a guileless heart,
 No glorious hues to ravish
 The common eye impart.

The lips like rubies glowing
 Too often curl with scorn and pride ;
 The smile most brightly showing
 A careless heart may hide.

But cheeks we prize most dearly,
And eyes most sure the soul to win,
Though Beauty light them rarely,
Are kindled from within.

LXXXIII. THE FETTER 'NEATH THE FLOWERS.

CUPID flung his garland gayly
O'er a maid in seeming play ;
Sage Experience whisper'd daily,
"Break the chain, while yet you may."

"Why?" she cried ; "'tis but a toy,
Form'd of many a fragrant flower ;
Let me still its bloom enjoy,—
I can break it any hour."

Long she sported freely, lightly,
With her soft and glowing chain ;—
"Nay! it clasps my heart so tightly,
I must break the toy in twain."

Vain resolve! the tie that bound her
Harden'd 'neath her struggling will ;
Fast its blossoms fell around her,
But the fether linger'd still.

LXXXIV. FOR THEE I BRAID AND BIND MY HAIR.

FOR thee I braid and bind my hair
 With fragrant flowers—for only thee ;
 Thy sweet approval all my care,—
 Thy love, the world to me !

For thee I fold my russet gown
 With simple grace—for thee, for thee !
 No other eyes in all the town
 Shall look with love on me.

For thee my lightsome lute I tune,
 For thee,—it else were mute—for thee !
 The blossom to the bee, in June,
 Is less than thou to me.

LXXXV. SPEAK NO MORE.

SPEAK no more ; I dare not hear thee ;
 Every word and tone divine
 All too fatally endear thee
 To this daring soul of mine.

Smile no more ; I must not see thee ;
 Every smile's a golden net :
 Heart entangled, what can free thee ?
 What can soothe thy wild regret ?

Speak again ! smile on for ever !

Let me in that music live ;

Let me, in that light, endeavour

To forget the grief they give.

Thrill my soul with voice and look, love,

Like the harp-tone in the air ;

Like the starlight in the brook, love,

They will still live treasured there.

LXXXVI. WOULD YOU WOO A LADY FAIR.

WOULD you woo a lady fair,

Woo her like the knights of old ;

Love was then an ardent prayer,

Now 'tis but a question bold.

Then the boy on battle-field

Won his spurs and wore a name

Ere his lady grace would yield,

Ere her smile he dared to claim.

Not till glory crown'd his brow,

Not till Fame before him went,

Came he, with impassion'd vow,

With his knee to Beauty bent.

Those chivalric days are o'er,
Yet there's still a glorious field ;
Lovers, to the list once more !
Here are arms you yet may wield.

Fancy's fiery coursers reign,
Trappings gay and golden bit,
Wheel them to the charge amain,
Couch the glittering lance of wit.

Hope, the herald, cries, " Good speed !"
Love's light pennon floats on high,
Beauty's smile your dearest meed ;
Sound the trump ! to combat fly !

LXXXVII. A COLD CALM STAR.

A COLD, calm star look'd out of heaven,
And smiled upon a tranquil lake,
Where, pure as angel's dream at even,
A Lily lay but half awake.

The flower felt that fatal smile.
And lowlier bow'd her conscious head ;
" Why does he gaze on me the while ?"
The light-deluded Lily said.

Poor dreaming flower!—too soon beguiled,
 She cast nor thought nor look elsewhere;
 Else she had known the star but smiled
 To see himself reflected there.

LXXXVIII. AH CHILDHOOD, SUNNY CHILDHOOD.

AH, childhood! sunny childhood!
 How beautiful thou art,
 With the smile upon thy face
 Of the morning in thy heart!

She came,—our little maiden,
 In her beauty half divine,
 With a purple cluster laden,
 From the richly burden'd vine.

Not hers the flush of frolic,
 In the wild Bacchante's face,
 She seem'd a wood-nymph glowing
 With a glad yet timid grace.

Some stray enchanted sunbeam
 Had hidden in her hair,
 And, playing mid its silken maze,
 Had lost its bright way there.

Some floating cloud had taught her
To move so soft and light ;
Some blooming flower-sylph brought her
That blush, so purely bright.

And when, his light lute tuning,
Low sang the woodland fay,
She play'd the sly eavesdropper there,
And stole the notes away.

A simple child of Nature,
With not a thought disguised—
The mother's grace and beauty seem'd
In her idealized.

LXXXIX. I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

I HAVE something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep ;
And remember, if it isn't right,
I'm "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine ;
And I know they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember, when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret's coming!
O, listen with your heart;
And you shall hear it humming,
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I'm talking in my sleep!"

XC. "INTERRUPT" ME, LITTLE DARLING.

"INTERRUPT" me, little darling!
Ask the river freely flowing,
If the sunbeam or the zephyr
Interrupts it in its going.

Like the light upon the ripple,
Like the south wind on the sea,
That bears the balm of flowers
On its wings, art thou to me.

Ask the lute, that dreams of music,
If the tune disturbs its strings,
While it gives that dream imprison'd,
Only freedom and glad wings.

“Interrupt” me, little fairy!

Ask the cloud that lures your eye,
If the morn's illumining beauty
Interrupts its floating by.

Like the rose Aurora gives it,
When it wanders by her bower,
Like all of light and love art thou
To me, my fairy flower.

XCI. A DAINY LYRE WAS LENT TO JOY.

A DAINY lyre was lent to Joy,
A simple, frail, but treasured toy;—
And gayly sweet its tones were heard,
As warble of a wandering bird.

A blooming boy from distant clime
Came by and caught its silvery chime;
He coax'd from Joy his fragile lyre,
And swept the strings with hand of fire.

Ah! wo the day, that reckless child
 Awoke the chords with will so wild!
 One pleading, passionate strain he play'd,
 And broke the lyre that heaven had made!

Ah! wo the day, that stranger sprite
 Attuned to grief the plaything light,
 And strain'd its chords with childish art!—
 The boy was Love—the lyre a heart!

XCII. ON MISSION PURE, FROM REALMS DIVINE.

ON mission pure, from realms divine,
 Young Love was sent to Virtue's shrine,
 But, wild and gay, he stopp'd to play
 With sportive Beauty by the way.

She led him through her balmy bowers;
 She chain'd him with a wreath of flowers;
 She charm'd him with her magic smile,
 And softly murmur'd, "Rest awhile!"

Alas! his sight is blinded quite
 By Beauty's dazzling glance of light;
 And while the wily siren sings,
 The boy forgets his angel-wings.

Yet still he sometimes leaves his play,
And asks to Virtue's shrine the way ;
But Beauty weaves anew her chain,
And Virtue looks for Love in vain.

XCIIL. GIVE ME BACK MY CHILDHOOD'S TRUTH.

GIVE me back my childhood's truth,
Give me back my guileless youth ;
Pleasure, glory, fortune, fame,—
These I will not stoop to claim :
Take them ! all of Beauty's power,
All the triumph of this hour,
Is not worth one blush you stole—
Give me back my bloom of soul !

Take the cup and take the gem ;
What have I to do with them ?
Loose the garland from my hair ;
Thou shouldst wind the night-shade there :
Thou, who wreath'st, with flattering art,
Poison flowers to bind my heart,
Give me back the rose you stole !
Give me back my bloom of soul !

XCIV. THE WILD WOOD-ROSE.

THE wild wood-rose was blushing
Beside our sunny way ;
The mountain rill was gushing
In light, melodious play ;
When last thy vows I listen'd,
When last thy kiss I met,
And thou thy dark eyes glisten'd
With fondness and regret.

The wild wood-rose, o'er shaded
By clouds, has lost its bloom ;
And Love's soft flower has faded
'Neath falsehood, grief, and gloom.
The waves, in winter failing,
No more to music part,
And I but weep, bewailing
The winter of the heart.

The wild wood-rose, resuming
Its bloom and beauty gay,
The fitful gale perfuming,
Again shall grace the way ;
Again the mountain river
Its melody shall pour ;
But thou returnest never !
And Love will bloom no more !

XCV. KEEP, KEEP THE MAIDEN'S DOWRY.

KEEP, keep the maiden's dowry,

And give me but my bride ;

Not for her wealth I woo her,

Not for her station's pride ;

She is a treasure in herself,

Worth all the world beside.

Is not her mind a palace,

Wherein are riches rare,

Bright thoughts that flash like jewels,

And golden fancies fair,

And glowing dreams of joy and hope,

That make sweet pictures there ?

Keep, keep my lady's dowry,

Her hand, her heart I claim ;

That little hand is more to me

Than power, rank, or fame ;

That heart's pure love is wealth, my lord,

No more your coffers name.

No statue in your proud saloon

Can match her form of grace,

No gem that lights your casket

The radiance of her face.

In giving her, you give me all
I covet in earth's space.

Oh! make her mine, your idol child!
To be my prize and pride,
My star in every festival,
My trust should wo betide,
My bower's loveliest blossom,
Mine own, my worshipp'd bride.

XCVI. DOUBTFUL VOWS.

“By the starlight of thine eye,
By thy soft cheek's changing dye,
By the dimple dancing out,
Peeping, playing round about,
Mid the roses—like a sprite
In a garden of delight—”

“Vow not thou by radiant eyes,
Lo! in tears their glory dies;
Nor by youth's enchanting flower,
Roses die when summer's o'er;
Nor by dimples that must hide
Soon as Sorrow comes to chide.”

“By the graceful waving braid,
Half in light and half in shade,

Glittering gold or glossy brown,
From thy forehead floating down ;
By the neck it makes more white
With its kisses soft and light—”

“Vow not thou by gleams of gold
Braided in a tress’s fold ;
Time will chase the light away,
Time will change the gold to gray ;
Vow not thou by tints of snow,
Age will dim their virgin glow.

“Vow by something holier far
Than the charms of girlhood are ;
Else, when rose and ray are fled,
And the ringlet’s gloss is dead,—
Lost the dimple—dim the hue
Thy light vows will alter too.”

“By the soul that fills thy face
With its own immortal grace,
Tuning glance, and step, and tone
Into music all its own,
Hallowing all thy grief and glee—
By thy soul, I love but thee !”

XCVII. A PILGRIM HERE, WITH WAITING HEART.

A PILGRIM here, with waiting heart,
I've pass'd by many a blooming shrine,
And some were wrought with rarest art,
And some were touch'd by light divine.
Why won they not the gift—the prayer?
My soul would fain have worshipp'd there:
But something whisper'd still, "Beware!"

Not these are thine,

That dream resign!

Nor thus profane the appointed hour
When blooms for thee thy promised flower.

And calmly then I went my way;

Too sacred glow'd the fire I nursed,
To blend with any but the ray,

The one dear ray, the last, the first,
The only one, reserved to share
My path below—its joy, its care—
And that sweet life in Aiden, where

Each radiant dream,

That lends its gleam,

A glimpse of heaven our earth to give,
Will take its own bright shape—and live.

Speak, lady, did I wait in vain—
In vain reserve the sacred fire?
Must Love, beneath thy far disdain,
Make of this heart his funeral pyre?
A soft light dawns upon my way,
A flower unfolds, my steps to stay,
I hear a heavenly harp-string play!—
My soul and lute,
Till now so mute,
In one wild thrill, respond to thine!
Bid me not, sweet, “that dream resign!”

XCVIII. THEY BID ME SHUN YOUR BLUSH.

THEY bid me shun your blush and smile;
They bid me doubt your dazzling eyes;
They tell me, love, of many a wile
You weave, your victims to surprise:
Ah! weave them still! If false they be,
'Tis sweet to be deceived by thee!

While thus, in music, light, and bloom,
With thee they fly—these fairy hours;
While thus we breathe the blest perfume
Of thy sweet soul—oh, flower of flowers!
If death be in the blossom's sigh,
'Twere joy of such “a Rose to die!”

XCIX. IF O'ER YOUR CHEEK THE BLUSH THAT
PLAYS.

If o'er your cheek the blush that plays,
When he who loves you dares to praise,
 Be sent by waken'd Feeling there,
Nor bloom to win the worldling's gaze,
Oh! deign my simple gift to take,
 And braid it in your lustrous hair;
For mine, dear Grace, for Love's sweet sake,
 Beside the blush, the rose-bud wear.

If, in your voice, the cadence low
That, soft replying, falters so,
 Be taught by Truth and Love to thrill,
If from your heart its accents flow,
Then deign my token-flower to take,
 And wear it with a gracious will;
Oh, flower of flowers! for Love's sweet sake,
 Be tender and be truthful still.

But if the tone, the blush, be part
Of changeful woman's wily art,—
 If that soft smile, so fond yet shy,
Speak not the language of the heart,—

If that dark lash droop not to hide
The tell-tale Love within thine eye,
Then give to air the blossom's pride,
As I the hope thou doom'st to die!

C. A CARELESS RILL WAS DREAMING.

A CARELESS rill was dreaming
One fragrant summer night ;
It dream'd a star lay gleaming
With heavenly looks of light,
Soft cradled on its own pure breast,
That rose and fell, and rock'd to rest,
With lulling wave, its radiant guest,
In silent beauty beaming ;

And like a lute's low sighing,
The rill sang to the star,
"Why camest thou, fondly flying,
From those blue hills afar?
All calm and cold without thy ray,
I slept the long dark night away—
Ah, child of heaven ! for ever stay."

No sweet voice rose replying.

“ Oh, glorious truant, listen !

Wilt fold thy shining wings,

That softly glance and glisten

The while the wavelet sings ?

Wilt dwell with me ? I'll give thee flowers,—

Our way shall be through balmy bowers,

And song and dance shall charm the hours :—

My star-love, dost thou listen ?

“ No gorgeous garden-blossom,

In regal grace and bloom,

May pour upon my bosom

Its exquisite perfume ;

But I may wreathe, with wild flowers rare,

That softly breathe, thy golden hair,—

The violet's tear shall tremble there,

A fair though fragile blossom.”

Alas ! when morning slowly

Stole o'er the distant hill,

From that sweet dream, so holy,

It woke—the sorrowing rill !

No “ child of heaven ” lay smiling there,—

'Twas but a vision bright and rare,

That bless'd, as pass'd the star in air,

The rivulet lone and lowly.

CI. LOW, MY LUTE—BREATHE LOW.

Low, my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—

Eulalie!—

While his watch her lover keeps,

Soft and dewy slumber steps

Golden tress and fringed lid

With the blue heaven 'neath it hid—

Eulalie!—

Low, my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—

Eulalie!

Let thy music, light and low,

Through her pure dream come and go.

Lute of Love! with silver flow,

All my passion, all my wo,

Speak for me!

Ask her in her balmy rest

Whom her holy heart loves best!

Ask her if she thinks of me!—

Eulalie!

Low, my lute—breathe low!—She sleeps!—

Eulalie!—

Slumber while thy lover keeps

Fondest watch and ward for thee,

Eulalie!

CII. EULALIE.

Is your soul at home to-day, Eulalie !

And if it be,

May mine come in and stay, Eulalie ?

Or has yours gone out to play, Eulalie !

And if it be,

Will it be long away, Eulalie ?

I know it is the wilfulest of things, Eulalie !

But if it be

Too gay to shut an hour its frolic wings, Eulalie,

When it alights, so tenderly it sings, Eulalie,

That as for me,

More joy than some that longer stay it brings, Eulalie !

And I would not have it fetter'd for the world, Eulalie !

For if it be—

Ah ! that lip, with laughing scorn I see it curl'd, Eulalie !

Its wings would lose their light if they were furl'd, Eulalie !

Then not for me,

No fetter be on them, for all the world, Eulalie !

If my soul, on calling, "not at home," is told, Eulalie,

I would make free

To wait till yours came back, tired and cold, Eulalie !

And then it will be glad its wings to fold, Eulalie,

And I should see

How long I might the glorious truant hold, Eulalie !

They say that more domestic and more tame, Eulalie,

It ought to be !

But if heaven gave it wings, were you to blame, Eulalie ?

Ah, no ! to tie a Peri were a shame, Eulalie !

And they might see

It always carried joy where'er it came, Eulalie !

CIII. BENEATH ITALIA'S LAUGHING SKIES.

BENEATH Italia's laughing skies,

When joy the summer hour beguiled ;

I found one day a lovely prize,

A blossom bright and wild.

Ah ! Mina Dolce, Cara Mina, graceful Rose of Italie !

Dost thou bloom there in thy beauty still, and is thy bloom
for me ?

I raised its tender cheek to mine,

I woke it from its pure repose :

I kiss'd away its dew divine,

Its tears ! my radiant Rose !

Ah ! Mina Dolce, Cara Mina, blushing flower of Italie !

Art thou smiling in thy bower still, and is thy smile for me ?

I've gazed since then on loftier flowers,
 In scenes more richly, grandly wild;
 Ne'er found I bloom in Northern bowers
 To match Italia's child.

Ah! Mina Dolce, Cara Mina, virgin Rose of Italy!
 May I wear thee on my heart, and wilt thou give thy tears
 to me?

CIV. YOUR HEART IS A MUSIC-BOX, DEAREST!

YOUR heart is a music-box, dearest!
 With exquisite tunes at command,
 Of melody sweetest and clearest,
 If tried by a delicate hand;
 But its workmanship, love, is so fine,
 At a single rude touch it would break;
 Then, oh! be the magic key mine,
 Its fairy-like whispers to wake!
 And there's one little tune it can play,
 That I fancy all others above—
 You learn'd it of Cupid one day—
 It begins with and ends with "I love!" "I love!"
 My heart echoes to it "I love!"

CV. IN CALM DISDAIN I REND THE CHAIN.

In calm disdain I rend the chain
Whose golden links were smiles from thee ;
For, flung o'er all, too frail the thrall,
 Though bright it be,
 To fetter me.

Oh ! every hour some fairy flower
Of thy sweet fancy blushed and smiled,
When by thy side my heart relied,
 By thee beguiled
 To joy too wild.

But not alone for me they shone,
Those blossoms bright in tone and look ;
Each flippant fool, in thy sweet school,
 A lesson took
 From Love's light book.

Then in disdain I rend the chain,
Whose golden links were smiles from thee,
For, flung o'er all, too frail the thrall,
 Though bright it be,
 To fetter me !

CVI. AH! WOMAN STILL.*

AH! woman still
Must veil the shrine,
Where feeling feeds the fire divine,
Nor sing at will,
Untaught by art,
The music prison'd in her heart!

Still gay the note,
And light the lay,
The woodbird warbles on the spray,
Afar to float;
But homeward flown,
Within his nest, how changed the tone!

Oh! none can know,
Who have not heard
The music-soul that thrills the bird,
The carol low
As coo of dove
He warbles to his woodland-love!

The world would say
'Twas vain and wild,

* A reply to one who said, "Write from your heart."

The impassion'd lay of Nature's child ;
 And Feeling so
 Should veil the shrine
 Where softly glow her fires divine !

CVII. SHE LOVES HIM YET.

SHE loves him yet !
 I know by the blush that rises
 Beneath the curls
 That shadow her soul-lit cheek ;
 She loves him yet !
 Through all Love's sweet disguises
 In timid girls,
 A blush will be sure to speak.

But deeper signs
 Than the radiant blush of beauty,
 The maiden finds,
 Whenever his name is heard ;—
 Her young heart thrills,
 Forgetting herself—her duty—
 Her dark eye fills,
 And her pulse with hope is stirr'd.

She loves him yet !
 The flower the false one gave her,
 When last he came,
 Is still with her wild tears wet.
 She'll ne'er forget,
 Howe'er his faith may waver,
 Through grief and shame,
 Believe it—she loves him yet !

His favourite songs
 She will sing—she heeds no other ;
 With all her wrongs
 Her life on his love is set.
 Oh ! doubt no more !
 She never can wed another :
 Till life be o'er,
 She loves—she will love him yet !

CVIII. TO THE SNOW-WREATH WHITE.

To the snow-wreath white
 Came a sunbeam bright,
 With golden wings, and smile of light,
 And it softly sings,—“ Oh, pure and fair !
 Thou art dearer than all in earth or air !”

And the snow-wreath heard
 Each low, sweet word,
 Till its still, light heart was wildly stirr'd;
 And it sigh'd, "Depart! oh, angel fair:
 Too fragile I thy love to share!"

But the bright ray came,
 With its soul of flame,
 Till the snow-wreath blush'd for love and shame,
 And with rose-hues flush'd, to beauty brief,
 It died, in its delicate grace, of grief!

For it wept away
 Its life for the ray
 That stole from heaven, and dared not stay;
 And now forgiven, and robed in light,
 It weds the ray in the rainbow bright!

CIX. LEONOR.

LEONOR loved a noble youth,
 But light was Leonor's maiden truth;
 She left her love for wealth forsooth:
 Faithless Leonor!

Now she paces a palace-hall;
 Lords and ladies await her call,—
 Wearily Leonor turns from all:
 Haughty Leonor!

Leonor lies on a couch of down ;
The jewel-light of a ducal crown
Gleams through her tresses of sunlit brown :
Beautiful Leonor !

Leonor's robe is a tissue of gold,
Flashing with splendour in every fold ;
Bracelets of gems on her arms are roll'd :
Radiant Leonor !

Diamonds sparkle in Leonor's zone,
With a star-like glory in every stone ;
But the heart they smile over is cold and lone :
Joyless Leonor !

To be free once more she would give them all,—
The crown, the couch, and the sculptured hall,
And the robe with its rich and shining fall :
Poor, poor Leonor !

Like a captive bird, through her cage's bar
Of gold, she looks on her home afar,
And it woos her there like a holy star :
Vainly, Leonor !

Leonor's lip has lost its bloom,
Her proud blue eyes are dark with gloom ;
She will sleep in peace in her early tomb :
Lonely Leonor !

CX. YES, LOWER TO THE LEVEL.

YES, "lower to the level"

Of those who laud thee now!

Go, join the joyous revel,

And pledge the heartless vow!

Go, dim the soul-born beauty

That lights that lofty brow!

Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine

Drown, in thy soul, Love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,

When wildest goes the jest,

When gleams the goblet brightest,

And proudest heaves thy breast,

And thou art madly pledging

Each gay and jovial guest,—

A ghost shall glide amid the flowers—

The shade of Love's departed hours!

And thou shalt shrink in sadness

From all the splendour there,

And curse the revel's gladness,

And hate the banquet's glare;

And pine, mid Passion's madness,

For true Love's purer air,

And feel thou'dst give their wildest glee
For one unsullied sigh from me !

Yet deem not this my prayer, love,
Ah ! no, if I could keep
Thy alter'd heart from care, love,
And charm its griefs to sleep,
Mine only should despair, love,
I—I alone would weep !
I—I alone would mourn the flowers
That fade in Love's deserted bowers !

CXI. I GRIEVE TO LET YOU GO, LULI.

I GRIEVE to let you go, Luli,
I grieve to let you go ;
For I shall miss your merry tones—
Your laugh so light and low—
So light and low, Luli !
Your laugh so light and low.

And I shall miss your smile, Luli !
That dimples as it goes,
Like a zephyr, with a sunlit wing,
At play around a rose—
Around a rose, Luli !
At play around a rose.

And the heart heaven in your eyes, Luli!
And the golden cloud of curls;
And the graceful, winsome, cherub mouth,
Whose poorest words were pearls—
Whose poorest words were pearls, Luli!
Whose poorest words were pearls!

And the fairy, frolic step, Luli,
That seem'd to wake the flowers;
And more than all, the soul of song
That charm'd the changing hours—
The changing hours, Luli!
That charm'd the changing hours!

I will not let you go, Luli!
So fold the wings you hide;
And you shall be my fairy-queen,
And I'll ask naught beside—
Ask naught beside, Luli!
And I'll ask naught beside.

And why, if we must part, Luli!
Why let me love you so?
Nay, waste no more your sweet farewells,
I *cannot* let you go—
Not let you go, Luli!
I cannot let you go!

CXII. I KNOW A NOBLE HEART THAT BEATS.

I KNOW a noble heart that beats
For one it loves how wildly well!
I only know for whom it beats;
But I must never tell—
Never tell!

Hush! hark! how Echo soft repeats,—
Ah! never tell!

I know a voice that falters low,
Whene'er one little name 'twould say;
Full well that little name I know,
But that I'll ne'er betray—
Ne'er betray!

Hush! hark! how Echo murmurs low,—
Ah! ne'er betray!

I know a smile that beaming flies
From soul to lip, with rapturous glow,
And I can guess who bids it rise;
But none—but none shall know—
None shall know!

Hush! hark! how Echo faintly sighs—
But none shall know!

CXIII. THE HAND THAT SWEPT THE SOUNDING
LYRE.

THE hand that swept the sounding lyre
With more than mortal skill,
The lightning eye, the heart of fire,
The fervent lip are still!
No more, in rapture or in wo,
With melody to thrill,
Ah! nevermore!

Oh! bring the flowers he cherish'd so,
With eager childlike care;
For o'er his grave they'll love to grow,
And sigh their sorrow there:
Ah me! no more their balmy glow
May soothe his heart's despair,
No! nevermore!

But angel hands shall bring him balm
For every grief he knew,
And Heaven's soft harps his soul shall calm
With music sweet and true,
And teach to him the holy charm
Of Israfil anew,
For evermore!

Love's silver lyre he play'd so well
Lies shatter'd on his tomb ;
But still in air its music-spell
Floats on through light and gloom,
And in the hearts where soft they fell,
His words of beauty bloom
For evermore !

THE END.





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